

# McCall's

October 1951  
25 cents



*8 pages*  
*square meals*

**MARY MARGARET McBRIDE**

tells about the New White House

# Color Magic - with Cannon!



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2. Make your mirror an old-fashioned hatrack — so handy to hold a whole bouquet of washcloths in the same fresh carnation shades as your big'n hearty Cannon bath towels!



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*absorb more — wear longer — cost less!*





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For teeth that  
really Sparkle... the answer  
is **IPANA!**



The answer is Ipana!

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For breath that's  
Sparkling clean... the answer  
is **IPANA!**



For Sparkling  
personality... the answer  
is **IPANA!**



A Product of Bristol-Myers



For the Smile of Beauty

# PICTURE of the month

M-G-M presents  
**"AN AMERICAN  
IN PARIS"**

to the music of **GEORGE GERSHWIN**  
starring **GENE KELLY**  
and introducing **LESLIE CARON**  
with  
**OSCAR LEVANT** • **GEORGES  
GUETARY**  
**NINA FOCH**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**  
Story and Screen Play by **ALAN JAY LERNER**  
Lyrics by **IRA GERSHWIN**  
Directed by **VINCENTE MINNELLI**  
Produced by **ARTHUR FREED**



When an American goes to Paris, he goes to find his dream of love. Paris has kindled more hearts, minds, pens and brushes than any other city in the world. But we doubt if there could be a more convincing token of her enchantment than is offered by top musical producer M-G-M in its new Technicolor triumph, "An American In Paris".

Fresh in idea, new in form, heart-tuned to the stirring music of George Gershwin, "An American In Paris" has captured the youth and spirit of the most romantic city in the world.

The genius of Gene Kelly enlivens the production even beyond his contributions of acting, singing and dancing. His personal talent search resulted in the signing of lovely 19-year-old Parisian danseuse Leslie Caron to play opposite him. She is crop-haired, *gamine* and utterly charming.

Of their many stunning dances together, special mention goes to the climactic "American In Paris" ballet, which glorifies the world of art in six color-splashed scenes. This is the most breath-taking and spectacular dance achievement yet seen on the screen.

Gene plays an ex-G.I. artist who has never had an exhibition, while his sardonic friend, Oscar Levant, is a pianist who has never given a concert. They meet handsome Georges Guetary, popular French singer and when he introduces them to Leslie, the spark of inspiration starts hopping. There's added inspiration in the person of blonde and beautiful Nina Foch.

What a joy to hear the unforgettable Gershwin favorites "Nice Work If You Can Get It", "S Wonderful", "Love Is Here To Stay", "I Got Rhythm" and others; and Oscar Levant, at the piano, leads an 80-piece orchestra in Gershwin's rousing "Concerto in F".

Paris is in every pore of this life-loving musical. All of its charm, all of its *elan* seem to be epitomized in the glorious "Stairway to Paradise" number, which presents the flower of French Femininity. So if you can't get abroad this year, your best bet is to see "An American In Paris".

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Cover Photograph by Anton Bruehl

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the most desired of all permanents *Helene Curtis*  
PROFESSIONAL PERMANENT



For breath-taking loveliness, visit your beautician. Tell her you want a *Helene Curtis* Permanent.



- 1 What is Arthritis?
- 2 What are the most common forms of Arthritis?
- 3 What causes rheumatoid Arthritis?
- 4 Is there hope of conquering Arthritis?
- 5 Has a "sure cure" been discovered for Arthritis?
- 6 How can you guard against Arthritis?



## Can you answer these questions about ARTHRITIS?

### 1 Q What is Arthritis?

**A.** Arthritis is the term applied to many different diseases affecting the joints of the body. All of the arthritic diseases are characterized by inflammation or swelling of the joints, but these conditions differ widely as to causes, symptoms, and the kind of treatment required. In its various forms, arthritis affects more than 3 million Americans. In fact, it is a leading cause of chronic illness in our country today.

all cases must be based upon the patient's individual needs.

### 4 Q Is there hope of conquering Arthritis?

**A.** Yes, indeed! Methods of treatment for all types of arthritis are constantly being improved. The outlook for further advances is now more hopeful than ever before—thanks to research which is yielding new facts about the underlying causes of arthritis, especially the rheumatoid type.

### 2 Q What are the most common forms of Arthritis?

**A.** Of all types of arthritis, the chronic forms, *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*, are by far the most common. Osteoarthritis is primarily the result of aging, or normal wear-and-tear on the joints. It rarely develops before age 40 and it seldom causes severe crippling. Rheumatoid arthritis is a much more serious disorder. It usually strikes between the ages of 20 and 50, and unless it is properly treated the joints may become permanently damaged.

### 5 Q Has a "sure cure" been discovered for Arthritis?

**A.** No, indeed! Yet, many people are still misled by claims that are made for certain "arthritis cures" or other forms of therapy that are worthless. Authorities emphasize that proper medical care offers the only hope of permanent relief from arthritis. Today, about 60 percent of the victims can be greatly benefited, and in some cases completely relieved, if proper treatment is commenced early.

### 3 Q What causes rheumatoid Arthritis?

**A.** Although the exact cause of rheumatoid arthritis is unknown, a variety of factors are involved in its onset. In this condition, there is usually evidence of disease of the entire system—such as loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional strain, and nutritional deficiencies. Since many factors may be involved, doctors stress the importance of a *thorough physical examination* of each patient. This is essential to proper diagnosis and treatment, which in

### 6 Q How can you guard against Arthritis?

**A.** Doctors say there are certain precautions that everyone can take to help prevent arthritis, or to lessen the effect if it should occur. Here are some of them: keep weight normal . . . try to maintain good posture . . . get sufficient rest, sleep, and exercise . . . eat a balanced daily diet . . . have regular medical and dental examinations . . . maintain a calm mental outlook . . . see your doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint.

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**  
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 10-1M "Arthritis."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## COVER HAM CARVED ON THE CURVE



**To carve a ham on the curve** or, more precisely, with the grain (a method popular with Europeans and smart restaurateurs), the ham is placed in front of the carver with the high cushion at the right, *the bone end at the left*. With fork plunged firmly into the meat just above the bone end, you then begin to carve very thin slices off the crown in a sweeping downward curve. Ham served in this manner is especially elegant, especially for parties



**Before bringing ham to the table**, cut away a slice from the underside (the side opposite the cushion) thick enough to make a flat base on which to stand the ham for easy carving

### HOW TO CARVE A HAM AGAINST THE GRAIN

(a method used by most of us)



**First**, place the ham in front of the carver with the bone end at the *right*. Plunge fork firmly into cushion of ham. Then, starting at the bone end, cut as many slices as you need, cutting vertically down to the bone



**Second**, again starting from bone end cut the slices free of the bone by running your knife parallel with the long bone. **NOTE WELL:** the sharper your knife, the better your carving. Whatever method you use!

*New  
Beauty  
Miracle!*



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

# New Prell leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'

*...actually more radiant than cream or soap shampoos!*

**More Radiant!** Ounce for ounce Procter & Gamble's New Prell leaves hair *more radiant than any cream or soap shampoo known!* Yes, after wonderful New Prell you'll find your hair is brighter, shinier, *more radiant*—because New Prell is based on a *new* cleansing action!

**Softer!** You'll be thrilled and amazed at how silken-soft and shining-smooth New Prell leaves

your hair! It's *thoroughly, immaculately clean* . . . yet so *easy to manage!*

**Younger-Looking!** After New Prell, your hair glows with lovelier sparkle and sheen . . . actually looks younger and more "*radiantly alive*," no matter how "*lifeless*" or dull it seemed before. Get a large tube of exciting, emerald-clear New Prell today! You'll love it—it's the shampoo miracle!

**FREE OFFER**

**... to introduce New Prell to you!**

Buy New Prell any size—get another tube (same size) free by mail. New Prell will send you another tube the same size when you mail an empty carton with coupon. Coupons are available at your favorite shampoo counter. Complete details on each coupon.



*'Radiantly Alive'*  
New Prell's Cleansing Action leaves  
your hair softer, lovelier  
... more gloriously,  
*"radiantly alive"!*

Now!...  
wear your  
loveliest washables  
as often  
as you like!



**New IVORY FLAKES**  
*with Radiant Action*  
*keeps lovely clothes lovely far longer*

Give yourself a lift in your leisure hours... dress your prettiest while you relax! Why shouldn't you? New Ivory Flakes will keep your precious "at home" washables sparkling bright, washing after washing.

You see, new Ivory Flakes has "Radiant Action"—an entirely new kind of beauty

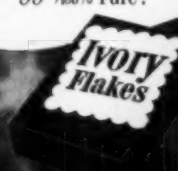
protection for fine washables. So when you change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes, your nice washables will keep their radiant, brand-new beauty through more wearings and washings than you ever thought was possible!

Why take chances? You know your fine washables are safe in Ivory Flakes! It's the soap millions of mothers use for baby's clothes, when only the mildest soap will do. It's the only flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory Soap. So kind to hands in the dishpan, too. Get a box today!

*Longer wear for nylons!*  
*Change to gentle care and use pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then you'll keep stocking colors fresh up to twice as long!*

**If it's lovely to wear...  
it's worth Ivory Flakes care**

99<sup>4</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% Pure!



# National Newsletter



LATE BULLETINS  
FROM OUR WASHINGTON BUREAU

**IT'S TIME TO MAIL** Christmas packages to boys overseas. The earlier the better, and no later than November 1, says the P.O. Department. Remember, rates on all parcel post packages are higher as of October 1.

**PINT-SIZE TRAFFIC OFFENDERS:** Police of Syracuse, New York, now issue blue tickets to children caught playing in the streets. Ticket requires child and his parents to report to headquarters. Idea is to impress all three with growing danger of street play.



**FOR THANKSGIVING** there'll be even more turkeys than last year--of the 4- to 7-pound fryers, three times as many. You'll pay a little more, but that's true for nearly all foods, despite abundant supply.



**IF A SHOWER OF LEAFLETS** falls out of the sky onto your town, don't be surprised. University of Washington psychologists are conducting experiments for the Air Force to find out, among other things, how fast and how far messages spread.

**HEAVY BAGS OF GROCERIES** leave check-out counters on a conveyor belt in a new Morristown, New Jersey, Grand Union supermarket and roll out to the parking lot, where an attendant lifts them into shoppers' cars.

**BUILDING A HOUSE?** Nearly two-thirds of all new homes have no basements, and half have no more than four rooms and bath (an average of 980 square feet). Almost 90 per cent are only one-story. Twice as many are heated with gas as with oil. These findings are from the Housing and Home Finance Agency, which surveyed the nation to find ways of computing material needs for home-building during the emergency.

Continued on page 8



# A LOVE STORY OF TODAY'S YOUTH

*filling the screen with ecstasy...  
as they seek  
a place in the sun!*



MONTGOMERY  
**CLIFT**

ELIZABETH  
**TAYLOR**

"I'm in trouble  
George... bad trouble..."

SHELLEY  
**WINTERS**



in

**GEORGE STEVENS'**

Production of

# A PLACE IN THE SUN

with **KEEFE BRASSELE** • Produced and Directed by **GEORGE STEVENS** • Screenplay  
by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown • Based on the novel, AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY,  
by **THEODORE DREISER** and the **PATRICK KEARNEY** play adapted from the novel.  
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE





**"MY UNCLE SAM  
SAYS YOU'RE A BIG HELP"**

"Your Uncle Sam is right, honey. He has a big job protecting the Nation these days and the telephone is helping him do it."

**"IS THAT WHAT KEEPS  
YOU SO BUSY?"**

"It sure is. Every day there are thousands and thousands of urgent calls from the Army and Navy and from all the plants which are rushing out the guns and the tanks and the airplanes for our men in service."

**"DOES IT HELP ME  
AT HOME, TOO?"**

"Yes, indeed. The telephone is a vital link in Civilian Defense. Day and night, in every part of the country it is helping to keep the country safe and secure."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



## National Newsletter

Continued from page 6



**WINDOW BUYING** will soon be possible for Denver, Colorado, shoppers. Merchants are installing a tape-recording device which operates from the street. A passerby sees something he wants in the window, slips a coin in the recorder, gives his order, name and address. He gets the coin back with his purchase. This makes shopping possible 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

**IF YOUR SON** or husband is a reservist back in active service, you can expect him to stay there for the maximum period, even though the law says he's eligible for earlier release. That means 24 months if he previously had drill-pay status, 17 months if he didn't.

**YOUR HUSBAND CAN PLAY** a full-fledged golf game in the garage with the aid of a new electronic device. After his swing the machine informs him how far the ball would have gone, whether he hooked or sliced, etc. It is possible to keep a complete score. (Gerald Allen, C. A. Johnson Building, 17th and Glenarm Sts., Denver, Colo.)



**DO YOU HAVE TV?** One in eight American homes does, according to latest Census Bureau reports.

**PRICES ON WOOLEN CLOTHING** are up this fall from last year's heights, but generally no more than 10 to 15 per cent. Raw apparel wool, of which close to three-fourths is imported, has doubled in price since 1949 but now is dropping. This doesn't mean you'll pay less at retail, but you may soon find better quality wool for the same money. There are more wool blends, and plenty of rayon items, at last year's prices--with improved workmanship.

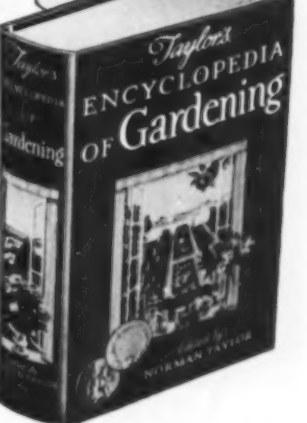
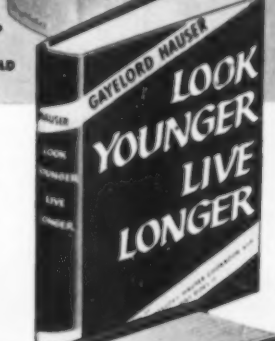
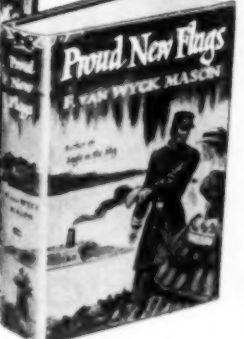
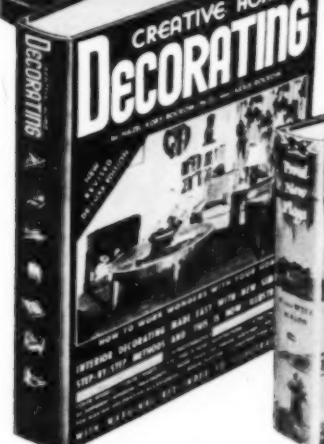
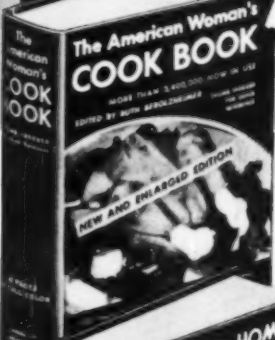
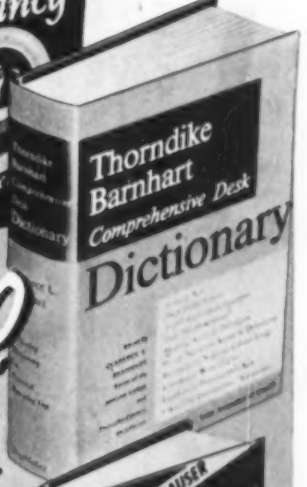
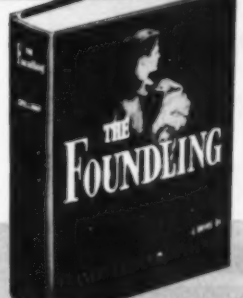
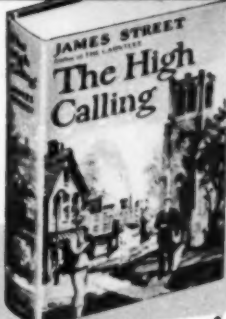
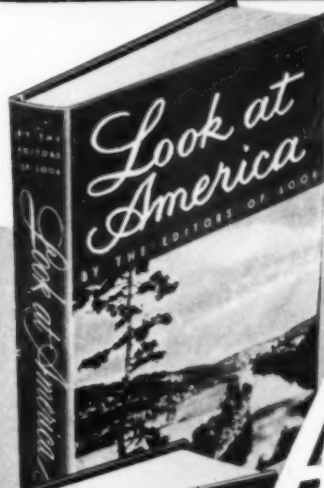


**MOVING STAIRWAYS THAT TALK** are future possibilities for department stores. You hop on the escalator, and on the way up or down hidden loudspeakers tell you what wares are on the next floor. (U. S. Patent #2,561,959)

**YOU CAN FIGHT COMMUNISM** by buying a small piece of an American-owned radio station that broadcasts the truth to people behind the Iron Curtain. Three cents will pay for a brick, \$25 buys a loudspeaker, \$650 pays for a tower beacon. (Crusade for Freedom, Inc., Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.)

*\*As we go to press this information has been checked and is correct. It is subject only to changes caused by last-minute developments.*

NOW - FOR A LIMITED TIME - A LITERARY GUILD OFFER THAT MAY NEVER BE MADE AGAIN!



**ANY THREE**  
 OF THESE FINE BOOKS  
 (Value up to \$22.45) Yours for only **\$2.00**  
 WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE LITERARY GUILD

YOU may have decided long ago to join the Literary Guild Book Club, but forgot or just "put it off". Well, here is a new offer which we believe will induce you to act right now! Yes, just mail the coupon and you will receive at once THREE of the splendid new books shown here for just \$2.00! (The books you choose may have a retail value up to \$22.45!) Read, below, how the Literary Guild operates; then mail the coupon—today!

**THE HIGH CALLING**  
 By James Street  
 The story of a minister who had to choose between his memory of a girl long dead and the vibrant love of a living woman—by the author of "The Gauntlet". Pub. edition, \$3.00.

**THE FOUNDLING**  
 By Francis Cardinal Spellman  
 A magnificent new tale of the Southland and a fiery-eyed, black-haired wench named Fancy—by the author of "The Furies of Harrow" and "The Golden Hawk"! Pub. edition, \$3.00.

**LOOK AT AMERICA**  
 By the Editors of Look  
 Here is your America in a monumental pictorama never before achieved. 450 thrilling pictures, many pages in color! Exciting text. Book size is 9" x 12". Orig. pub. edition, \$12.50.

**A WOMAN CALLED FANCY**  
 By Frank Yerby  
 A magnificent new tale of the Southland and a fiery-eyed, black-haired wench named Fancy—by the author of "The Furies of Harrow" and "The Golden Hawk"! Pub. edition, \$3.00.

**AMERICAN WOMAN'S COOK BOOK**  
 Edited by Ruth Berolzheimer  
 The superb cook book 3,400,000 women are right now using! Contains 5,000 wonderful recipes; 992 pages; hundreds of illustrations and full-color photos. No kitchen is complete without it!

**Thorndike-Barnhart DESK DICTIONARY**  
 A really comprehensive home dictionary, incorporating all the advances achieved during the last 100 years. Contains 80,000 entries, 700 illustrations, 900 pages. A must for the home library!

**CREATIVE HOME DECORATING**  
 By the Rockows  
 Work home wonders with this huge manual! Contains 500 illustrations, 41 full-color "demonstration rooms", charts, etc. Step-by-step methods. For home lovers! Pub. edition, \$4.95.

**LOOK YOUNGER, LIVE LONGER**  
 By Gayelord Hauser  
 Here, at last, in one single volume is Mr. Hauser's famous plan for lifelong youth, strength and health through diet. A rewarding book everyone should read! Pub. edition, \$3.00.

**PROUD NEW FLAGS**  
 By F. van Wyck Mason  
 The story of the amazing naval war between the States; the story, too, of a tall man, the women who loved him, and the one who didn't! Pub. edition, \$5.00.

**ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING**  
 Norman Taylor, Editor  
 Taylor's fabulous masterwork—revised, rechecked, expanded! Gives instant access to all garden questions. Hundreds of illustrations, charts, maps; 1225 big pages! Orig. edition, \$5.00.

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Each month publishers submit their best books to our editors—from which one is selected for presentation to Guild members. Although nearly all Guild books later become widely discussed top best-sellers, Guild members pay only the bargain price of \$2.00 each—and receive their books at the same time the publisher's own edition goes on sale at \$3.00, \$3.50 or even more. Because so many members know that Guild books give them the kind of reading entertainment they want, hundreds of thousands take each selection—even though they need only accept four a year from among the thirty or more regular Guild selections and alternate books offered.

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 But as this unique new offer may be withdrawn at any time, we urge you to mail the coupon now.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc., Publishers, Garden City, New York

MAIL THIS COUPON

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WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE LITERARY GUILD

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Please send me at once the THREE BOOKS I have checked below as my Membership Gift Books and first selection, and bill me only \$2.00 for all three:

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<input type="checkbox"/> A Woman Called Fancy		

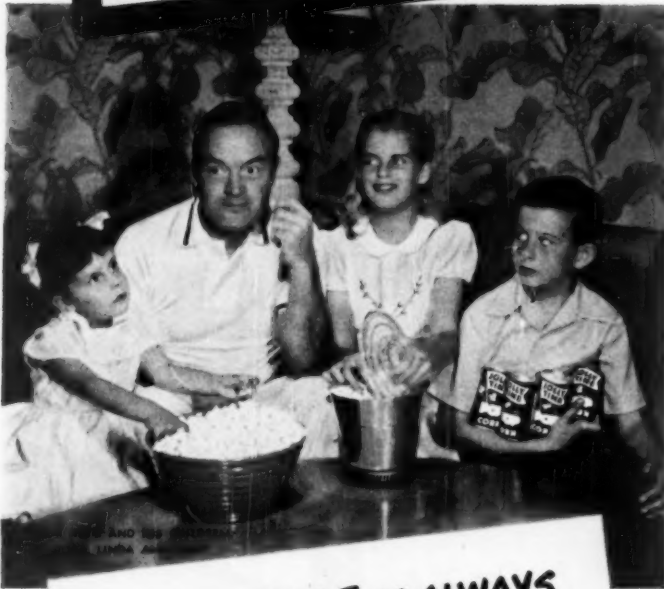
Enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me "Wings" every month so I can decide whether or not I want to receive the Guild selection described. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, per year at only \$2.00 each (plus shipping charge), regardless of the higher prices of the publishers' editions. For each four Guild books I accept, I will receive a free Bonus Book—and I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing four books.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
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 Miss \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)  
 Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Age, W. \_\_\_\_\_ [Price in Canada, \$2.50; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2.]  
 under 21. \_\_\_\_\_ Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada



SO GOOD THEY NEVER  
SAVE ENOUGH FOR ME  
... SAYS BOB HOPE



JOLLY TIME IS ALWAYS  
SO TENDER AND DELICIOUS  
-POPS QUICK AND EASY TOO!



**L**IKE BOB HOPE and his children Nora, Linda and Tony—you can have real family fun popping huge bowls of fluffy, delicious *Jolly Time Pop Corn*.

This extra-good pop corn is a special kind. No other like it. It's grown from special seed and specially processed for home-popping by our patented method.

You'll say you never tasted pop corn so good or that popped so easily. It makes popping corn a real joy.

#### TWO KINDS OF JOLLY TIME

Try both WHITE and GIANT YELLOW *Jolly Time*. Both free from hulls and hard centers—both extra tender . . . delicious. Always fresh, ready to pop . . . for every can is sealed air-tite at the peak of popping perfection. Wonderful for Halloween fun. Sold by grocers everywhere—and Guaranteed to Pop or your money back. Try it tonite. It's tops.

BOB HOPE "???"

A FAMOUS POWER TO BE NAMED IN NATIONAL DEFENSE



## Child's play

GOOD OR BAD ?

*If your young cowboys have an urge to "shoot each other up," let them. It's good for them*

**D**ON'T worry if your children insist on massacring each other—as long as they limit their slaughter to the world of imagination.

Games like Cowboys and Indians provide healthy opportunities for youngsters to rid themselves of hostilities they might otherwise suppress until a later time, when they might indulge them dangerously.

It strengthens a child's ego to be a hero, gives him an outlet for his

aggressions. Many of his inner conflicts are solved when, as a "good" cowboy, he kills "evil" forces and becomes protector of the good.

And for the small fry who get "killed" there is value too. The experiences they fear so much in real life become less frightening when they are acted out in games. They learn that death is not so horrible. They know because they've "been through it" themselves.



Four cowboy villains "die" in varying degrees of agony

BOB LANDRY



Cowgirl can go down as dramatically as a boy

Continued on page 12

Introducing  
 Invisible  
**White Magic**  
 Newest  
 Playtex **FAB-LINED**  
FABRIC-NEXT-TO-YOUR-SKIN  
 Girdle



Never such an idea as *White Magic*—never such a girdle as Playtex Fab-Lined! It's like stepping into another world—to see the inches vanish, to feel the freedom Playtex gives you! It's like wearing a cloud—with the comfort of fabric next to your skin. It's like no other girdle—without seam, stitch or bone, invisible under sleekest clothes. All this—and the beauty of *White Magic*, too! In *SLIM* golden tubes, *White Magic* or *Blossom Pink*—\$5.95 and \$6.95. (Other Playtex girdles, from \$3.95.) At department stores, and specialty shops everywhere.

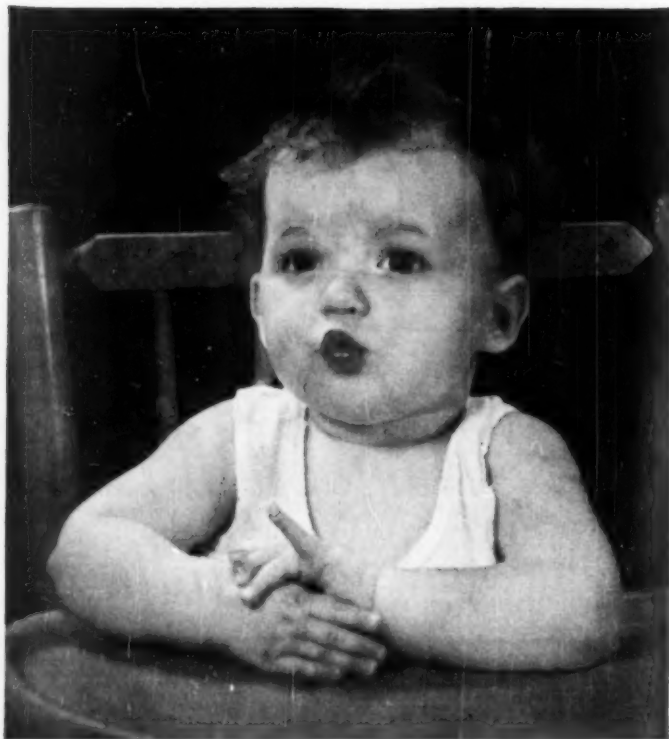
Prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

ON TV . . .



Playtex presents ARIENE FRANCIS in "Fashion Magic," CBS-TV Nationwide Network. See local papers for time and channel.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION, Playtex Park, Dover, Del. ©1951  
 PLAYTEX LTD., Montreal, Canada



# Help Your Child

grow up happy, normal and well-adjusted

The way you guide and discipline your child now can make a world of difference later. Discover how easily you can help your child grow up happy, normal and well-adjusted... with the marvelous guidance plan called Childcraft.

### Solves Your Problems

Childcraft was prepared for parents' help by 50 leading child specialists. It gives you practical solutions to perplexing problems of child guidance. It helps you avoid mistakes that can

break your child's spirit... cause you heartaches and disappointments.

### A Boon To Your Child

Childcraft also gives your child a fascinating anthology of the best in children's literature and creative play activities... inspiring stories, pictures, games, and instructive "how-to-do-it" features... to help mold your child's mind, develop personality and character.

*Childcraft*  
America's Famous  
Child-Guidance Plan

### FREE BOOKLET

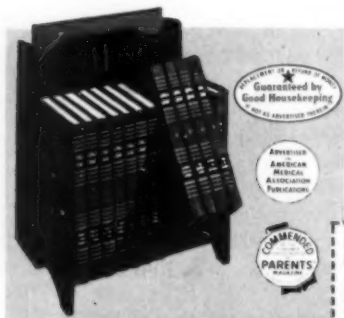
Mail coupon today for valuable, FREE booklet that tells how to help your child grow up happy, normal, well-adjusted.



Mr. William F. Hayes, Childcraft, Dept. 330  
P. O. Box 6139, Chicago 80, Illinois

Please rush me, without obligation, your valuable FREE booklet that tells how to solve problems of child guidance.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Interested in representing Childcraft in your community on a full-time basis? Free training. Good income and future. No investment required. For full information, write Mrs. F. C. Otis, Childcraft, Dept. 430, Box 6139, Chicago 80, Ill.

## CHILD'S PLAY *Continued from page 11*



*This youthful gunman has just outdrawn his opponent*



*His expression proves this man means business*

*The bow-back fall is a special favorite of Westerns and serials*



*This victim went down shooting at the enemy*



Western Week, a salute to the youngsters who live the imaginary lives of cowboys and Indians, will be celebrated by the more than 500 stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System Oct. 28 to Nov. 23. This radio rodeo will present special shows about the old and new West in every city with an MBS station



*Let Your Beauty be Seen...*



# *Palmolive Brings Out Beauty*

**WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!**

**SO MILD...  
SO PURE!**



*For Tub or Shower Get  
Big Bath Size Palmolive!*

**36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS IN 1285 SCIENTIFIC TESTS  
PROVED THAT PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST  
WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS**

Start Palmolive's Beauty Plan today! Discover for yourself—as women everywhere have discovered—that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings exciting new complexion loveliness.

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute, three times a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out *your* beauty while it cleans your skin.

**Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!**



For draining and drying fresh-washed fruits, use extra-absorbent ScotTowels!

## NEW ScotTowels - so strong when wet YOU CAN USE THEM LIKE A CLOTH!



**SCOUR BREADBOX** - inside and out - with ScotTowels. So pliable, they get into corners *easily*. And so *strong* when *wet*, they do dozens of cleansing, polishing jobs.



**FLOUR MEATS AND FISH** on fresh, clean ScotTowels. Then throw used towels away - and you're rid of a messy clean-up in one motion. Saves *work*, saves *time*!



**WIPE MILK BOTTLES** with handy, fabric-soft ScotTowels before storing. Spotless ScotTowels *wisk* off dirt in a jiffy - help keep refrigerator clean, help protect your health. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

**SOFT-TUFF PROCESS**  
keeps them  
soft,  
absorbent

150  
SCOTTOWELS  
TO A ROLL

©SCOTTOWELS™  
"SOFT-TUFF"  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# make a Chair

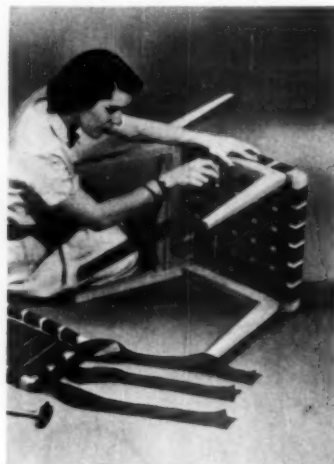
You save money by buying it knocked down  
and assembling and finishing it yourself

## 1 HOW IT ARRIVES

The chair - part of a furniture line of matching tables, chests, desk, shelves and a buffet - comes in these five parts, with screws, tacks, webbing and directions. Wood is your choice of oak, walnut or mahogany, smoothly sanded, ready to finish



GEORGE LAZARUS



## 2 ASSEMBLY IS EASY

You need hammer, screwdriver, and the fast-drying lacquer bought with the chair, wiped on with a pad of cheesecloth. Four coats can be applied in an evening, give a tough, lustrous finish. Then tack on webbing, screw the chair together

## 3 CHAIR IS HANDSOME

Like other pieces in the line, this chair is well designed and sturdy. If there's a moving day, it can be knocked down again by removing screws and shipped in a compact, flat carton. The line also includes dining chairs, a settee



# NO WASH, NO WIPE TONIGHT!



**NEW DREFT DOES BOTH  
AND DISHES SHINE**

*No Wash—  
No Wipe, Tonight!*

*No Wash—  
No Wipe, Tonight!*

*Self Washing Dreft  
Means No Work Left  
No Wash, No Wipe,  
Tonight!*

**..... All YOU do is RINSE!  
Even pots and pans glisten!**

**You don't wash . . .** Instead of washing dishes just let them soak in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes. Dreft floats grease and food particles away. Your hands barely touch the dishwater. All you have to do is rinse the dishes, giving a swish of the cloth where needed, and presto! They're done!

**You don't wipe . . .** New Self-Washing Dreft leaves no dishwater film. It washes dishes and glasses so clean, they shine—even without wiping.

**You don't scour . . .** Even pots and pans practically *soak* clean. Dreft's amazing "float-away" action gets *under* grease . . . lifts it off. Then grease *rinses* away . . . without hard scouring.

**BEAUTY TIP!**

New Dreft is so mild, and your hands are in water so little, it leaves hands beautifully white and soft!

*It's magic...sheer magic...it's self-washing*





“My  
husband  
is tearing  
our place  
apart!”

“There isn’t a sweeter, more considerate husband in the whole world than Dick Powell,” June Allyson boasted.  
“But sometimes I’m afraid he’ll leave me ‘homeless’!



JUNE ALLYSON, co-star of M.G.M.'s "TOO YOUNG TO KISS" and DICK POWELL, co-star of M.G.M.'s "TALL TARGET"

“When he isn’t breaking through walls of the house, he’s chopping down trees on our grounds. He loves wide open space, and though I hate to see the trees go, I carry back logs for our fireplace. Days like this are murder for my hands.



“Sometimes he takes the furniture apart, just to refinish it in a new way. I like to help sand-paper and paint, but afterwards my hands just beg for Jergens Lotion. It’s so soothing . . . makes my hands feel soft as velvet in a jiffy.



“I learned at the studio to use Jergens Lotion whenever my hands feel chapped. Jergens doesn’t just coat them with a film of oil, it softens because it penetrates and furnishes a beautifying moisture . . .



“So no matter how I abuse my hands working around the house, Jergens Lotion keeps them lovely for working in front of the camera – and for cozy evenings at home with Dick, my favorite leading man.”



Try Jergens Lotion on your face and arms – and all over after bathing. You’ll see why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1 over other hand cares. Jergens Lotion is still only 10¢ to \$1, plus tax.



JAN RALST

## We've learned to LIVE WITH TV

*It took patience, a certain amount of firmness  
and—most important—a sign posted by Mommy*

BY ELIZABETH POPE

WE BOUGHT a television set because we had to. Our children were beginning to turn up with embarrassing regularity at one or another neighbor's house — usually at suppertime (when their favorite TV programs were on the air) and with fine disregard for whatever else was going on in the house at the time. For eight months after we bought the set we struggled with no visible success to cope with its hypnotic effect on the children. We kept our TV set for the same reason we bought it. We had to.

The first question, of course, was where to put the set. My husband and I agreed the living room was out. For obvious reasons bedrooms were also out. That left the dining room, the hall and a spare room upstairs which doubles in brass as guest room, study, playroom and sewing room. This is where we decided to put the set.

The installation men weren't out of the house before the children were sprawling in front of the screen, wearing that open-mouthed, glassy-eyed expression we've come to recognize as the TV look.

For the first weeks I struggled manfully to adjust our supper hour to the children's viewing schedules.

But since there are three of them, of assorted ages, sexes, tastes and temperaments, that proved impossible.

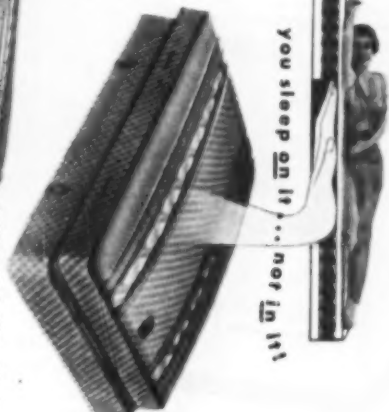
John, who is ten, came up with a proposal that the children eat in shifts: four-year-old Bambi at 5:15 (in the 15 minutes between "Lucky Pup" and "Howdy Doody"), eight-year-old Anne at 6:00 (in the half-hour between "Howdy Doody" and "Tex and Jinx"), he himself at 6:30 (in the 30 minutes between "Chuck Wagon" and "Captain Video").

Anne inclined toward another plan: suppers should be served on trays in front of the set, as they were at a neighbor's house. I disapproved in principle. So I vetoed both plans and eventually ruled (with somewhat too much heat) that henceforth the family would eat at the grownups' convenience and that the children would have to adjust their viewing to that harsh reality.

This they agreed to do. But the results were rather discouraging. Worst of all was what happened to our son John's so-called table manners. He had never been one to waste time over the amenities of eating, but with TV waiting for him upstairs he stowed food away (Continued on page 18)



Look for the "Perfect Sleeper" Head



*Just try the top...  
the smooth top...*

Serta

"Perfect Sleeper"

AMERICA'S FINEST SMOOTH, MOST SOOTHING MATTRESS!

*Try... You will instantly discover that particular "Perfect Sleeper" feeling\**

\*... a smooth, soothing, more relaxing comfort... found in no other mattress.

Serta Smooth-Top Construction "Vitalized Coil Cushioning" "Uni-Matic Innerpring Unit"

GUARANTEED—against any defects caused

by faulty materials, workmanship or construction.

Fine Serta Mattresses and Box Springs, \$19.50 to \$99.50... also with Serta-foam by Firestone... at better stores from coast to coast.

SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC., Chicago, Illinois

# ECONOMATIC GAS COOKING



**So Simple, So Easy, So Quick!**



Throw away the matches—HARDWICK EconoMatic is a complete system of pilot lighting, with every advantage of automatic oven lighting as well as the convenience of top burners that light instantly at the turn of a valve. EconoMatic lighting is pin-point, so that your range will be cool in all kinds of weather—a cooler top, a cooler oven when not in use.

**OLD STOVE ROUNDUP**—Trade for a Hardwick EconoMatic Now!

**HARDWICK**  
**EconoMatic**  
pin-point pilot lighting



**Costs So Little!**

HARDWICK Gas Ranges are famous for value because you don't pay for gadgets and extras but invest in actual cooking performance. EconoMatic adds to the saving. For pin-point lighting costs less to operate and your savings will go on, year after year.

Small Oven Pilot Flame  
HARDWICK EconoMatic  
*About 1/3 as large*

**Gas has got it!**

MODEL 5526-1-EM

**HARDWICK**  
STOVE COMPANY

Established 1879

CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

See your dealer, your gas company,  
or write to Dept. M-16

AGA Approved for LP, Natural or Manufactured Gases

## LIVE WITH TV *Continued from page 17*

at a rate that put our springer spaniel to shame.

We finally met the problem with a double edict: first, no one could leave the table until everyone was through with the main course; second, desserts could be skipped, but there could be no coming back for them later on. At the same time we tackled that hottest of TV potatoes: How much viewing and when?

Our first attempted solution was a dud. We got John and Anne to write out lists of their favorite programs, and told them they could average no more than an hour a day in front of the set. From there on, everything was supposed to be up to them.

Naturally this led to constant rows, tattling, handy memory lapses regarding how long they'd been watching and a state of general friction that had us all howling for mercy.

Finally the children themselves solved the problem. They agreed that Bambi could choose the programs before 6:00, and after 6:00 John and Anne were to be in control on alternating nights. On the whole they have stuck by this arrangement—although the big ones have occasionally not been above talking the baby out of her rights, and once I heard John literally buy off Anne for one night. The price: 7 cents.

**S**O FAR SO good. But we still hadn't successfully come to grips with that old bugaboo: How much?

As the days became shorter and the weather worse we decided that an hour a day was needlessly harsh. Our revised rules allowed an hour and a half, with a weekend bonus of two hours—but with a new restriction: the TV day would have to end 30 minutes before bedtime. We also decided that if these rules were going to stick there would have to be penalties.

The upshot of all this was a sign—The Sign, it is to us. It's tacked on the wall over our television set, and it

states, for all the world to read, our rules, penalties and exceptions.

The Sign carries a kind of authority that none of our oral exhortations have ever approached. You can't argue with a sign. You can't forget what it said when it's right there saying it all the time. You can't misunderstand it when its language is primer simple.

**L**AYING down the law, whether orally or in writing, has been only a part of the campaign. More positive has been our attempt to compete with TV on its own terms.

Many's the evening my husband has sprawled on the floor playing jacks or pick-up-sticks with the children. My own contribution has been to encourage even the messiest kinds of creative play, including finger painting and making plaster of Paris statues. Meanwhile we've both fought off the temptation to let TV carry the ball, and have kept right on reading aloud to the children.

And we've avoided giving the children the impression that we are unalterably opposed to their new plaything—which we're not. Whenever it's humanly possible to enjoy the same program we all watch it together.

Going along with TV as far as possible has helped keep the children in our corner and has made it easier to enforce unpopular rules. I think it also has had something to do with changing their attitude. Now that there are no more family tussles over who sees what, the children have relaxed. Recently they have not even used up their allotted viewing time. Sometimes I find them flipping the dial—even as you or I—looking for something that interests them, no longer mesmerized by whatever happens to be available. This, to me, is evidence that they are developing discrimination, and although they've still got a long way to go they've got plenty of time to go it in. **THE END**

### OUR TV RULES

No more than 1½ hours viewing on school days;  
2 hours on weekends.

No viewing before 5:30 or after 8:00 on school days.


On Fridays and Saturdays, John may watch until 9:00;  
Anne until 8:30.

Anyone who breaks any of these rules (without an OK in advance from Daddy or me) won't be allowed to watch **at all** for the next two days. Second offenses will be more drastically dealt with.

*Mommy*





Something to sing about 

# New Springtime-Flavor NUCOA

## Now America's Most Delicious Spread

Here's the spread that gives you the sweet, wholesome freshness of *Springtime*—all year round!





Here's the first and only spread to combine welcome economy, unsurpassed year-round nutrition, and the magical flavor that is Nucoa's alone! On breads, it is so fresh, so sweet! As a seasoning, so rich, so flavorful. Use it in *all* cooking. Yes! New Nucoa margarine is everything you ever dreamed of in a spread . . . America's most delicious. Why don't you try it today!



For more flavor, more color, more vitamins, serve your vegetables with a big pat of golden Nucoa.

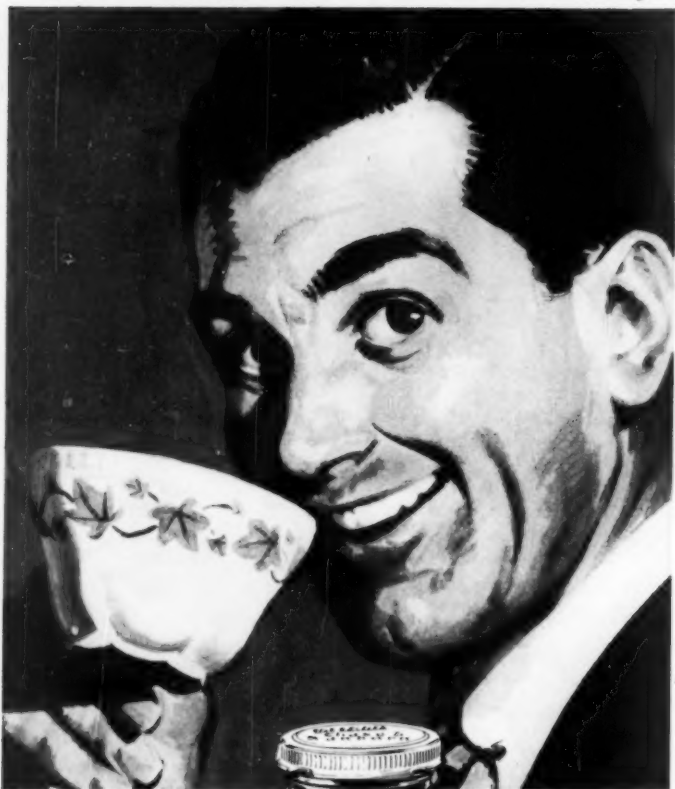
In those states where the ban on yellow margarine has not yet been lifted, enjoy fresh, rich Nucoa in the handy Measure-Pak.

© The Best Foods, Inc., 1951

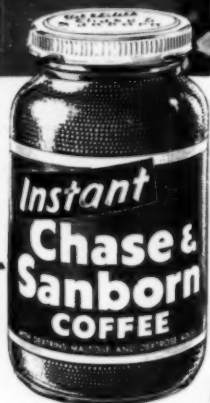
 Fresh as a daisy  Sweet as a song  Springtime Flavor  All year long!

# Tryin' beats Talkin'

(it's the only way to tell about taste!)



You'll never  
know how good  
instant coffee  
can be  
until you try



There's no wait,  
no fuss, no messy  
coffee grounds with  
economical Instant  
Chase & Sanborn.  
Make a potful for  
the family today!  
Mmm...mmm!

Backed by nearly  
100 years of coffee experience

Instant Chase & Sanborn  
is Pure Soluble Coffee with Dextrin,  
Maltose and Dextrose added.



The stars of *Westward the Women*, marooned on location in the little town of Kanab, Utah, played charades until their 9:00 P.M. bedtime. Here Pat Conway poses twister for Robert Taylor, Marilyn Erskine and Denise Darcel

## Who said glamour?

Hollywood stars give it up for that pioneer look  
in a new film called

"*Westward the Women*"

HOLLYWOOD movie actresses are not always the exquisitely made-up charmers you'd expect. Sometimes, as in these photos, they are forlorn creatures in old, baggy dresses, trying to cope with the sand and heat of a desert location.

These pictures were made in the desert, near Kanab, Utah, during the filming of Dore Schary's M-G-M production, *Westward the Women*. The story is about the trek of 200 women across the continent in 1850. In it the male escorts desert the party, leaving a lone man, played

by Robert Taylor, to pilot them across the Rockies.

Because the women in the film had to drive their own wagons, handle bull whips and rifles and repair broken wheels, director William Wellman insisted that the cast learn to do all these things. The girls were not allowed to use make-up or wash the desert dust out of their hair more than once a week. Wellman made only these concessions: they could bathe every night and change underclothes whenever they wanted. (Continued on page 22)

# "Be Lux Lovely"

says  
Virginia Mayo



Co-star of

"PAINTING THE CLOUDS  
WITH SUNSHINE"

A Warner Bros. Production  
Color by Technicolor

"Lux beauty facials do wonders for my skin . . .



"Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says lovely Virginia Mayo. "Here's all I do: I cream the rich Lux lather well in—it's active lather—so good for the complexion.



"Then I rinse thoroughly with warm water, follow with a splash of cold. I pat with a soft towel to dry." Such a quick easy care—but it really does the trick!



"It's amazing the way these Lux Soap facials give skin fresh new beauty!" Virginia says. You can be Lux-lovely! Try the fragrant white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use.



9 out of 10  
Screen Stars use  
Lux Toilet Soap



# Iron $\frac{1}{3}$ faster

... AS SO MANY WOMEN DO!



Mrs. Ann Bennett is one of them.

"I never knew anyone could race through ironing as fast as you can with General Electric's Visualizer Iron," writes Mrs. Ann Bennett, Pittsburgh, Pa. "It has a big 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ -square-inch ironing surface."



"Anyone can iron with this wonderful iron without scorching. Just dial the fabric you want—and you get the right temperature for each fabric."

"No more guesswork about when to start ironing! Just wait for the signal light on the side of the G-E Visualizer Iron to flash off. Then it's time to iron. It's a wonderful, wonderful iron!"

A check shows that the G-E Visualizer Iron has helped many women iron at least  $\frac{1}{3}$  faster than with older types of irons. How about you? See it at your G-E dealer's. General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

See The New G-E Garry Moore TV program Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoons, CBS-TV.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

## WHO SAID GLAMOUR? *Continued from page 20*



Actresses Lenore Lonergan and Beverly Dennis make friends with colt, used in sequences showing 1850 trek of 200 women to be brides of early California settlers

OSISIE SCOTT



Lenore and Marilyn try rolling a 220-lb. wheel on a covered wagon. Director Wellman required his "pioneer women" to perform chores like this daily



In their trailer dressing room, actresses get relief from the Utah wind and dust. To insure realism, they weren't allowed to wear make-up in the picture, had to wear the same unwashed dresses for ten weeks of shooting

*Continued on page 24*

*I dreamed I was a*

*Lady Ambassador in my*

*maidenform bra*

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette® in white satin and lace, from L.50 There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure!

MAIDENFORM LINGERIE CO. COSTUME, 3400 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

# "Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,  
not a cream—  
Halo cannot leave  
dulling, dirt-catching  
soap film!



Gives fragrant  
"soft-water" lather  
—needs no  
special rinse!

Removes  
embarrassing  
dandruff from both  
hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair  
soft, manageable—  
shining with colorful  
natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with  
even finest liquid or oily cream  
shampoos leaves dulling,  
dirt-catching film. Halo, made  
with a new patented ingredient,  
contains no soap, no sticky oils.

Thus Halo glorifies your hair  
the very first time you use it.  
Ask for Halo—America's  
favorite shampoo—at any drug  
or cosmetic counter!



**Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!**

## WHO SAID GLAMOUR? *Continued from page 22*



Out on location Lenore, Marilyn and Beverly washed for lunch in whatever water was handy, dried their hands on their voluminous 1850 skirts. The outdoor washroom they're using here was also shared by the horses and mules



M-G-M's troupe of 300 hung out at drugstore across street from lodge where they stayed. Here Denise and Marilyn buy postal cards to send to friends back in Hollywood, 1,000 miles away



The countryside was so rugged that four-wheel-drive trucks were needed to transport the cast and crew for scenes to be shot on a high plateau. The studio buses couldn't negotiate the turns in the M-G-M-built temporary road



## You Use This Versatile Ashcraft Furniture So Many, Many Ways

There's no limit to the wonders Ashcraft can work in your home the year round, upstairs, downstairs, and on covered porch or patio. It's so decorative, so useful!

It takes naturally to casual life in recreation or family activities room—yet is perfectly at home in formal settings. It stands on its own, yet makes a happy combination with Modern or Traditional. Graceful, lightweight Ashcraft is sturdily made from solid, steam-bent Ash for years of year-round service. Department and furniture stores carry Ashcraft in a full range of pieces for any room in the house, and in a grand choice of decorative fabrics. Be sure to see Ashcraft soon at your favorite furniture or department store, or write for free, illustrated folder about versatile Ashcraft. Heywood-Wakefield Company, Dept. MC-3, Gardner, Mass.



*Its usefulness indoors as well as on covered porch or patio makes Ashcraft truly double-duty furniture.*



*There is no limit to the good-looking, pleasant-to-use ways you can arrange sectional units.*



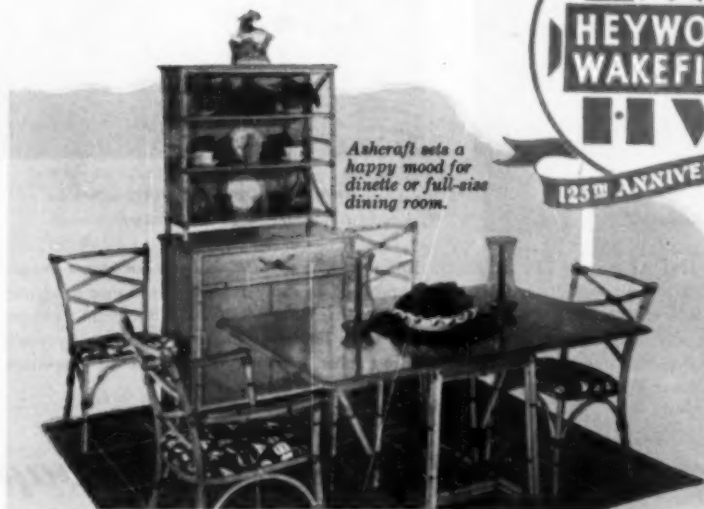
*Ashcraft brings genuine comfort to game-room fun.*

# Ashcraft BY



## 125 YEARS OF QUALITY

The famous Heywood-Wakefield trademark means that each piece of Ashcraft brings you the full benefits of our 125 years of experience in making fine furniture.



*Ashcraft sets a happy mood for dinette or full-size dining room.*



*This Ashcraft center of attraction adds to the fun of playing host.*

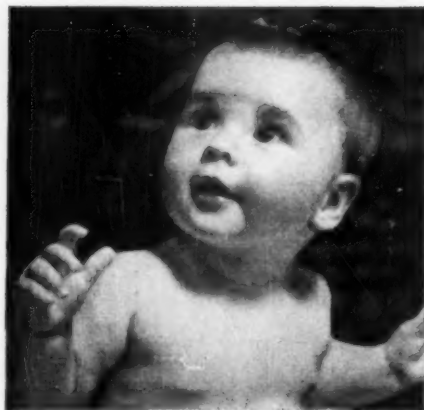


# *That Ivory Look*

**Young America has it...  
You can have it in 7 days!**

*Sparkling models have it...  
so can you!*

Any girl would love to have the clear, glowing skin that has helped to make Alice Kelley famous as a cover girl. Ask Alice how she keeps her complexion so beautiful and she'll give you some good advice. "It's very simple. I give my skin the gentlest care I know . . . daily care with pure, mild Ivory Soap."



*Darling babies have it...  
so can you!*

Looking for loveliness? Take a cue from little Patty Ann. Pure, mild Ivory leaves her delicate skin so gloriously soft and smooth. And Ivory will do the nicest things for *your* complexion, too! You see, more doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin—and yours—than all other brands of soap put together.



*You can have That Ivory Look...  
a week from today!*

Isn't it exciting to know that you can have a lovelier complexion as easily as this! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory. Then count the days, and you'll find it's true: *A week from today* you'll have a softer, smoother, younger-looking complexion . . . you'll have *That Ivory Look!*

**99<sup>100</sup>% pure...it floats**



***More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap***



# if you ask me

by

*Eleanor Roosevelt*



**Q** Did you ever say "We can run this United Nations without God?" I saw this statement in the paper and was very shocked.

I never made any such idiotic statement. I have had two or three questions on this in letters, and I have been sent a copy of a column written by a woman in the Middle West which makes this statement as a fact. Where the lady got the idea, or who originated the statement, I am at a loss to know, but I can say it is totally untrue.

**Q** This is a very personal question, but I am wondering if you would mind telling me if you have a fixed or removable bridge? I am very much interested, as I will shortly have to have two of my front teeth removed and would love to have them look as good as yours.

I have no fixed or removable bridge. My two front teeth are capped on the original teeth, which were not completely knocked out but were chipped and broken.

**Q** Your statement that the Senate crime hearing turned up nothing to make you believe that former mayor William O'Dwyer was "personally dishonest" is more than I can swallow. Now, Mrs. Roosevelt, what do you mean by "personally dishonest"?

By "personal" dishonesty I meant an individual in public office acting for his own gain through a transaction which profits him personally or which disposes of public money illegally. I think there are people in public office who are perfectly honest in this respect but who overlook questionable dealings in the political world. They think perhaps that it is not possible to fight against these dealings, and so they close their eyes to them. Mayor O'Dwyer may have done the latter, but I do not think he used public money illegally or received any money which was personally advantageous.

**Q** I had an argument with a friend. She says you love being a public figure and Mrs. Truman hates it. I've always thought you hated it too. Am I right?

I disliked it extremely at first. Now I never think of it any more, and I do not think of myself as a public figure. I know that people sometimes recognize me, but I never expect it, so it has ceased to bother me.

**Q** When you were a little girl what did you most want to be when you grew up?

First, I wanted above all to be a trained nurse. Later, above all I wanted to be able to sing and have a beautiful voice which would move people. I achieved the first ambition when my children were small. I became a good nurse under the direction of a real trained nurse who spent a great deal of time with me in those days. I never achieved the second desire, not having been gifted with any voice at all.

**Q** I understand that plans for a movie of your husband's life have been delayed because they can't find anyone to play the part. Don't you think the English actor Stewart Granger might be good to play Mr. Roosevelt as a young man?

I think a movie of my husband's life has been delayed not because of difficulty in casting but because I personally feel that as long as so many people are alive who remember him well it would not be a successful or happy thing to do. I know that when I saw the movie about President Wilson I did not enjoy it. In fact I disliked it—and that was because I remembered him. I think it is always better to wait until those who have known him well are no longer alive before you try to reproduce a person on the stage or screen.

GENEVIEVE HAYLES



**Q** In one of your photographs I noticed you were wearing rings on both hands. Do these rings have any special significance?

I very rarely wear any jewelry which has no significance. On my left hand I wear my wedding ring and engagement ring, and on my little finger I wear two rings given me by friends of whom I am very fond. That same thing is true of the rings I wear on my right hand. One of them was given me by a friend to wear as long as I live. The stone in the other ring was also a gift. I had it set in a way that I thought this friend who gave it to me would like. I do not think jewelry has much meaning unless you have some sentiment attached to it.

**Q** Who was your husband's favorite movie star?

If he had actually named his favorite movie star, which he never did, I think it would have been Mickey Mouse!

**Q** An article in McCall's says any woman would gladly change her face for Garbo's. I, for one, would not. Would you?

No, I do not think I should particularly want to change and look like Garbo or anybody else. That does not mean that I do not admire many people and wish that the good Lord had made me as attractive as they are in looks; but once you have spent sixty years with your face it does, I think, express something of what you have made of yourself, so it would seem unnatural to change to anybody else!

Address letters to Mrs. Roosevelt, in care of McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.





*The atmosphere was strained as Cynthia said slowly,  
"I think you'd better go to the party alone"*

**Because she was a girl with a conscience,**

**this weekend was not at all**

**what it was meant to be**

# *after the game is over*

**BY ELIZABETH GREGG PATTERSON**

**W**HEN he told Cynthia that Sheffield and his wife were going to the game with them, Ethan had an idea that she'd be pleased. She'd never met Sheff but he'd talked a lot about him; whenever Ethan spoke of his years at Ann Arbor, Sheff always figured in the story some way or other. He hadn't seen him in a long while, not since their graduation four years ago. Sheff had gone out to California, and the first thing any of them knew he was married and on his way up with some packing industry near Los Angeles. Occasionally there'd been items about him in their fraternity bulletin, but except for a haphazard sort of correspondence Ethan hadn't heard from him directly until last night, when he'd turned up in Detroit with his wife and called about getting tickets for the game.

Luckily Ethan had four tickets on the fifty-yard line; he'd been holding two for Bud Dunham and his girl but at the last

minute Bud couldn't make it, and Ethan had been on the point of letting them go when Sheffield called.

"Another fifteen minutes," he told Cynthia, "and we'd have been out of luck. Not a chance of getting four together."

He told her about Sheff as soon as he saw her, and he was still so pleased at the way things turned out that at first he didn't notice how she was taking it. Cynthia had been his girl for a year now, and as soon as he got a little ahead, they were going to be married. He'd had a rough time of it financially ever since his graduation. His father had died, leaving his affairs in bad shape, and until things had been straightened out Ethan had had to help support his mother and sister. That had set him back for a while, but lately he'd managed to save some money, enough so that he could plan on giving Cynthia a ring at Christmas and in the spring—well, maybe late in the spring—being married. *(Continued on page 84)*

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER





BY ELIZABETH TROY

# You can't do this to me

**T**HIS was the last day and it was now seven in the evening and there had been no letter, no telegram, no telephone call. All day in his office Joel had waited. Now he was back in his sitting room at the club, pacing, sitting down, getting up and pacing again.

Inside his head he talked to himself. He said she was probably behaving exactly as he was, waiting for *him* to break the silence. He said he'd be hanged if he would make the first move and, so saying, seized the telephone. The dial tone filled his ears with its impatient buzz, its demand that he say something and be quick about it.

He gripped the instrument with damp, tight fingers—a tall, strong, bony young man with close-cropped stubborn hair and a tight-shut stubborn jaw, trying to find

words, easy, light words. He could say, "The trial is ended. Madame Foreman, what is the verdict?" He rather liked that, for then she could say with her bubbling chuckle, "Come home, dope, all is forgiven."

On the other hand . . . He slammed down the telephone, kicked at a chair. Suppose instead she said, "That's right—it's over. All of it. And I'm doing fine. I like being free—free of the yelling and door-slamming and talk about money."

He made himself a highball and sat down with it, holding it in both hands between his knees while he gazed at the rug. He told himself it was time to face facts. She was not going to call him. He was not going to call her. Because nothing had changed. (Continued on page 108)

Once he faced the facts of his marriage  
he could do only one thing.  
That was to leave her

*"All I want," Joel said,  
his voice dangerously soft,  
"is to support my wife and child.  
Is that asking too much?"*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

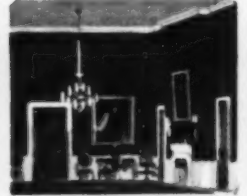
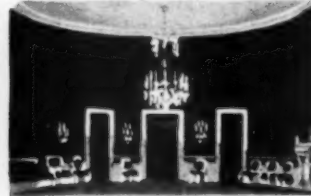
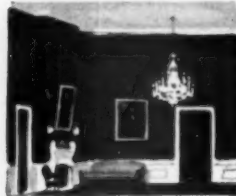
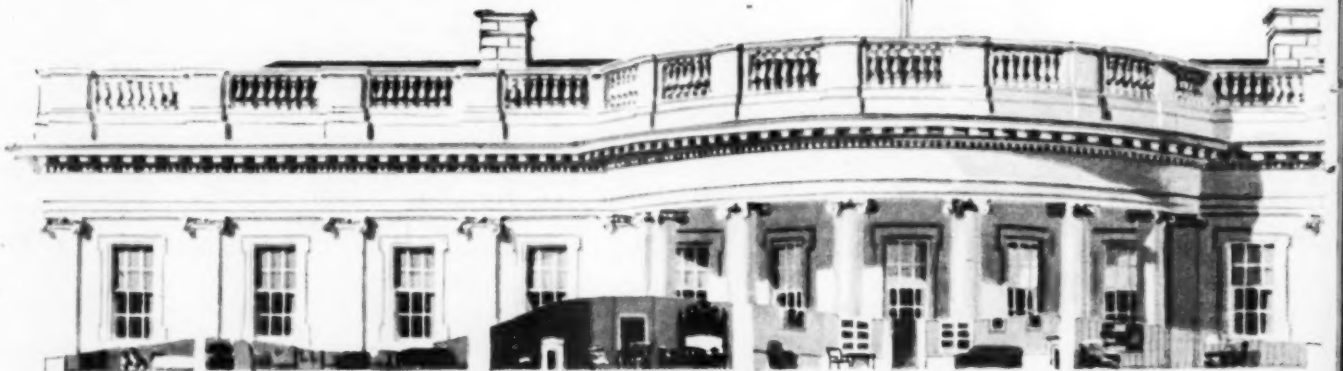


*Mary Margaret McBride, "first lady of radio," with Margaret Truman, whose piano caused a White House crisis. Mary Margaret broadcasts Monday through Friday over WJZ New York, 1:00 to 2:00 p.m.; over the ABC network, 2:00 p.m.; and over WGN Chicago, 2:00 to 3:00 p.m.*

*When the First Lady has her house done over she has a say about the color and arrangement of the bedrooms — and that's all.*

*Two floors and a big attic have been added. But there still*

*aren't enough closets!*



The West Executive Wing—untouched by the renovators—houses the President's office, the Cabinet Room, the Presidential gymnasium and swimming pool. All through the reconstruction President Truman continued working here

STORAGE

AIR-CONDITIONING

*If the outer wall were stripped from the South, or "balcony," side of the new White House, this is what you'd see. Below the ground is the tremendous new room that houses the complex air-conditioning machinery. Here too are badly needed storage rooms. On ground level is*

*the dispensary, and beyond it the trophy, diplomatic reception and china display rooms, all newly decorated and paneled. The State Dining Room, the Red, Blue and Green rooms and the great East Room are virtually unchanged—same furniture, chandeliers, wood-*

BY MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

# The New White House

**T**HERE still isn't enough closet space in the White House! When a house has been the residence of every President of the United States since John Adams it seems you can't just stick in extra closets willy-nilly. Tradition won't stand for it. So, in spite of 5 million dollars' worth of repairs, President and Mrs. Truman will continue to sleep on the second floor and store some of their clothes on the third.

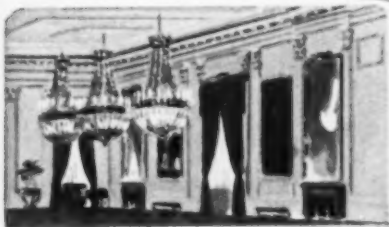
Apart from closets, however, the President and his family will find their old home at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue stronger, larger, safer and cleaner. When the Trumans return to the White House, just before Christmas, the entire place, from its new cellar-with-mezzanine to its new attic guest rooms, will be glistening with fresh paint and rustling with crisp curtains. Structural infirmities of age, including a frightening palsy of the floors, will have disappeared. Leaky and temperamental plumbing, stopped-up drains, dropping plaster will be gone. Although everything but the walls is being altered, architects, engineers and decorators have camouflaged important changes so that the reconstructed First Home won't look a bit different to the casual visitor.

There is a bit of irony in the circumstances surrounding the renovation. Throughout the summer and fall of 1948 the Trumans traveled all over America to ask the people for permission to occupy the President's house four more years. To the confusion of dopesters and opposition, the voters said OK. Then, just three weeks later, the First Family had to toss a few things into suitcases and hurriedly evacuate the building.

The emergency was brought about by Miss Margaret's piano. The Trumans had worried mildly, as had other Presidential families before them, about room and corridor floors shaking under normal traffic, and about the way the second floor sloped when crowds were being received in state rooms below. But when some ancient timbers actually gave way under the legs of Margaret's baby grand, Mr. Truman decided it was time for action. The President called in engineers and architects, who warned that unless measures were quickly taken the White House, symbol of national prestige and power, might collapse under its own weight.

The family was summarily ordered away, and inspection by experts began in earnest. Then the horrible truth came out. Through successive "improvements"—holes bored, beams chewed off to admit electrical wires, doors and windows cut through—the White House, which had been gaining weight for years anyway, was so whittled down that its walls were too weak to support it. The basic structure was actually in such a state that engineers first wondered whether anything could be saved. After much solemn deliberation they decided that the original walls could stand. Then, tenderly and skillfully, the White House was dismantled piece by piece, strengthened, repaired and put together again.

Engineers poking around the foundation, built largely with slave labor in 1800, found it in good condition but only eight feet deep in clay soil. Because this soil is what the engineers call compressible, the house had gradually settled and sagged, cracking and splitting through the years. (Continued on page 59)



GEORGE COOPER RUDOLPH



Sightseers and guests at the more elaborate White House functions come in through the East Executive Wing entrance. This too is where Presidential assistant John Steelman has his office

work and color schemes. Mrs. Truman has made changes in the private apartments, but she has left the Lincoln bed in the room under the portico. Not shown are the new storage space on the top floor and the atom-bomb-proof shelter. Location of the latter is a secret





*"It ain't fair to you, honey," Joe said softly. "I have no right to ask anything of you when I can't ask you to marry me."*

BY FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

*Nowhere in the whole great city*

*could they be alone.*

*Could you blame them, then,*

*for what almost happened?*

IT HAD been a leaden sort of day and now, toward evening, the city air had a damp, raw smell that hurt the inside of your nose. As Sally walked quickly down Forty-ninth Street and turned the corner of Sixth, she hated the people passing by with umbrellas under their arms. It was as if they were making an actuality out of something that had been, until now, just a shadowy fear at the back of her mind. It isn't going to rain, she thought; it isn't, it isn't. But even as the thought came, the first few drops began to fall, making black spots on the sidewalk.

It was only a shower, she told herself. It would be over in a minute. But the dark feeling inside her settled a little deeper, like sediment in a glass. A cold drop of rain stung her cheek and she walked more quickly, her eyes straining to the corner to see if Joe was waiting for her.

He wasn't, and when she reached the subway entrance she moved into the shelter of a brightly lighted orange-drink stand. The rain was falling steadily now and the wet spots on the pavement had run together, forming a dark, shining surface that *(Continued on page 76)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR



no place called home



*The week Elizabeth is at home in Syracuse, breakfast is one of the nicest parts of the day. Dr. Herbert is up early, hungry for eggs, cereal with fruit, the good corn sticks Elizabeth makes and big goblets of juice he squeezes himself*

One week I'm Mrs. Leo Herbert  
of Syracuse, New York

...The next week  
I'm Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert,  
an editor of McCall's

## **THIS IS HOW I KEEP HOUSE**

**Walter Adams tells  
how she lives a double life**

**Number twenty-three in a series**

*Dishes are in dishwasher in a minute.  
By keeping house herself, Elizabeth gives  
home appliances their ultimate, practical test*



*Helen Robinson comes in weekdays about  
10:00, stays until dinner. She cleans, washes,  
runs house when Elizabeth is in New York*



*Breakfast is always an occasion at the Herberts'.  
It's eaten leisurely in a sunny alcove that looks out on the  
back yard and the hundreds of flowers they like to grow*





Thursday, Doctor's day off, is the best of the week. It's his and Elizabeth's day together, gardening, shopping, fixing things in the house ("Leo says I always have some project for him") and the high point of all—dinner together with some of the doctor's 11 grandchildren

LIKE a good many lady editors, Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert lives in two worlds—the frenetic world of magazines high above the swank shops of New York's Park Avenue, and her homebody world as a doctor's wife in a big, square, twelve-room house on one of the shady old streets of Syracuse, 220 miles upstate.

To a housewife cutting onions into the evening hamburger, life among the skyscrapers might seem glamorous and wonderful indeed. In a way it is. But to most lady editors, the world of husbands and coffee on the screened porch is also awfully nice. If ever Elizabeth had to choose between worlds, there's no doubt which she'd take.

Friday evening, after a week in New York, Elizabeth catches a plane to Syracuse, where her husband, a physician, waits to pick her up. Office to home takes two hours and a half, costs \$29.50 round trip. That weekend and the following week are hers at home, in the comfortable big brick-and-stucco house the doctor built a generation ago. Virginia creeper half covers it. White lilacs reach the bedroom windows. Out by the garage there are a hundred peonies in one bed.

Weekday mornings about 11:00, after breakfast and house chores are out of the way and Helen, the housekeeper, arrives, Elizabeth takes her mail from McCall's and goes upstairs to work at her desk until 3:00. Then she goes out to see friends or does (Continued on next page)

GEORGE LAZARNICK



To be sure Leo is taken care of when she's gone, Elizabeth keeps a month's supply of food on hand in her freezer



Before leaving for New York she stocks refrigerator freezer top for week, hides menu because Leo likes surprises



At 8:00 on Monday Leo sees her off, settles down to patients and cronies until he meets Elizabeth's plans Friday



*In New York Elizabeth's day begins with briefing on appointments from super-secretary Jeanne Albert; then come planning and work sessions with her staff of home economics and engineering experts*

## THIS IS HOW I KEEP HOUSE

continued

things around the house until time to start dinner. "When Leo and I are alone I like to get dinner. He says I'm a good cook."

Evenings and free time, Elizabeth and Leo get at their gardening or at their current project. It's reupholstering the furniture now. Last year it was remodeling the kitchen. "Any time you own a house the work begins," the doctor says. "Doctor works with much cussing," Elizabeth says.

Come Monday, Elizabeth is back at the airport. Back to four nights at the well-bred Grosvenor Hotel down on lower Fifth Avenue, where the taxis, horns snarling, swish endlessly through the night. Back to McCALL's skyscraper test rooms, where she edits so critically and so practically because she knows household equipment both as an expert and a housewife.

How does Dr. Herbert feel about her two-world life? He's enormously proud of her. "I've got quite a girl," he says. When Elizabeth goes out after a story or to give a talk (she's given ten major ones to advertising and home-economics women in the last six months, from Lake Placid to Kansas City), he often steals a couple of days off from his patients and goes along. It's reciprocal. She was with him at an American Medical Association meeting in Atlantic City last summer when in her absence the American Home Economics Association chose her president-elect, the first businesswoman president the association has ever had. He skipped out of a medical meeting and took her on quite a fling.

Each night after 5:00 when he's at home and she's away, Elizabeth writes Leo a chatty letter to bring him up on the day's news from outside. And then at 11:00 she telephones him. Leo is a night-baseball fan, spends a good many summer evenings berating the umpire and cheering on the local boys. He was still in the bleachers one night recently when it got to be 10:45—ninth inning, score tied, Syracuse up, everybody yelling like mad. (Continued on page 40)

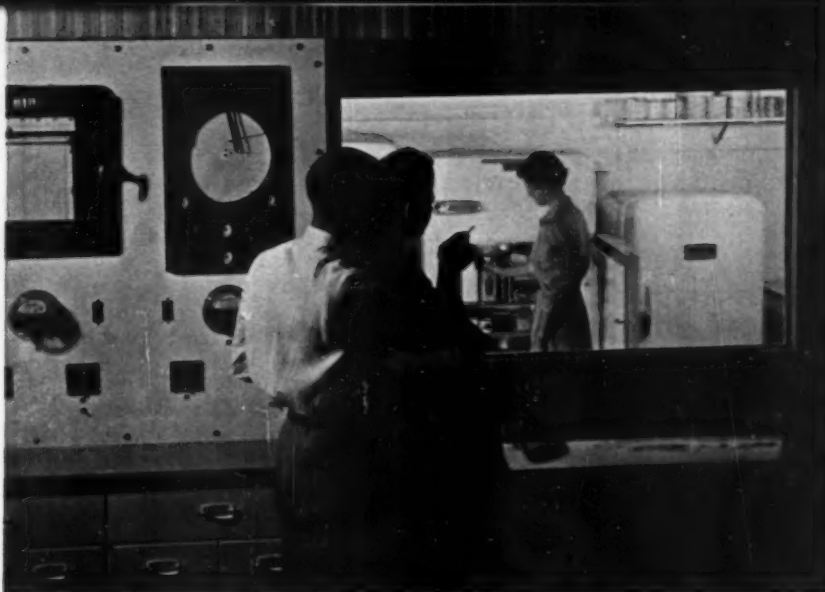


*In this beautifully appointed "home-style" kitchen—one of nine such testing centers—Assistant Editor Anna Fisher tests a full set of appliances for every conceivable combination of home meals*

*In another kitchen Associate Editor Helen Kirtland gives new skillets a test. Greased and dusted with flour, skillet is heated over full burner to test heat distribution. Poor pans brown unevenly*



GEORGE LAZARINICK



*How much does it cost to operate? How cold is its freezer? How moist its cold? With Engineer Paul Schwind, Elizabeth reviews another test. Behind this glass, where all sorts of weather can be reproduced, refrigerators and freezers are coupled with precise instruments and put through weeks of grueling tests—a guide in telling readers how best to use them*

*In McCall's skyscraper test rooms Elizabeth and her staff study and restudy housekeeping for all of America*



*Assistant Editor Shirley Gleason tries out oven. Baking cake layers, two on top rack, two on bottom, is one of most sensitive oven tests. Poor heat distribution gives uneven browning, soggy bottoms. Other tests broil steaks, bake juicy pies, show how easy broiler and oven are to clean. Last of many tests is to use range for weeks just as you would at home*



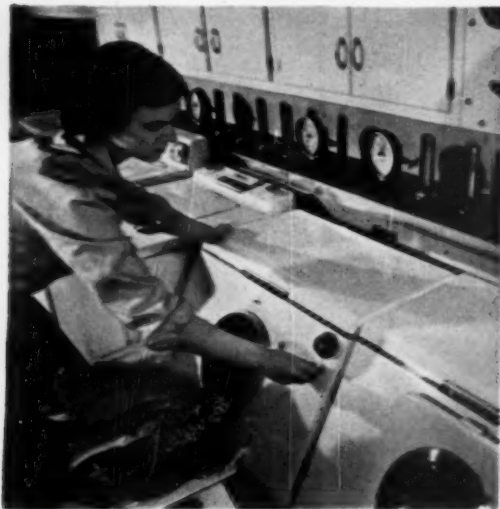


*Fashion Editor Estelle Lane checks washability of Betsy McCall sweater with expert Eleanor Cook. In laundry, new detergents, starches, bleaches, fabrics, washers, ironers, cleaners are tried out to make McCall's advice sure-fire*



*First test on all new soaps and detergents is this one to determine alkalinity. Highly alkaline compounds usually clean well but are hard on fabrics and hands*

*No public laundry this—just the ever-changing lineup of new models where editors do ten tests on each, study action, water hardness, load size and whatnot to keep you sweet*



## THIS IS HOW I KEEP HOUSE

continued

He checked his watch, rushed for the car, got in the house just as Elizabeth's call came. "Couldn't disappoint my girl," he later told a head-shaking, quizzical friend.

Elizabeth's test rooms at McCALL's are a researcher's dream. There are dozens of test stations, dozens of dials and meters and stop watches and scales and devices and gadgets. And all of them give precise answers to questions housewives can only guess at.

But it's Elizabeth's and McCALL's philosophy that the real test is the use test—that test kitchens ought to duplicate as closely as possible a living kitchen at home. All the final tests are of a practical workaday sort that might be carried out with children dashing in, somebody at the door, the baby bellowing and the phone ringing.

How well will that electric mixer incorporate air into angel-cake batter? Is it powerful enough to mix yeast doughs without getting hot? Is it too heavy to hold in the hand? Does the juice attachment get all the juice out? Does the strainer clog with pulp? And that coffee maker—does it consistently brew coffee of the same strength? Is the brew clear? Is the coffee maker easy to wash? And after you've used it day after day, do you still like the coffee it makes? The staff makes coffee in it day after day to find out.

Back in the 30s, when home freezers were little more than a dream, McCALL's test rooms bought ice-cream cabinets and experimented with freezer wrappings. They found none satisfactory and helped develop new ones. When synthetic detergents boomed as a soap substitute during the war, McCALL's experimented with them in washing walls, woolens, fine fabrics, found they had many virtues of their own and told you how to use them.

And so it still goes. McCALL's tests every appliance or gadget shown in its pages to make sure it will serve you well, and tries out new and old housekeeping methods to pass the best way on to you.



*Research finished on a piece of equipment, Elizabeth gives manufacturer a detailed report on what McCall's has found out. This gives him fresh facts, helps him improve product*



*After range has passed test-room examination it is moved to one of four food kitchens, directed by Food Editor Helen McCully, for final workout. Food staff is preparing Thanksgiving dinner for November McCall's*



*Editors Herbert and McCully compare what they've learned from housekeepers they've met. Elizabeth has visited seventeen cities in last six months, Helen has crossed America four times*



*Before photographing, editors and cameramen hold dress rehearsal in McCall's studio, study lighting, china and backgrounds to make a simple tureen of soup more luscious than Hollywood cheesecake*

GEORGE LAZARNIK

Nice girls don't whistle

**Quite by chance**

**Mugs discovered what it takes**

**to be the most popular**

**girl at the dance**

ED MATTHEWS went to the foot of the stairs and shouted, "Almost twenty minutes of eight!" Claws clicked on the floor beside him and Alex, the great Dane pup, licked his hand with a slobbery tongue. Ed pushed him away. A door opened upstairs and he heard Mugs's sniffing sobs. Then Betty called down, her voice tense, "She's crying again. We'll be there in a minute."

Ed went back and sat down by the fire, tight-lipped. When the dog tried to climb up onto the couch beside him, Ed grabbed him by the collar, dragged him to the kitchen and closed the door.

He should have got a cocker and brought it home, instead of taking Mugs along and letting her pick. He wondered if she chose the Dane because it too was big and young and awkward. You never know, and you can't find out when a kid's thirteen. Why, for instance, did Mugs go into tears tonight just because she was going to dancing class? Last week she moaned that she didn't know a soul and hadn't a place to go. Now she was going some place to get acquainted with a bunch of kids and what happened? Tears!

He lighted a cigarette. If only Mugs could be philosophical about it. You had to grow into a community; you didn't jump in with both feet. They'd been here only a month, and he thought they'd done pretty well. But to hear Mugs tell it she was either a hermit or an outcast, he wasn't quite sure which.


They had come to the country for her sake. Partly, at least. They too wanted to get out of the city. And Mugs had loved it at first. She missed all her old friends, (Continued on page 128)

Nice girls don't w

BY HAL AND BARBARA BORLAND








*What would her family think if  
tonight — her very first night  
at dancing class — she were  
to be sent home in disgrace?*

*Nice girls don't whistle*

ILLUSTRATED BY

*Gilbert Bundy*



A black and white illustration on the left side of the page shows a woman's hand holding a book. The hand is wearing a dark sleeve and a bracelet. The book is open, and the pages are visible. The background of the illustration is a patterned fabric with a floral design.

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY GEORGE NEWTON

# DON'T LET IT END THIS WAY

*Nothing you may say about her will be half so bad  
as the things she thought about herself*

**B**Y NOW, no society gratified them but their own. They avoided other young people, the country club dances, the public gathering places. This evening, as usual, Barry would drive her to the park on the heights where in solitude they could marvel at the wonder of being together. *When did you first notice me? When were you first sure you were in love?* They couldn't ask each other often enough.

To Alice, home seemed farther away than ever now. Home was where she was quiet Alice Hayden, the dentist's daughter, his housekeeper and his office assistant, upheld as a model to less dutiful daughters in East-bury. She wasn't conscious of being dutiful. She took pleasure in helping her father to bear the loss of Mother four years ago. She was so young and so dedicated, she hadn't sensed that she was ready to fall in love.

Of course, she hadn't known there was anyone in the world like Barry. Or a place as sunny and welcoming as Calhoun City where the summer was one radiant holiday after another. Here she was the Petrees' precious niece, the popular visitor with the New England inflections that contrasted so quaintly with their Southern tones. Uncle Clinton indulged her. Aunt Edna petted her. Aunt Edna was coming into the room right now with a pale, gauzy dress over her arm.

"I declare, I've never known it to be this hot," she complained. All over the house the blinds were still lowered against the parching, merciless sun.

"Why, I guess it is a little warm. It's summer, though," Alice added, as if to defend Calhoun City from all reproach.

Her aunt burst into laughter. "You're up in the clouds, honey. (Continued on page 146)"

*"Don't send me away," Alice cried, "until you've told me what I've done — and why you stopped wanting me"*

*Alice Hayden*



# Why married women flirt

*Some are  
discontented  
with their husbands  
—but more are  
trying to  
prove something  
to themselves*

WHEN the Grails first moved out to Cherrydale, after Bill returned from overseas, Connie just couldn't understand why their new married friends liked to stay up so late and drink so much liquor and carry on the way they did. It wasn't that Connie was prudish, but they were all such nice people—the younger business and professional men of the town—and it wasn't the kind of behavior you'd expect to find in their homes or at the little community golf club they decked out now and then for an informal dance.

The parties were fun, Connie had to admit—a welcome break in her domestic grind and a lot more exciting than spending the evening at home trying to get her mind on a book while Bill read the papers, listened to the radio, yawned a while and announced, with all-embracing finality, that he was ready for bed.

"But what's the sense," she'd say to Bill, "of knocking ourselves out when we have three kids to feed in the morning and no maid to let me sleep all day—like Betty Hunt, for instance."

In those days the very thought of Betty Hunt made Connie want to cry on somebody's shoulder. The second time they met the Hunts, Bill disappeared with Betty for almost forty minutes and came back with lipstick smeared all over his collar. On the way home that night Bill told her, much too calmly she thought, "Good Lord, Connie, it's nothing to get upset about. It's just that we both felt silly and knew it didn't mean a thing."

"And what if I went out with Jack Hunt and felt silly with him?" Connie wanted to know. "Wouldn't that mean anything either?"

Apparently the answer was no, because during the intervening years Connie has felt silly with Jack Hunt and half a dozen other husbands besides. Not that she has ever gone too far. If Bill was concerned about it he certainly didn't show it. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do," he'd kid a friend who took her for a walk in the moonlight.

When I saw the Grails at a beach picnic last summer, Bill left the fire to take a nocturnal

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

swim with our hostess. With only the slightest trace of guile Connie remarked to the lady's husband, "I do hope they won't catch cold."

Connie's married crowd in Cherrydale is not the fast, rich, leisured-society smart set where such goings-on have always been accepted as a matter of course. Neither is it a little Bohemia. The Grails and their friends are solid, hard-working—the backbone of society—middle-of-the-road in politics, middle-income in point of worldly goods, middle-class in their moral and religious upbringing. The bars they have let down in Cherrydale are falling everywhere in America among married couples who habitually get together to "have fun" in their homes, in an inexpensive golf or country club or at a favorite neighborhood tavern.

Characteristic of these married get-togethers is a form of wife-swapping in which every wife customarily pairs off with someone else's husband. Mrs. A. pairs off with Mr. B., while Mrs. B. greets Mr. A. like a long-lost Enoch Arden. Thus the usual triangle becomes a quadrangle (so named not merely because it adds a fourth party but because it's a four-sided wrangle).

The change that's come over Connie and her friends reflects a revolution in sexual ethics, which is creating a type of woman new to civilization—the housewife who doubles as houri.

Before we ask what this woman hopes to get out of her new role as housewife-houri, let's try to find out how she got into it in the first place. If you happen to be a married woman you couldn't do better than to take yourself as a case in point.

While your husband was growing up he became more and more preoccupied with preparing himself for an occupation or profession. But from girlhood your own and your family's interests and activities converged on the single objective of getting you properly married. Once married you discovered that your social position, your income, your circle of friends—and to a large extent your politics, religion and outlook on life—were determined not by your own innate tastes and (Continued on page 122)

*for parties*



*for street wear*

*the vestee is separate*



## THE DRESS

The very newest thing in convertibles . . . a wool-jersey dress with a wide, low neckline. Put the little sleeveless, midriff-length top under it and you've changed it to a simple, basic street dress. By Katja of Sweden. About \$30

### MAKE IT YOUR OWN . . .

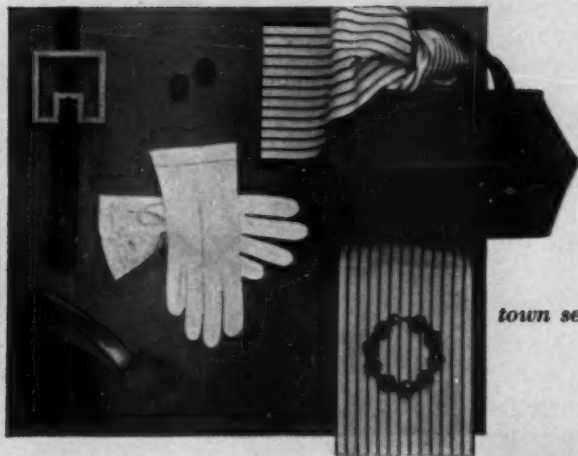
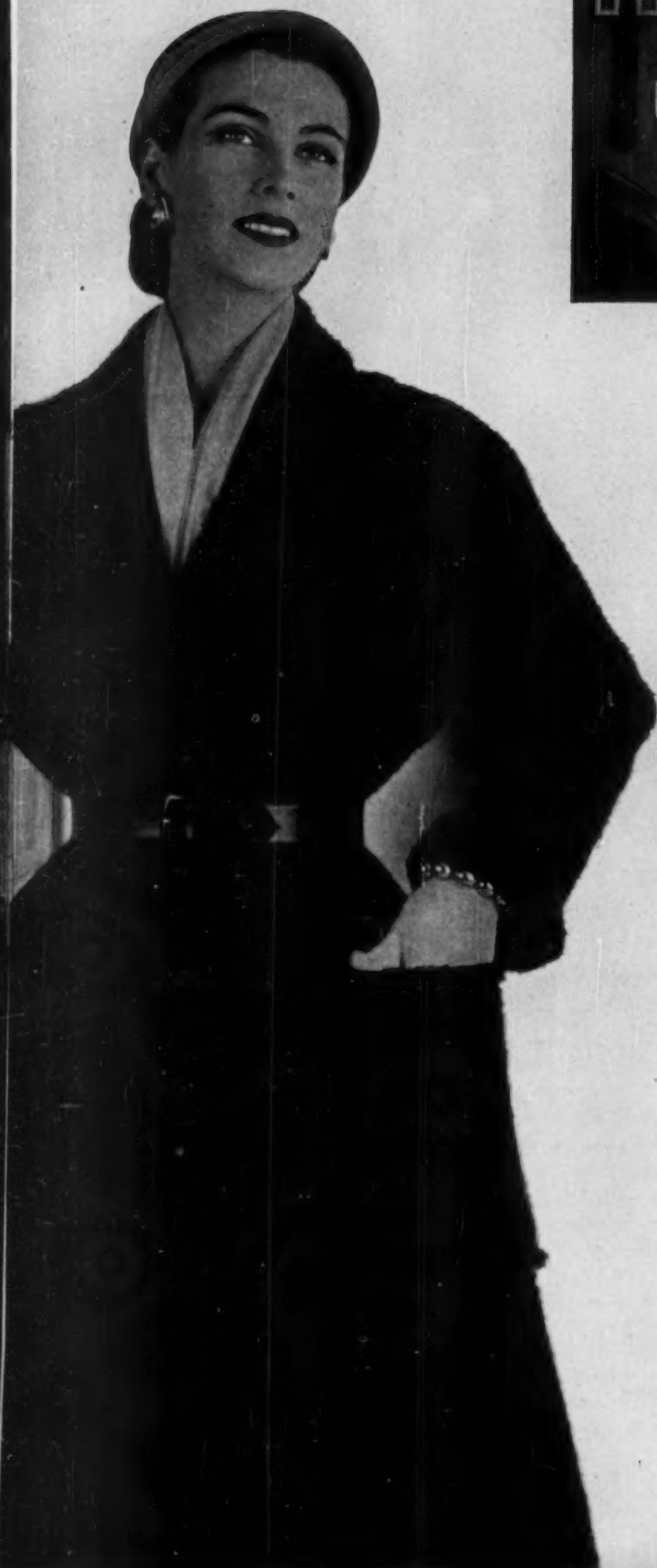
*for parties* . . . with a luscious blue fox stole, lovely long pink glacé gloves, a velvet bag, suede-and-patent pumps, graceful baroque jewels.

*for street wear* . . . dashing red calf shoes, a black-and-white plaid ribbon as a scarf, cotton gloves stitched in white, a white carnation.

**MORE ABOUT THE DRESS AND ACCESSORIES ON PAGE 144**

**by Estelle Lane**





*town set*

## THE COAT

Terrifically smart . . . yet basically simple. Of warm, furry poodle cloth by Goldberg-Weissman. About \$95

### MAKE IT YOUR OWN . . .

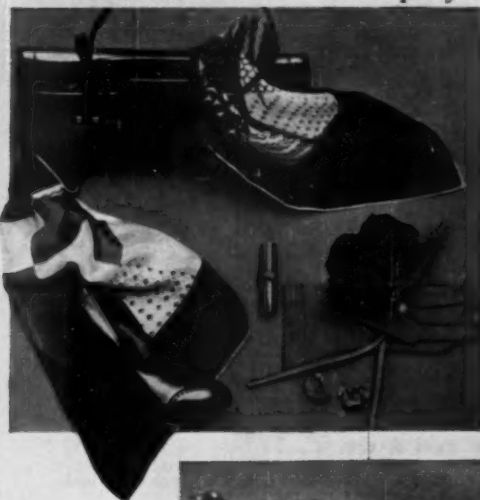
with the *town set* . . . a flash of red for shoes and bag, a licorice-striped ribbon for a scarf, the whitest of gloves.

with the *party set* . . . of dress-up pumps and purse of gun-metal patent leather, animated with scarlet and moss in scarf and gloves.

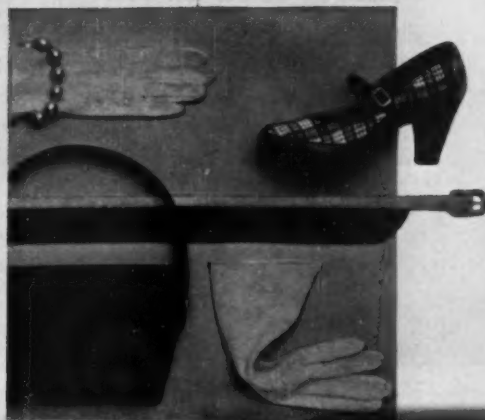
with the *country set* . . . flannel-and-calf strapped shoes, a simple bag and an exciting two-tone belt.

**MORE ABOUT THE COAT AND ACCESSORIES ON PAGE 144**

*party set*



*country set*





*for a shopping trip*



*for teatime*



## THE SUIT

Almost classic in its lines . . . but with the curved hips that say plainly it's new. English worsted. By Handmacher. About \$70

### MAKE IT YOUR OWN...

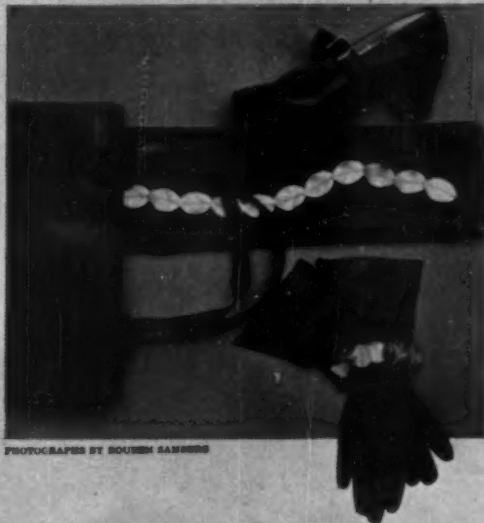
*for a shopping trip* . . . with the tongued calf pump piped in rust, the rust bag, the amber-and-gold bracelet that picks up the rust tone.

*for teatime* . . . consider an adventurous splash of purple in your scarf, black-and-brown wing-tipped shoes, crush-length gloves.

*for a country walk* . . . soft-toed walking shoes, a strapped envelope bag, golden leaf jewelry, tan gloves.

**MORE ABOUT THE SUIT AND ACCESSORIES ON PAGE 144**

*for a country walk*



PHOTOGRAPHER BY ROUBEN GANNERS



McCall's *Personal Story*

# Ricky Adams - age 15

He has no problems except his parents, his brothers,

his girl friend, his schoolwork and his emotions





*Ricky doesn't mind sharing what he has with his younger brother Steve, but it gripes him when Steve, 13, grabs his breakfast bacon. On Saturdays Ricky sleeps till noon. Steve has been doing chores since 7:00*

ON THE surface Ricky Adams leads an unusual life for a fifteen-year-old boy. His father, Cedric Adams, is so famous as a columnist and broadcaster in the upper Midwest that he is often called "Mr. Minneapolis." Ricky lives in a large house, goes to private school and owns a horse.

All this seems to set him apart from the usual teen-ager. But one good look beneath the surface shows how much he has in common with other Americans his own age. His problems, his dreams, his frustrations, hostilities and ambitions are those of all healthy American boys—the pride and the despair of their parents and, as they get tired of hearing, the hope of their country.

Ricky is interested in girls, a brand-new development. A year ago he bet his father 50 cents he wouldn't take a girl out for another year. In less than a month he met fifteen-year-old Mary Cabot, and he promptly paid up. Now his bets are with Mary: whether they'll quarrel, whether his mother will buy a new dress, what he'll get in an exam.

Like all growing boys (he grew three inches last year) Ricky has a stupendous appetite at all except meal times. He eats about seven meals a day, ending at midnight with a triple-decker that might combine cheese, pickles, peanut butter, jelly, chutney and bananas.

When Ricky gets in trouble he gets in all the way. Last summer he and his younger brother Steve were accused of damaging a neighbor's house. This cost his father \$100, which the boys are working off. When he gets into a fight with his older brother Dave, who may have kidded him about his curly hair, he's likely to get hurt. He's often bewildered and moody, and craves affection. What probably worries him most is that he thinks his parents treat him as though he were two years younger than he is, while he feels two years older.

←  
*Ricky's parents fit him in a suit his brother Dave has outgrown. As rebellious as any boy about hand-me-downs, Ricky comments, "This suit would look better on you, Dad"*

DARBY/GRAPHIC HOUSE



*Weekend nights, Ricky often has Mary and their friends over to dance at his house in Edina, near Minneapolis. Here they're dancing while balancing a Lifesaver on toothpicks*



*The day of a date, Ricky shaves the fuzz off his upper lip. For this he borrows a razor from his brother Dave, who is 18. In return he submits to an unmerciful rib from Dave*





## Ricky Adams

continued

It took a 30-minute phone call for Mary to invite Ricky to a "formal" at her house. Here's what happened after that

MARY'S "formal" is typical of the parties teen-agers go to in Minneapolis. Guests arrive at 8:00, leave at 1:00, dance, sing and gulp gallons of soft drinks and banana and nut sandwiches. Occasionally a couple will wander off into the garden, but because they can't drive yet few go far. Ricky and Mary were asked if they ever kiss. There was a long pause. Both blushed. Then Ricky said, "Well, yes—if one of us is going away on a long trip."





**1** Because this is a big date, he picks up a wrist corsage of carnations and roses for Mary at Bachman's Flower Shop near home



**2** Then he borrows bright yellow tie from Dave, who throws in advice on dating. In a school poll Dave was voted "most in love"



**3** He borrows \$3 from his dad, who is working on Minneapolis Star-Tribune column. Ricky can't finance dates on \$2 allowance



**4** Mary's busy too, putting her hair up in 26 pin curls, an operation which consumes at least 45 minutes three or four times a week



**5** A girl friend phones to find out what Mary is wearing, and though guests will arrive in a half-hour Mary tells her in detail



**6** At formal parties dancing starts early. Mary likes Charleston, but Ricky, unsure of himself on dance floor, is more conservative



**7** The party ends on a very high note as the boys attempt to outsing the girls in an amateur rendition of "You're Just in Love"

**8** After the party Ricky, Mary and another couple get a soda at the Hasty Tasty. This was Ricky's seventh meal of the day



# Ricky Adams

continued

Boys will be boys. Even when their girl friends come over for a party they bunch together in a corner



*Ricky and Dave have fun torturing Steve, who doesn't enjoy it at all. But Steve will quietly even up the score with his brothers*

**A**T FIFTEEN, Ricky Adams is emerging from a world full of boys into a world that he must share with girls too. He's approaching this new way of life shyly and with a touch of caution, for he knows that, like the life he's led so far, it's filled with problems and conflicts.

As the middle boy in a family of three, Ricky suffers from a lack of identity. He sees his family beaming with pride over his brother Dave, who has just entered Yale and looks glamorous in his Naval Reserve uniform. And he knows his family is proud too of Steve, who is the baby and gets the best marks in school. Because his marks are not as good as his brothers', and because he's often moody and independent, Ricky's mother worries about him. This confuses him too.

With adults he's uneasy, and his uncertainty manifests itself in an almost exaggerated politeness. But if the adults don't interest him—and they often don't—he will listen to them without hearing them. And they'll wonder why he hasn't done what they asked him to do.

Like most boys his age, Ricky doesn't know what he wants—beyond his desire to have people leave him alone. His future, including the draft, doesn't trouble him. He likes his family and his school, and he is proud of Mary. But he's most comfortable and at ease still with the few boys his own age he knows well and sees every day.

*When there's been trouble in the neighborhood the police head straight for the Adamses'. Here Ricky and Steve are being accused of damaging neighbor's house. But they deny it*







DARBY GRAPHIC SERVICE

← This is what usually happens when Ricky's friends get together in the evening—the boys sit in one corner, the girls in the other. Later they'll watch TV, and at about 11:00 they will start to dance. As soon as they get driving licenses all this will change



Seeing Dave in agony gives Ricky a chuckle, especially since, the night before, Dave beat Ricky up when he refused to go to bed at 1:00 a.m. Ricky, who resents taking orders from his brother, coaches Dave's schoolmate in a wrestling hold he saw on television



Next to his girl, the chief object of Ricky's affection is his horse, which he curries in the garage. Ricky solves his most difficult problems on long night rides



Ricky wanted to win this fight against the boy who beat him for Blake School 130-lb. championship. He fights to win, finds boxing a release for his pent-up hostilities



*Despite Mary's occasional help, Ricky's studies continue to be his worst problem. His marks teeter around 60, far below his brothers'. This seems to make him want to excel in other things*

Ricky needs help on his studies, and he gets it. But he's on his own when his father puts him on a radio program

DARBY / GRAPHIC HOUSE



# Ricky Adams

continued



*Only when he studies and sleeps is Ricky off his feet. His mother says he's a walking advertisement for a new pair of shoes*



*Blake School exams are tough, and it takes Ricky a full three hours to finish one. He has glasses but doesn't like to wear them*

*Ricky is a not too eager participant in one of his father's 23 weekly radio programs, "Dinner with the Adams'," along with Mrs. John Moffett, wife of the national advertising director of Minneapolis papers, and "Dinty" Moore, assistant to the president of the Great Northern Railroad. Adams broadcasts daily (CBS, 3:55 p.m. EST) for Pillsbury Flour, after the Art Linkletter show. His program originates on Station WCCO, 50,000-watt CBS station in Minneapolis*

# First: you take TOMATO Soup—



BY *Anne Marshall*

**ANNE MARSHALL**  
Director Home Economics  
Campbell Soup Company

OH, what magic is in that can of tomato soup! Is there a woman now alive and cooking who could keep house half so easily and thriftily without this wonderful soup? For it serves her in 3 ways—as a soup, as a smooth pour-on sauce and as an everyday cooking ingredient.

Tomato soup is made from luscious, field-ripened tomatoes fresh from summer vines, and puréed with creamery butter. It lends color and zest to any meal—to almost any dish.

Use tomato soup a dozen ways! Pour it over meat, fish, spaghetti and vegetables—use it as an ingredient in any cooking that calls for the best tomato sauce. *First* you take tomato soup!

### To make a Tastier Stew!

Tomato soup gives it a richer flavor and more color. In making your favorite stew, use a can or two of tomato soup for part of the liquid.

### To glorify Hamburgers!

Hamburgers are always more delicious with tomato soup heated (seasoned, if desired) and poured on them. *Extra-rich, extra-smooth* just as it comes from the can.

### To prepare America's Favorite Soup:

<p>(left) CREAM OF TOMATO—Blend with milk for a rich, delicious cream soup that's always appetizing.</p>	<p>(right) TOMATO—For the zesty flavor and tempting color of red-ripe tomatoes, just add water.</p>
--	---





# No Other Soap Like Ivory Snow!

Perfect for everything you wash with special care —  
by hand or in your washing machine

BECAUSE *it's the only soap both Ivory-mild and granulated for efficiency!*



**Look for the  
New Package!**

The same wonderful  
Ivory Snow you've  
always loved—now in  
a bright NEW  
"Snowman" package!



**Wonderful for the Nice Things  
You Wash by Machine!  
So Safe—And So Efficient!**

Today—women who've always  
used Ivory Snow for their most  
cherished hand washables are dis-  
covering it's perfect for all the *nice*  
things they do by machine, too.  
Ideal for things like lunch sets, cur-  
tains, children's clothes. Ivory-mild  
for safety, granulated for efficiency  
—the *only* soap of its kind!



**And There's Nothing like It  
to Keep Lovely Hand Washables  
Lovely Far Longer!**

Ivory Snow care is the safest,  
gentlest care for precious lingerie,  
nylons, woolens. Just follow direc-  
tions on the box. No finer soap  
made for dainty colors and fabrics.



**Marvelous for Diapers And  
Everything That Touches  
Baby's Skin, Too!**

The safest possible soap, Ivory Snow  
is Ivory-mild, 99<sup>44</sup>/100% pure.  
Helps keep diapers and baby things  
soft, sweet, non-irritating. And its  
granulated form is so efficient when  
you wash diapers by machine!

## IVORY SNOW

*The safest possible soap . . . and it's granulated for efficiency, too!*

## THE NEW WHITE HOUSE

Continued from page 33

Test borings revealed a level bed of gravel 20 feet down. The next step was to extend the foundations to that solid ground, using special techniques to prevent the old walls from caving in. Out of it all came the stylish cellar-with-mezzanine.

The White House has been something of a housekeeper's nightmare for at least two generations, during which electricians, carpenters and decorators improvised and ad-libbed. As the inspection went on, the engineers saw that many of the fireplaces couldn't be used because the flues were stuffed with electric wires. Now, minus the wires, fires can be lighted again.

Air-conditioning in a few important rooms was supplied by individual plug-in units, which often chose the hottest, stickiest summer days on which to break down. The new air-conditioning, costing \$600,000, operates from a central plant and scientifically cools every room in the house.

Wires of the White House communications system, which were looped and twisted along the walls, unsightly and cumbersome, have now been hidden in conduits within the walls. So have other electrical connections.

The normally hard White House water will taste and perform better due to the new water-softener in the cellar. Down there also, in order to leave more room upstairs, will be the huge electric switchboard, the laundry, barbershop, dental room, staff dining room, storage vaults and incinerator room.

The ground floor still must accommodate features not found in the average home, such as clinic and doctor's office and the social bureau, where as many as sixteen employees work every day on all the intricate machinery of official entertaining.

The first White House elevator, put in by Theodore Roosevelt in 1902 and containing oak woodwork made from roof trusses of the Old South Church that housed the Boston Tea Party, has been retired as a relic to the Smithsonian Institution. In its place the latest in streamlined lifts will now serve the official family. Four other elevators, one expressly for freight, have been installed.

The housekeeper and her helpers will be delighted to find that the air-conditioning unit, making possible cleaner air and closed windows, will cut down somewhat on required vacuuming and dusting—that is, on the upper floors. As long as a million a year camera-bearing public swarm through the first floor, scratching floors and grinding mud into the carpets, these rooms will still have to be done two or three times a day.

**T**he possessive way Americans feel about the White House poses some problems for incumbents who want any private life. For several years Presidents' wives have solved the difficulty by restricting exclusive family activities to the second floor. The President's bedroom and Oval Study are there, as well as Mrs. Truman's bedroom and dressing room and Margaret's sitting room and bedroom. There is also something which used to be described as a "sitting hall," since it was a section of the West Corridor screened off and used for breakfasts and as a general meeting place for the family. In the new setup this space has had what Lorenzo S. Winslow, White House architect, calls "entirely new architectural treatments"—a sliding door and wall to make it a room.

built-in bookcases, concealed television set, ornamental plaster ceiling and niches.

As this is written the President has not revealed whether he is interested in renewing his lease on 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue for another four years, and, except for meager hints, details of the decorations for the family suites are being kept just as secret. One thing is sure. Mr. T. will have a built-in television set in his study. Also he has tentatively approved brown as a color scheme for this room, blue-green for the tiles of his shower stall. Mrs. Truman is known to prefer mauve, and Margaret bright colors. Added intelligence: Margaret has had a bit shaved away from her bedroom to make space for the shaft of one of the new elevators.

Mrs. Truman has Mrs. Roosevelt to thank for her modern ground-floor kitchen capable of turning out full-course dinners for 1,000 at a time. When Franklin D. Roosevelt became President in 1932 his wife had to set up housekeeping in a 1902 kitchen with old sinks, water-soaked drains, wooden, musty-smelling iceboxes, insufficient pots and pans and not a cookbook in the place.

Mrs. R. took it quietly until one day when she was sitting on the South Portico having tea with a friend and two rats raced over their feet. She asked a few questions and learned that not only rats but mice, cockroaches and ants were regulars in the housekeeping sector. The determined Mrs. Roosevelt promptly sought for, and got, fine modern equipment—home freezers, dishwashers, cutting machines. To this array some new items have been added during the renovation—a rotisserie, huge soup kettles, a larger *bain-marie* (that's a steam table in my kitchen and yours) and a grind-up garbage-disposal unit. The White House staff needs all the help it can get from equipment, for at short notice, or no notice at all, it has to serve food to from 2 to 6,000 guests.

To the average taxpayer four butlers probably seem excessive, but in-

(Continued on page 60)

**YOU JUST  
THINK YOU  
EAT LIKE  
A BIRD!**



95% of the fat people are fat for the plain and simple reason they eat too much. Obviously then, the specific cure for obesity is to eat less! The approved and practical way to reduce (and remember you must have your doctor's okay) is to cut down on foods, *not to cut out foods*. Very easy to do if you count calories with . . . . .

### McCALL'S POCKET CALORIE CHART

**NOTE:** According to the insurance people your normal weight at age 25 is the best weight to maintain throughout your life.

Send 15¢ in stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada: 635 Queen Street East, Toronto 8, Ontario.

## How long since you've had this HOMESPUN PLEASURE

You'll enjoy raisins more—and more often—when you, too, discover DEL MONTE Brand Raisins. And remember, the DEL MONTE name is your dependable guide to quality and flavor in a whole family of dried fruit favorites.

### DEL MONTE RAISIN DROPS

(Better check your DEL MONTE Raisin supply before you start to make this recipe. The way youngsters like to eat these sweet, plump, seedless raisins right from the package at snacktime, it's wise to keep an extra carton on hand.)

1/2 cup shortening	1 1/2 cups sifted flour	1 tsp. cinnamon
1 1/4 cups sugar	1 tsp. salt	2 cups rolled oats
1/2 cup molasses	1 tsp. soda	1 1/2 cups DEL MONTE Seedless Raisins
2 eggs		

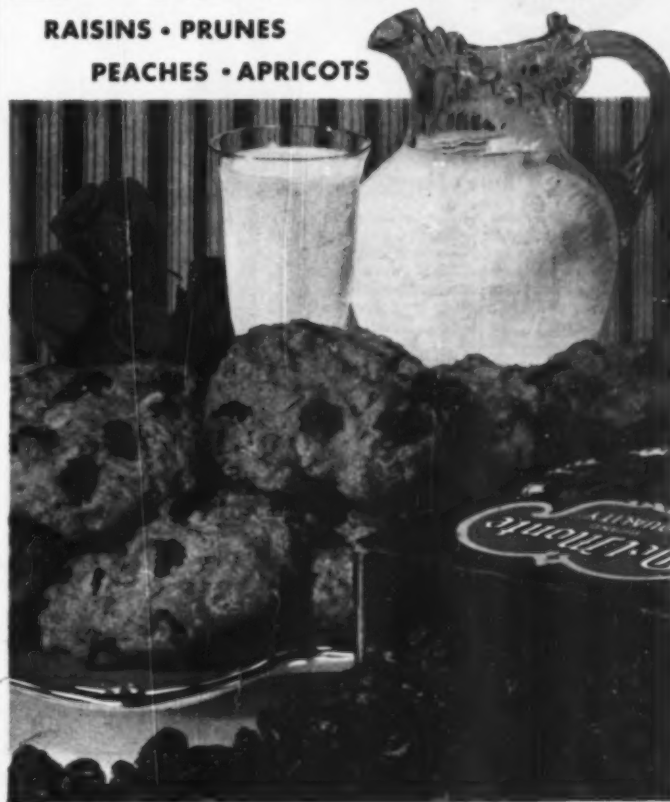
Beat together first 4 ingredients. (Talk about easy recipes! You don't even have to wash the raisins—the DEL MONTE wax-wrap carton keeps them so clean and fresh-tasting.) Sift together flour, salt, soda, cinnamon; add to first mixture. Stir in the oats and raisins. (And think of all the natural sugars and health-giving iron you're putting in when you add DEL MONTE Raisins!) Drop by spoonfuls, 2" apart, on lightly oiled cookie sheet. Bake 8 to 10 min. in moderately hot oven (400° F.). Makes about 4 dozen. (Then watch 'em disappear! Depend on DEL MONTE for the rich raisin flavor that "makes" all your baking.)

a great name for flavor in dried fruits, too

# Del Monte

RAISINS • PRUNES

PEACHES • APRICOTS



"It Works"

says

**Paulette  
Goddard**



**How to Lose Weight and  
Look Lovelier**

Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet . . . no massage . . . no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box (\$2.98) or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today—a full month's supply, \$2.98.



● "Every day more and more women are finding the Ayds Way really works," says lovely movie star, Paulette Goddard. "You see, it's such an easy, pleasant way to reduce. The comforting thing about taking Ayds is that you reduce the way nature intended you to. I recommend it to all my friends who want to lose weight!"

**The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS**

(Continued from page 59)  
ternational standards for necessary formal and state dinners could hardly be managed with less, especially since each butler works but eight hours a day five days a week. They do it in shifts, and when there's a function at which all must appear at least three pick up overtime pay. There's an odd unwritten White House tradition that only men serve food in the family and state dining rooms. Women work in the kitchen and first-floor pantries, to which the meals are lifted from the kitchen by a pair of electrically operated dumbwaiters.  
The Presidential attitude toward food has varied from eager interest to utter indifference. Dolly Madison, with her ice cream and sillabub (into

administration at one time kept an ulcer file and planned meals accordingly.

While the Trumans do the necessary official entertaining, even that is less than average, and they have a minimum of house guests, mostly family and occasional friends like Mrs. Truman's card club from Independence, Missouri.

SEEMS to me Mr. Truman has been the perfect tenant for the White House during its rejuvenation. By that I mean he is an ardent student of history, feels keenly about tradition and has made a hobby of architecture. A short time before the rebuilding started, the observant President spotted some chairs in the Treasury building which had a familiar look. He took the trouble to check up, and found they were the originals in a Lincoln picture. He promptly ordered them returned to the White House. In all sorts of small ways he has helped to preserve history in the Executive Mansion.

Some people thought the President was trampling tradition when he decided to run that little balcony around the South, or Jefferson, Portico. He kept explaining that it would make the tall-columned portico look less leggy and more in proportion. And so it has—though the newspapers somehow made you feel that he had a shamefully plebian, Middle Western yen for a porch.

Presidents always get scolded when they do anything that seems like a departure from the habitual routine. President Martin Van Buren almost got impeached (not quite) when he went out and bought a few gold spoons. An engineer connected with the present project confided worriedly, "We don't like to say much about what we are doing, because no matter what it is somebody is sure to be outraged."

If it hadn't been for Margaret's piano causing the Great Overhaul the Trumans, except for the controversial porch, might easily have left fewer evidences of their occupancy than any predecessors. True, Mrs. Truman did a little buying once to replace outworn White House sheets and towels, and she did change the color scheme of the First Lady's bedroom from Eleanor-blue to mauve. But she seems to have no desire to be remembered as an innovator.

The Franklin Roosevelts left behind many reminders of their long residence, notably a new office and reception wing at the end of the East Terrace and china marked with the President's seal and a distinctive little feather design which forms part of the Roosevelt crest. Abraham Lincoln also left some china, which often holds cookies and cake at parties. The famous Monroe gold service (which is actually gold-plated and getting a little shabby) is still brought out, according to tradition, for formal dinners.

Mrs. James Monroe, who fortunately had excellent taste, is the only President's wife who ever took responsibility for completely refitting the White House. This was thrust upon her, for she became First Lady in 1817 after the reconstruction which followed the burning of the White House by the British in 1814.

Mrs. Monroe sent to Paris for delicately carved mahogany and fruitwood tables, sofas, desks and chairs like those she had admired when she lived in Paris as the wife of the U. S. Minister to France. Congress had appropriated \$50,000 for the new furniture, and Mrs. Monroe spent it so well that even critical foreigners described the

**BEST BUYS IN FOOD  
FOR OCTOBER**

<b>FISH</b>	Sweet potatoes
Porgy	Cauliflower
Whiting	
Mackerel	<b>DAIRY PRODUCTS</b>
Cod	Am. Cheddar cheese
Weakfish	
Sea bass	<b>MEAT</b>
Canned tuna	Pork
	Sausage products
<b>VEGETABLES</b>	Broilers, fryers, hens
Potatoes	
Cabbage	<b>FRUIT</b>
Onions	Pears
Beets	Grapes
Carrots	Apples
Rutabaga	Canned applesauce
Celery	Canned apples
Broccoli	Canned orange juice
Squash	Canned grapefruit juice
Canned peas	Canned pineapple juice
Canned beans	

According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture and based on normal, seasonal availabilities.

which tradition says the cow was directly milked), made the most imposing reputation as a hostess. Benjamin Harrison used to go to market with a basket on his arm and cautiously pinch fruit and thump melons. President James Buchanan set up a hot-house to indulge an out-of-season taste for grapes. Calvin Coolidge scanned all food bills carefully and launched an investigation to learn why they were running more than \$2,500 a month. (Needless to say, they declined sharply from then on.) Franklin Roosevelt turned over between \$1,800 and \$2,000 a month for White House food. That was exclusive, of course, of official entertaining, which does not come out of the President's pocket. Mr. and Mrs. Truman, with customary reticence, have never said what their meals set them back.

The household staff has special reason to approve of the Trumans, who are plain eaters and enjoy their meals sitting together around a dining-room table. There are few trays toted to rooms, and almost no sudden midnight demands for nightmarish combinations like lobster and popcorn (an actual Harry Hopkins short order). The housekeeper during the F.D.R.



Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.

HER VIVID INNER SELF richly warms Mrs. Gould's lovely face . . . telling everyone who sees her what a captivating, charming person she is. You, too, have a special beauty that is quite your own. Does it speak to others through your face . . . tell them you are lovely to know?

That special  
undiscovered self  
within you  
— can bring you  
new Loveliness



Mrs. Gould has perfectly beautiful milk-white skin that is in exciting contrast to her dark hair, dark eyes. She is a devoted user of Pond's Cold Cream. "Pond's has always been my cream," she says.

SO MANY WOMEN are being unjust to themselves—refusing to admit and cultivate the charm that could be theirs.

Yet—no woman needs to lack charm. Within you, within every woman, is an exciting power that can re-make you. This power grows out of the interdependence of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you look, the way you feel.

It is this power that lights you with a starry confidence when you know you are attractive to see. But—it dims and dispirits you when you do not look



Get a big jar  
of Pond's today

You hear it everywhere—  
"She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!"

your best. That's why you need to be faithful every day to the routine essentials that do so much to keep you outwardly lovely and inwardly at ease.

You can so easily help your face say happy things about you. And you'll find this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream gives you very special help. It creams all skin-dulling dinginess right off. It adds a velvet quality of softness. Give your face this Pond's care always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too). This is the way:

#### "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

**Hot Stimulation**—give face a good splashing with hot water.  
**Cream Cleanse**—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue lightly.  
**Cold Stimulation**—give face a tonic cold water splash.

Literally, this face treatment works on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this Pond's treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Mrs. Gould says: "I think this face treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is particularly good for my skin."

**Remember**—it's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely, it banishes that boggy of self-consciousness—radiates you with a happy new confidence that brings others closer to the real Inner You.

**SQUARE BREAKFAST FOR 4**

Vegetable-juice Cocktail  
Ready-to-eat Cereal with Banana  
Crisp Scrapple Slices\*  
Catsup or Warm Corn Syrup  
Quick Hot Muffins  
Coffee Milk



by Helen McCully

# 3 GOOD SQUARE MEALS

*in only sixty minutes*

*If you lean on McCall's sturdy ideas  
and the fine branded merchandise in your super market,  
you can turn out three super meals every day  
in less time than it takes to get through a game of canasta.  
A mere matter of planning, madam!*



**SQUARE LUNCH FOR 4**

Spaghetti-cheese Casserole\*  
Head Lettuce with French Dressing  
Fruit-cocktail Whip\*  
Hot Chocolate

**\* CRISP SCRAPPLE SLICES**

1 1-lb can scrapple    3 tablespoons bacon  
1/2 cup corn meal    drippings or  
Few grains salt       shortening

Take the scrapple from the can and cut into slices about 1/8" thick. Now, combine the corn meal and salt and coat each slice in this mixture.

Melt half the bacon drippings or shortening in a skillet over medium heat. When hot add half the slices and cook on both sides until brown and crisp. Keep these hot in a slow oven while you fry remaining scrapple in the rest of the fat. Serve hot with either catsup or warm corn syrup. Very tasty for 4.

**\* SPAGHETTI-CHEESE CASSEROLE**

2 cans spaghetti    1/2 cup bread crumbs  
in tomato sauce    2 tablespoons butter  
1 1/2 cups grated cheese    or margarine

Start your oven at 400F or hot.

Dump all the canned spaghetti into a quart (or medium) baking dish.

Then grate your cheese and mix it up with the bread crumbs. Spread this mixture over the top of the spaghetti and dot the top with the butter or margarine. Bake for 15 minutes until a light golden brown and crisp on top. Serves 4, and very good too is this easy-to-do luncheon dish!

**\* FRUIT-COCKTAIL WHIP**

1 No. 2 1/2 can fruit    Juice of 1/2 lemon  
cocktail                1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 egg white

Drain and chill the fruit, saving the juice. Next, beat egg white until stiff enough to hold its shape but not stiff enough to slide out of the bowl. Then add 6 tablespoons of the fruit juice gradually, beating constantly. *Take note:* this takes a lot of beating.

When meringue is firm, mix or fold in the lemon juice, cinnamon and the chilled drained fruit very gently. Spoon into sherbet glasses and serve at once to 4.

### SQUARE DINNER FOR 4

Veal Chops with Mushroom Sauce\*  
Golden French Fries\*  
Brussels Sprouts  
Jellied Beet Salad\*  
Hot Rolls  
Peach Cornucopias\*\*  
Milk Wine Coffee

\*\* Recipe on page 82

#### \* VEAL CHOPS WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

1/4 cup flour	2 10 1/2-oz cans (2 1/2 cups) condensed cream of mushroom soup
1 teaspoon salt	
1/4 teaspoon pepper	
4 veal shoulder chops	4 teaspoons paprika
1/4 cup shortening	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 clove garlic, chopped	Few grains marjoram
	1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Shake up flour, salt and pepper in a paper bag. Then drop the chops in and toss around until each one is coated with flour. Melt shortening in a heavy skillet with garlic. Add chops and brown over high heat on both sides. Takes about 8 minutes. Drain off all fat and the garlic. Mix up mushroom soup, paprika, salt, marjoram and monosodium glutamate and pour over chops. Cover and cook, stirring occasionally, over *low heat* about 20 minutes. Serves 4 deliciously.

#### \* GOLDEN FRENCH FRIES

Start your oven at 450F or hot. Take two 9-ounce packages frozen French fries and drop the contents into a pie or cake tin. Dot with shortening and bake 10 to 15 minutes or until potatoes are piping hot and crisp. Sprinkle with salt just before serving. Serves 4 generously.

#### \* JELLIED BEET SALAD

1 pkg lemon gelatin	1/2 cup horseradish
2 cups boiling water	1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 large stalk celery	Few grains pepper
1 No. 2 can julienne beets	

Empty the gelatin into a large bowl and add the boiling water. Stir until dissolved. Let stand until syrup-like. Takes about an hour and a half. Chop celery up in nice pieces and combine with drained beets, horseradish, salt and pepper. Now stir the vegetables into the lemon gelatin and pour into a mold or loaf pan. Place in refrigerator until firm. About 2 hours. Serve with mayonnaise to 4 or even 6.







#### SQUARE BREAKFAST FOR 4

Grape Juice  
Shredded-wheat French Toast\*  
Sausage  
Butter Maple Syrup  
Coffee or Milk



#### SQUARE LUNCH FOR 4

Cream of Pea and Celery Soup\*  
New Orleans Shrimp Salad\*  
Rolls Crackers  
Vanilla Cranberry Pudding\*  
Ginger Ale or Milk

## GOOD SQUARE MEALS

continued

### \*SHREDDED-WHEAT FRENCH TOAST

2 eggs 1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup milk 6 shredded-wheat biscuits

Stir eggs, milk and salt together in a bowl. Dip shredded-wheat biscuits in mixture long enough to coat both sides generously, then fry until golden in a small amount of shortening. Crisp and good served with butter and maple syrup to 4.

### \*CREAM OF PEA AND CELERY SOUP

1 can condensed pea soup 1 1/2 cups milk  
1 can condensed cream of celery soup 1/2 can water

Mix all the ingredients together until smooth. Heat thoroughly (don't boil) and serve quick as a flash to 4. A sprinkling of chopped celery leaves over the top gives a nice fresh taste.

### \*NEW ORLEANS SHRIMP SALAD

1/2 cup uncooked rice 6 stuffed olives  
1 4 1/2-oz can shrimp Juice of 1/2 lemon  
1/2 green pepper Salt  
1 small onion Dash pepper  
1 cup cauliflower Dash Tabasco  
sections 1/4 cup mayonnaise

Cook the rice in boiling salted water until tender, then drain and cool. Meanwhile drain and cut shrimp in half, chop green pepper and onion fine, separate cauliflower into little sections and cut olives in slices. Mix shrimp, rice, vegetables and lemon juice together. Now add the remaining seasonings and mayonnaise and stir again very carefully. Serve with crisp greens to 4. P.S. Want to bet this is one of the best shrimp salads you ever tasted?

### \*VANILLA CRANBERRY PUDDING

1 3-oz pkg vanilla pudding mix 1 No. 1 can cranberry sauce  
2 cups milk

Mix up the vanilla pudding according to directions given on the package. When cool enough to serve, get out 4 sherbet glasses and spoon alternate layers of vanilla pudding and cranberry sauce into the glasses. Finish off with a spoonful of cranberry sauce to make it even prettier. Makes a fine, just-tart-enough dessert for lunch or dinner these busy fall days.

### \*CURRIED CHICKEN WITH MASHED POTATOES

3 to 4 lb stewing chicken, fresh, frozen or canned 2 cups chicken broth  
4 tablespoons butter or margarine 1 teaspoon salt  
4 tablespoons flour 1/4 teaspoon pepper  
3 cups mashed potatoes\*\* 1/2 teaspoon curry

If you use fresh or frozen chicken, cover with cold water, throw in a stalk of celery,

onion, carrot, parsley and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and cook slowly until chicken falls away from the bones easily. Cool in the broth until cool enough to handle. Then remove from stock and strip meat away from the bones. *Be sure to save the stock.* When canned chicken is used, heat chicken until jelly becomes liquid, then remove meat from bones.

Now melt butter or margarine in a saucepan, stir flour in smoothly, remove from heat and stir in chicken stock. Stir over a low heat until sauce is smooth and thick as gravy. Season with salt, pepper and curry powder. Pour over chicken and serve hot over hot mashed potatoes to 4.

\*\*Did you know there are frozen ones on the market?

### \*BROCCOLI WITH LEMON MAYONNAISE

Cook a 1-pound bunch or 1 package frozen broccoli in enough boiling, salted water to barely cover vegetable until broccoli stems are tender when pierced with a fork (takes about 10 to 15 minutes). Be sure your pan is uncovered and the heat high if you admire that brilliant green broccoli color. Then drain and serve with this easy, delicious SAUCE: Stir two table-spoons of lemon juice and a good dash of paprika into 1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing. If you prefer your dressing hot, heat mixture over a very low heat, but the nice thing about this sauce is it tastes grand either hot or cold. Enough for 4.

### \*WALDORF SALAD, McCALL'S

1 cup diced apple 1 cup pineapple chunks  
(1 medium apple)  
1 cup diced celery 2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing  
1 cup or 4-oz can walnuts

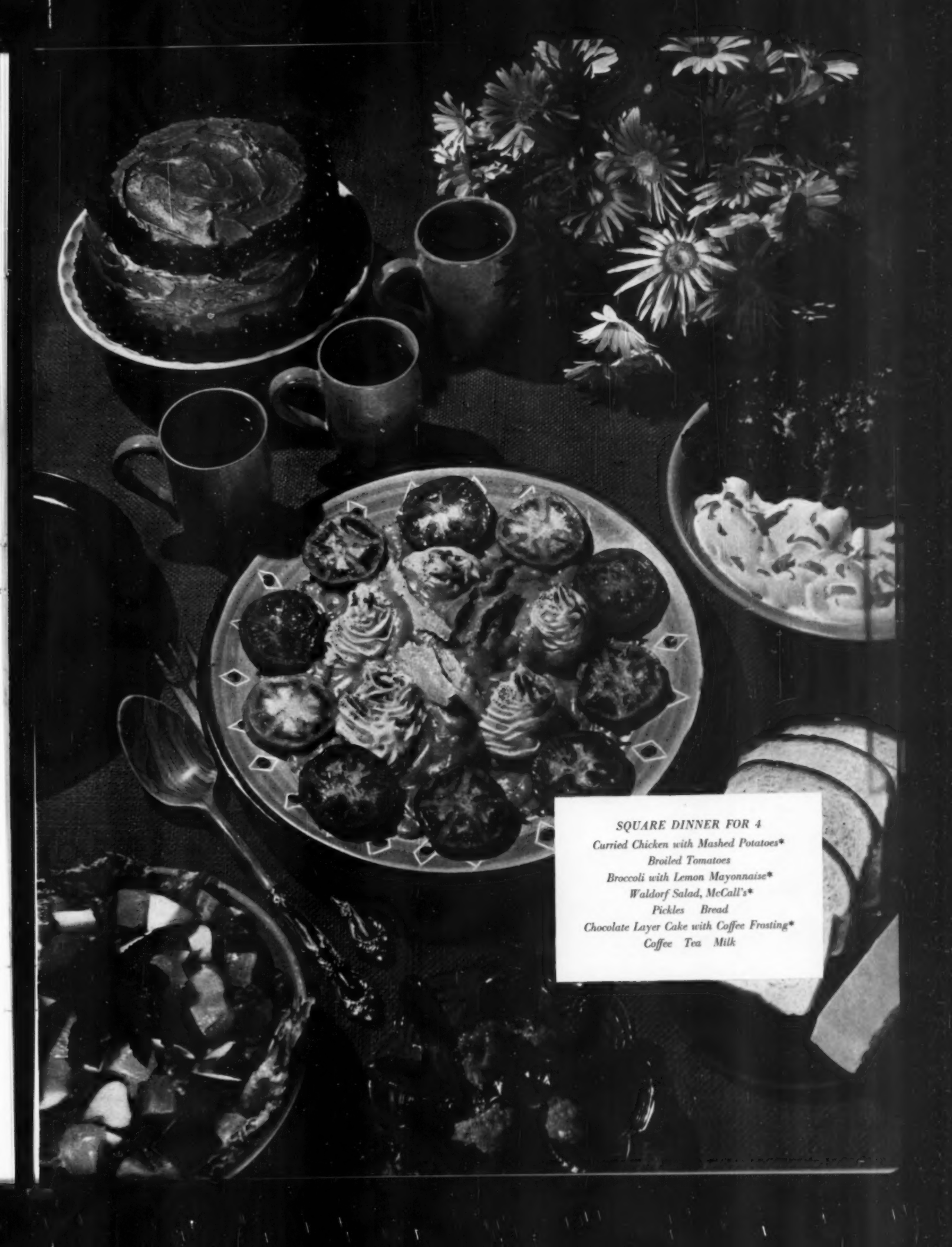
Buy a beautiful red, tart, firm variety of apple. Wash it, core it and chop in rather large pieces. Now cut celery in sizable slices and mix apples, celery, walnut, drained pineapple chunks and mayonnaise or salad dressing in a bowl. Chill before serving with perky salad greens to 4.

### \*CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE WITH COFFEE FROSTING

1/4 cup margarine or butter 1 egg  
1 tablespoon instant coffee 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar  
2 tablespoons milk

Bake up a chocolate layer cake from any of the good mixes found on your market shelves. Follow directions on the package carefully.

Then mix up this creamy, easy COFFEE FROSTING: Cream margarine or butter and instant coffee until smooth and light. Stir in slightly beaten egg thoroughly. Now add sugar and milk alternately, beating hard after each addition. Makes enough to cover top and sides of two 8" layers.



*SQUARE DINNER FOR 4*

*Curried Chicken with Mashed Potatoes\**

*Broiled Tomatoes*

*Broccoli with Lemon Mayonnaise\**

*Waldorf Salad, McCall's\**

*Pickles Bread*

*Chocolate Layer Cake with Coffee Frosting\**

*Coffee Tea Milk*

# GOOD SQUARE MEALS

continued

## SQUARE BREAKFAST FOR 4

Orange-and-grapefruit Juice  
Ready-to-eat Cereal Molasses Milk  
Griddle Cakes Apricot Syrup\*  
Spiced Pork Slices  
Coffee Milk



## SQUARE LUNCH FOR 4

Deviled Corn Rolls\*  
Asparagus Vinaigrette\*  
Buttered English Muffins  
Green and Blue Plums Fig Cakes  
Cola Drink or Milk

### \*APRICOT SYRUP

Mash a No. 2½ can of apricots through a coarse sieve. Then cook pulp with the fruit juice about 20 minutes over a medium heat. Makes 1½ cups of wonderful syrup to serve either hot or cold over pancakes made from your favorite mix.

### \*DEVILED CORN ROLLS

1 egg	½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup tomato sauce	1 No. 2 can whole-kernel corn
1 cup dry bread crumbs	½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper	8 stuffed olives
½ teaspoon dry mustard	12 strips bacon

Start your oven at broil.

Beat egg slightly and mix with tomato sauce and bread crumbs. Add all the seasonings, drained whole-kernel corn and sliced olives. Shape into 12 slender rolls between palms of your clean hands and wrap each roll in a slice of bacon. Fasten bacon ends with toothpicks and broil rolls 2" below unit or tip of flame. Broil and keep turning with a fork until bacon is crisp on all sides. Delicious for 4 served with ripe and stuffed olives.

### \*VINAIGRETTE DRESSING

½ small onion	1 teaspoon sugar
2 sprigs parsley	1 tablespoon pickle relish
¼ medium green pepper	½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ pimiento	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup salad oil	Few grains pepper
5 tablespoons tarragon or wine vinegar	

Chop onion, parsley, green pepper and pimiento into small pieces with sharp knife. Now put all these vegetables into a wide-mouth jar and add oil, vinegar and remaining ingredients. Give the dressing a good shake before serving over canned asparagus or cold, cooked fresh or frozen asparagus. Makes about 1 cup of delicious dressing.



**\*ORANGE TUNA WITH NOODLES**

1/4 cup butter or margarine	Salt
1 tablespoon flour	3/4 cup milk
Grated rind of 1/2 orange	1 7-oz can tuna
Grated rind of 1/2 lemon	1 8-oz pkg noodles
1 tablespoon sherry	

Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan and stir in the flour smoothly. Remove from heat, add grated orange and lemon rind, sherry, salt and milk. Return to range and cook slowly, stirring constantly, for about 5 minutes. Now add the big flakes of tuna and cook gently for another 5 minutes. Serve over cooked, hot green noodles or macaroni to 4. A little more grated orange rind sprinkled over the top looks pretty and tastes fine.

**\*TOMATO SCALLOP**

Start your oven at 400F or moderately hot. Spoon one No. 2 1/2 can of tomatoes into a medium-size casserole dish or 4 individual casseroles. Dot the top with butter or margarine and season up tomatoes with salt,

pepper, a little sugar and 1 small chopped onion. Sprinkle with bread or cracker crumbs and bake about 15 minutes. Makes enough for 4.

**\*COFFEE CREAM PIE IN BRAN PASTRY**

1/4 cup bran	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1/2 cup shortening
	4 tablespoons ice water

Crush bran with a rolling pin into fine crumbs and mix with sifted flour and salt. Work in half the shortening with a pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture looks like corn meal, then add the remaining shortening and work until fat particles are the size of a pea. Stir a tablespoon of water at a time into pastry until dough holds together. Dump into waxed paper and squeeze dough gently into a compact ball. Chill in your refrigerator.

Now start your oven at 425F or hot and roll pastry 1/4" thick. Fit into a 9" piepan, prick bottom and sides with a fork and bake 15 to 20 minutes or until

delicately brown. Cool before pouring in this real COFFEE-CREAM FILLING.

1 envelope unflavored gelatine	1 1/2 cups milk
1/4 cup cold water	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 tablespoons instant coffee	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar	1/4 cup sugar
2 eggs	1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped

Sprinkle gelatine over cold water to soften. Mix coffee, 1/2 cup sugar and egg yolks together. Pour milk in gradually, stirring constantly, and cook over a medium heat until mixture coats the spoon. (Don't boil). Stir in gelatine, flavor with vanilla extract and cool until slightly thick. Now beat egg whites and salt together until foamy, then add the 1/4 cup of sugar a tablespoon at a time, beating constantly, until mixture is shiny and holds a peak. Work egg whites into gelatine mixture gently but thoroughly and work in stiffly beaten cream in the same manner. Pour into cool pie shell and chill until filling sets. Decorate with more whipped cream if you're in the mood.

**SQUARE DINNER FOR 4**

*Orange Tuna with Noodles\**

*Tomato Scallop\**

*Tossed Green Salad with*

*French Dressing*

*Brown 'n' Serve Rolls*

*Coffee Cream Pie in Bran Pastry\**

*Coffee Tea Milk*



# GOOD SQUARE MEALS

continued



## SQUARE BREAKFAST FOR 4

Tomato Juice  
Fig Oatmeal\*  
Breakfast Egg Roll\*  
Toast Currant Jelly  
Coffee Milk

### \* FIG OATMEAL

1½ cups evaporated milk	¼ cup figs
1½ cups water	¼ cup firmly packed dark brown sugar
¾ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup rolled oats	

Heat milk, water and salt just to the boiling point, then sprinkle in the rolled oats and chopped figs. Cook until your porridge starts to boil. Now turn down the heat and cook about five minutes longer, giving it an occasional stir. Add brown sugar and cinnamon. Serve with more milk to 4 hungry breakfast eaters.

### \* BREAKFAST EGG ROLL

6 eggs	1 medium onion
Salt and pepper	2 tablespoons butter or margarine
6 sprigs parsley	
6 strips bacon	

Beat eggs, salt and pepper together slightly and add chopped parsley. Fry bacon crisp, drain, crumble into little pieces and add to egg mixture. Chop onion fine and cook in 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine a minute or so. Cool and mix in with eggs. Now heat your remaining butter or margarine in a skillet (use an omelet pan if you own one) and pour in the eggs. Turn up the heat and keep scraping cooked eggs away from sides of the pan with a fork. When pan is real hot (but not smoking), eggs will cook in a few seconds and be deliciously moist in the center and delicately golden on the outside. Roll this layer of eggs onto a heated platter and rush, rush, rush to a table set for 4.

### \* BAKED BEAN-TOMATO SOUP

1 small onion	¼ teaspoon cloves
½ stalk celery	1 can baked beans
1 No. 2½ can tomatoes	2 teaspoons salt
1 cup water	Pepper
1 bay leaf	1 4-oz can Vienna sausages

Chop onions and celery fine and cook with tomatoes, ½ cup water, bay leaf and cloves for about 10 minutes or until vegetables are tender enough to push through a strainer. Heat beans in remaining water and mash through a coarse sieve. Strain and mash vegetable mixture into bean pulp and season with salt and pepper. Add sausages, heat again and serve to 4.

### \* CREAM-CHEESE DIP

2 3-oz pkg cream cheese	½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons milk	Dash of pepper
Juice of ½ lemon	1 teaspoon paprika
½ small onion	Small fistful chives

Work the cheese with milk and lemon juice until creamily smooth. Then stir grated onion, salt, pepper, paprika and chopped chives into the cheese mixture. Makes about 1 cup of this fine-flavored dressing that tastes heavenly with raw vegetables.

### \* DRIED FRUIT, McCall's

1 pkg mixed dried fruit	½ cup sugar
½ cup raisins	1 medium orange
3 cups water	

Soak dried fruits (plus raisins, please) in water overnight. Next morning, add sugar and thin slices of orange to mixed fruits and the water in which they soaked. Cook over a medium heat until mixture starts

to boil, then turn down heat and cook very gently for another 10 minutes. Now spoon fruit out of syrup into a bowl and continue cooking liquid for 5 minutes more or until syrup is as thick as light cream. Pour syrup over fruit and cool before serving to 4.

### \* DAISY HAM WITH CHERRIES

1 boneless smoked shoulder butt ham	¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 No. 2 can sour cherries	½ lemon

Cover ham with cold water and cook over medium heat until it starts to boil. Now turn heat down low, cover and cook ham gently for 1½ hours. At the end of this time, drain off all the water, pour cherries and cherry juice over meat, add cinnamon and thin slices of lemon. Cook, again gently and covered, for about 1½ hours longer or until meat is tender when tested with a fork and sauce is slightly thick. Slice and serve with the bright Cherry Sauce. Makes enough for 4 hefty portions with a little left over for tomorrow's sandwiches.

### \* CELERIED PEAS

1 cup celery leaves	¼ teaspoon ground cloves or 4 whole cloves
1 cup water	1 pkg frozen peas or 1 No. 2½ can peas
½ teaspoon salt	
½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate	

Chop celery leaves very fine and cook with water, salt, monosodium glutamate and cloves very gently for about 5 minutes. Add frozen peas and cook for 7 to 10 minutes or until tender when tested with a fork.

Should canned peas be used, drain off liquid and cook liquid with celery and other seasonings given above, then add peas and heat through. Makes enough for 4 and be sure to serve the little bit of juice right along with the peas—it's so good!

### \* SPICY DRESSING

½ cup french dressing	Several sprigs water-cress, chopped
½ stalk finely chopped celery	2 tablespoons chili sauce
½ small onion, chopped	½ teaspoon ground ginger**

Mix the French dressing with the finely chopped vegetables, chili sauce and ginger. Then give your salad dressing a good shake to get all the good flavors circulating and pour over crisp, fresh salad vegetables. Makes just a little more than ½ cupful.

\*\*Summer savory may be used instead.

### \* HONEY-PEANUT ICE-CREAM SUNDAE

Pour honey over vanilla ice cream and sprinkle top with chopped or whole salted peanuts.

Here are some more easy sundae tricks:

**MAPLE-WALNUT SYRUP.** Heat some maple syrup and chopped walnuts over boiling water for about 5 minutes, then serve, hot or cold, over ice cream.

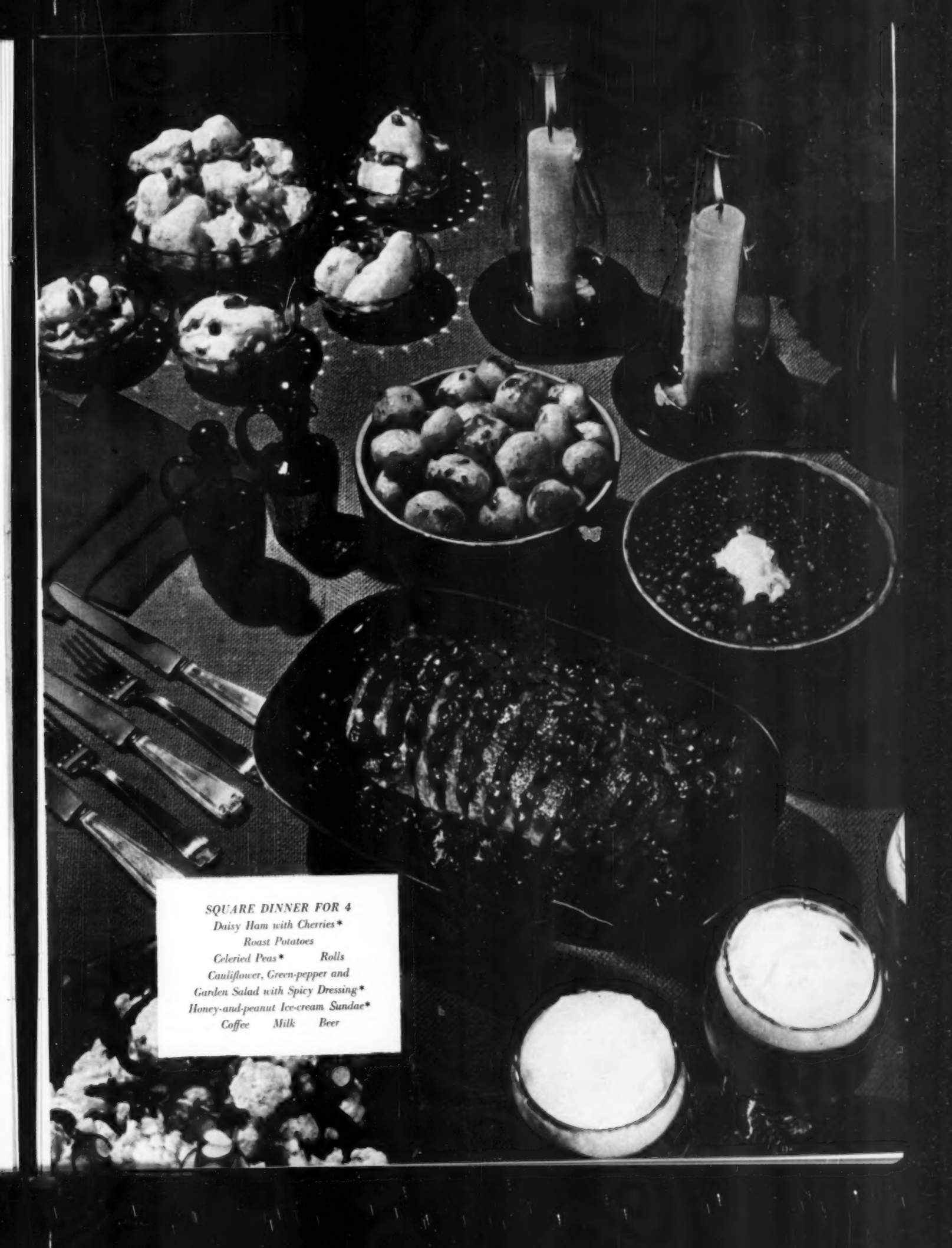
**HONEY-ALMOND SYRUP.** Heat honey and chopped, toasted almonds over boiling water for about 5 minutes. This, too, is delicious, hot or cold, over ice cream.

**COFFEE-COCOONUT SYRUP.** Heat 1 cup of light corn syrup with 1 tablespoon instant coffee and ½ cup coconut over boiling water for 5 minutes. Great, hot or cold, over ice cream.



## SQUARE LUNCH FOR 4

Baked Bean-tomato Soup\*  
Hot Baking-powder Biscuits  
Raw Vegetable Sticks  
Cream-cheese Dip\*  
Dried Fruit, McCall's\*  
Milk



**SQUARE DINNER FOR 4**  
*Daisy Ham with Cherries\**  
*Roast Potatoes*  
*Celeried Peas\*      Rolls*  
*Cauliflower, Green-pepper and*  
*Garden Salad with Spicy Dressing\**  
*Honey-and-peanut Ice-cream Sundaes\**  
*Coffee    Milk    Beer*



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**NO FINER COFFEE FLAVOR, INSTANT OR REGULAR!**

(Continued from page 60)  
whole effect as elegant. The Monroe influence lasted for almost 50 years, modified somewhat by such incongruous diversions from French Directoire as the 20 spittoons which Andrew Jackson bought for the stately East Room at \$12.50 apiece. (Henrietta Nesbitt, housekeeper under the Franklin Roosevelts, banished the last of the spittoons along with feather dusters and old-fashioned brooms.)

Why Mrs. Monroe's Frenchified fancy completely passed over the idea of a proper library I can't seem to discover, but at any rate Mrs. Millard Fillmore, an ex-schoolteacher, found not a book in the White House when she became First Lady, and promptly bought whole sets of histories, Dickens, Thackeray and other classics.

With the Ulysses S. Grants came the General Grant-Early Pullman period, characterized by heavy draperies and overstuffed plush furniture directly reflecting the emotions of a bereaved British widow named Victoria.

Chester A. Arthur, finicky widower with grim ideas about propriety, auctioned off the furnishings of the East Room and the Green Room to the highest bidders, afterward refurbishing in the ornate and dust-catching style of the Late Victorian or post-bereavement period. Arthur's housecleaning also resulted in the history-making removal of 24 wagonloads of this and that from the White House attic and a rummage sale on the lawn. Among the items which helped to swell the day's receipts to \$3,000 were various styles of rattaps, Nellie Grant's bird cage and, according to legend, a pair of Abe Lincoln's pants. Interior decorators started to flourish about this time, and President Arthur imported one of the tribe, Louis Tiffany, from New York to help with his Late Victorian ideas.

My favorite example of Mr. Arthur's period is a strange creation in the East Room, a sofa called a tête-à-tête, that twists about and brings two persons, presumably male and female, into proper position for chaste kissing or conversation.

Theodore Roosevelt, whose colorful family helped to make his tenures of office memorable, got Congress to finance new offices and, among other changes, replaced the traditional red damask draperies of the Red Room with yellow satin. Practical Mrs. Herbert Hoover was distressed at the way the satin picked up grime from dust mops running around their hems and had them chopped off a foot from the floor. Then along came the Franklin Roosevelts, who restored the red hangings at floor length.

That brings up the question: What is traditional? Should the Red Room draperies be red or yellow? (They are going to continue red.) How long should they be to keep history alive? (Floor-length, apparently.) As Mr. Truman once pointed out, really to stick to tradition you would have to go back to the cattle barns and chicken houses of Jefferson's design and the days when water was carried from an outside well. You might even say that to be traditional you'd have to dry White House clothes in the East Room because Abigail Adams, first mistress of the Executive Mansion, did!

The East Room, scene of the lying-in-state of Lincoln, of White House weddings and debuts, was one of the prime danger spots in the White House because of its heavy rococo ceiling and fabulous crystal chandeliers. That ceiling was so inadequately supported that it might actually have come down any day on the heads

of those below. The word for the new East Room ceiling is "modified," which means that some of its stucco has disappeared. Architect Winslow says the completed East Room and State Dining Room ceiling variations reflect the period of the after-fire reconstruction (1816-17).

However, just in case future Presidents shouldn't agree that the reconstruction is properly traditional, the old ceilings have been cut down in big pieces, like fudge, and will be preserved to the last whorl and cupid. Back have gone the huge chandeliers with their 22,000 separate pieces of crystal which a crew must work almost a week to clean. But now they're supported by beams which carry their weight easily.

Changes in the famous Red, Green and Blue parlors have to do chiefly with replacing carpets, hangings and upholstery with more of the same, only tidier. In one of the parlors, according to Roosevelt legend, it was the custom to have the seal of the President reproduced on the upholstery of the formal chairs. When it came time to have the chairs reupholstered Mrs. Roosevelt made a successful pitch to have only the backs, not the seats, carry the seal. She maintained that it was hardly fitting to have people sit on the President's seal.

The Trumans moved out of a 60-room house and will move back into one with 96 rooms, including 17 baths and 5 lavatories. The removal of Calvin Coolidge's hips has resulted in eight additional guest rooms and several new baths. "Hip" is the builder's word for the angle formed by the meeting of two sloping sides of a roof. Mr. Coolidge put hips on the White House in 1927. The purpose was to keep the roof from being seen above the white balustrade atop the mansion.

The new guest rooms are needed, for the White House has usually been short of them. When Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, visited the United States, President James Buch-

(Continued on page 72)

*Yours for a dime!*



## fabulous Christmas recipes

McCall's famous Black Fruit Cake, White Fruit Cake and Plum Pudding. Send for the recipes today so that you can make these Christmas delicacies right now, and they will have time to age for the holidays.

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*... and learn  
all about flavor!*



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#### Whip Tip for October:

How to make wonderful Cheese-Popovers out of ordinary Popovers? Just add 4 tablespoons of grated cheese to your Popover batter while mixing. It's ideal for a change!

Write for your copy of the Triple-Whip Recipe Book. Address General Electric Co., Box M10, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

(Continued from page 70)

anan gave up his own bedroom to his distinguished guest. Eleanor Roosevelt relinquished her bed to a guest one time when the house was crowded, and caught influenza sleeping on a couch.

When King George and Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain came over in 1939 the problem was how to accommodate all the ladies-in-waiting, lords-in-waiting, guards, messengers, maids and valets. Some of the regular Roosevelt house guests were temporarily dispossessed in order to make space, and even then the younger members of the Roosevelt family had to contrive a sort of dormitory arrangement.

The King and Queen were, as Mrs. Roosevelt said, perfect guests, but their servants had the housekeeper wringing her hands. They complained about blankets, service, even the water. One maid required her lunch to be reheated three times. On another occasion, Mrs. Roosevelt told me, a White House usher asked the Queen's maid if she would tell the lady-in-waiting the Queen wanted her. The maid drew herself up and said, "I am the Queen's maid!" and walked away.

down the snowy staircase to meet young Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who was the Prince Charming of many little girls in my time.

Though by then I knew my youthful picture was a little overdrawn, I was almost as excited as if I were still nine when I drove up to the White House front entrance in the comfortable old car of a Washington newspaper friend. When a Secret Service man asked for my name I stammered so much that I thought he looked suspicious. However, another attendant seemed to know about me and nodded, so they let me in. A butler helped me off with my coat. An usher with a round cardboard plan showed me where I was to sit at table, and the next thing I knew the butler was intoning my name at the door of the Red Room.

Then the First Lady came in, and for a while, in the warmth of her greeting, I forgot that I was in the White House and scared to death. But my heart started doing flip-flops when dinner was announced and we trooped into the dining room. Because we were only twelve it was the family dining room (the one Margaret's piano later almost landed in) and not the more impressive state salon with its great horseshoe table for important occasions and its solid panels of oak and green velvet hangings.

The President was already in the dining room. Through a sort of haze I heard the First Lady saying my name in the tones a wife uses to remind her husband about a guest. Then a butler pulled out my chair. For all I knew, the roast beef might have been humming birds' tongues and the chocolate and vanilla ice cream some kind of Olympian nectar, but I said words of some kind to my neighbors—a political leader on my right and, on the left, a young college graduate who was interning in a Senator's office with a view to finding out whether he'd like public life as a career.

When the coffee had been drunk Mrs. Roosevelt found a guide to take some of the guests through the house, and I tagged along. I enjoyed myself completely, up to the moment he opened the door to the Lincoln Room (my room) with a flourish.

I had better explain right here that I hate new things, and my favorite garments, particularly dressing gowns, are the despair of my family and friends. They are clean, I write hastily, though invariably ragged and patched at the sleeves, and I lose the belts. But they are comfortable, and that's the way I like them. However, I had not expected them to be on view as they were when the guide threw open the Lincoln Room door and started his spiel.

I don't remember what the guide said, because I was looking for a quiet corner in which to die. One of the maids had unpacked my suitcase. Carefully placed on the bed, as if it were a masterpiece of the *couturier's* art, was the most dreadful, threadbare bathrobe you can imagine. My comb, with several teeth missing, and my hairbrush, with some tufts out of one side, stood mangily on the dressing table. The guide closed the door hastily and mumbled something about the room being occupied. The tour went on without me.

In the event I am ever again invited to spend a night in the White House I am resolved that not a Solomon in all his glory will outdo my negligence splendor. I think that Lincoln Room episode is my most embarrassing moment, except maybe the time I was locked out of my room in the corridor of a Los Angeles hotel in a gossamer nightgown.

(Continued on page 76)

## Mincemeat magic

A giant squeeze of orange juice mixed with mincemeat points up the flavor tremendously



The Queen was put in the Yellow Room on that memorable visit, and now it is called "The Queen's Room." The King was across the hall in the Lincoln Room. Outside the King's room and outside the Queen's room were chairs, on which messengers sat 24 hours a day. Mrs. Roosevelt said she wondered about that until she later spent a few nights in Buckingham Palace and saw that it was so huge, and the distances between apartments so great, that the messengers came in handy.

AT LEAST I have one thing in common with King George of England. I have slept in the Lincoln Room.

Mrs. Roosevelt invited me to stop off on my way back to New York from a broadcasting jaunt to Florida. I suppose most Americans would feel much as I did about such an invitation, but I imagine my childhood conception of the White House was original with me. When I was a little girl on a Missouri farm the White House was my favorite daydream as I did the churning. I knew exactly how it looked—completely white—walls, floors, furniture and stairs. I was the White Princess who lived there, and I could always see myself coming





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You can buy Yellow Parkay, each quarter wrapped in "Flavor-Saver" aluminum foil, in all markets where state laws permit the sale of colored margarine. In other markets, Parkay is packaged in special Color-Kwik bag or with coloring enclosed in separate envelope.

Laugh with "The Great Gildersleeve" every Wednesday evening—NBC

by Lois Bennett Davis

WINTER nights are cold even 'way down South in Georgia, hence the one bubbling hot dish Mrs. Birdsey always serves at her famous supper parties. Favorite among Maconites is her wonderful Oyster Bisque, blended so carefully that no seasoning oversteps the oyster's delicate flavor.

Cooking and music have always been the major interests in talented Mrs. Birdsey's life. This charming hostess has worked endless hours to encourage the cause of music in Macon, and it is through her work that concertgoers have heard such fine musicians as Traubel, Tourel, Casadesus, Melchior, Francescatti and many other topflight musicians in their local music hall. Mrs. Birdsey recalls one Metropolitan Opera singer who brought four white rabbits into the midst of a dinner party and kept the poor things tethered in the front hall for hours. "We weren't sorry to see them and their owner take their departure."

But back to her cooking. Cooking has always been fun to our Best Cook, and even as a child she concocted her own recipes rather than follow the set pattern given in cookbooks. Perhaps that is why the kitchen has always seemed such a happy part of the home to Mrs. Birdsey. Specially prized are her okra pickles and peach conserve, the latter made, of course, from Georgia's own wonderful peaches. "I take my canning by spells," Mrs. Birdsey explains. "Sometimes during the hot summer I go on a cooking spree and can't stop until I have put up hundreds of jars of fruits and pickles.

"But no story of our home would be complete without mention of Inez Young, who has been with us since the first days of our marriage. She does the routine cooking for our family, but I make special dishes and most of the sauces we serve. Sunday is Inez' day off and I take over the kitchen that day. Sometimes I cook the livelong day."



Mrs. Birdsey serves her steaming Oyster Bisque to guests W. Elliott Dunwoody, Jr., Stanley Elkan and Mrs. Logan Lewis at one of her famous supper parties honoring Madame Nikolaidi of the Metropolitan Opera

## the **BEST COOK**

Mrs. Angus Birdsey, distinguished hostess from Macon, Georgia, serves fabulous Southern food at her supper parties

BY WILLIAMS STUDIO



MRS. BIRDSEY'S SUPPER MENU

Oyster Bisque  
Baking-powder Biscuits with Kentucky-cured Ham  
Watercress Sandwiches  
Celery, Olives, Artichoke Pickle, Okra Pickle  
Fudge Cake      Coffee

Inez Young, long-term cook with the Birdsey family, gives her stamp of approval to the smooth creaminess of the bisque prior to adding vegetables and oysters



**MRS. BIRDSEY'S DELICIOUS OYSTER BISQUE**

- |                      |                                 |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| 6 tablespoons butter | 4 celery stalks                 |
| 2 tablespoons flour  | 2 dozen oysters                 |
| 2 cups milk          | Salt and pepper                 |
| Salt                 | 1 pt. light cream               |
| 4 small carrots      | 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce |
| 2 small turnips      | Few sprigs parsley              |

Mrs. Birdsey first makes the cream sauce. She melts 2 tablespoons butter, stirs in the flour smoothly, adds the milk gradually and seasons the sauce with salt. She cooks this slowly until it is smooth and slightly thick, then keeps it hot over boiling water.

Next, she cuts all the vegetables into little pieces, about the size of "the end of your little finger," and cooks them *slowly* in 2 tablespoons of butter in a frying pan until glistening and *almost soft*. Warning: These little vegetable pieces scorch easily, so be on guard!

Our Best Cook then melts 2 tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, adds oysters, oyster liquor and a sprinkling of salt and pepper, and cooks *only until edges of oysters curl*. (Remember, if oysters are overcooked they get tough.) Finally, Mrs. Birdsey heats the cream (making sure it does not boil).

At this point the bisque is ready to be assembled. Vegetables are stirred into the cream sauce and combined with the heated cream; oysters, oyster liquor and Worcestershire sauce are added last of all. This perfectly delicious bisque is then poured into a heated soup tureen (or soup plates), sprinkled with chopped parsley and served piping hot to 8.

**NOTE:** This is only half of Mrs. Birdsey's original recipe. But if you, too, entertain on the lavish Birdsey scale, just double the recipe given above and invite 16 guests for a wonderful supper.



*in our town*



Guests often wander into the comfortable Birdsey kitchen to see if the bisque needs a pinch of this or that seasoning before it arrives on the table in a handsome tureen

**Beef in Tomato-Rice Ring**

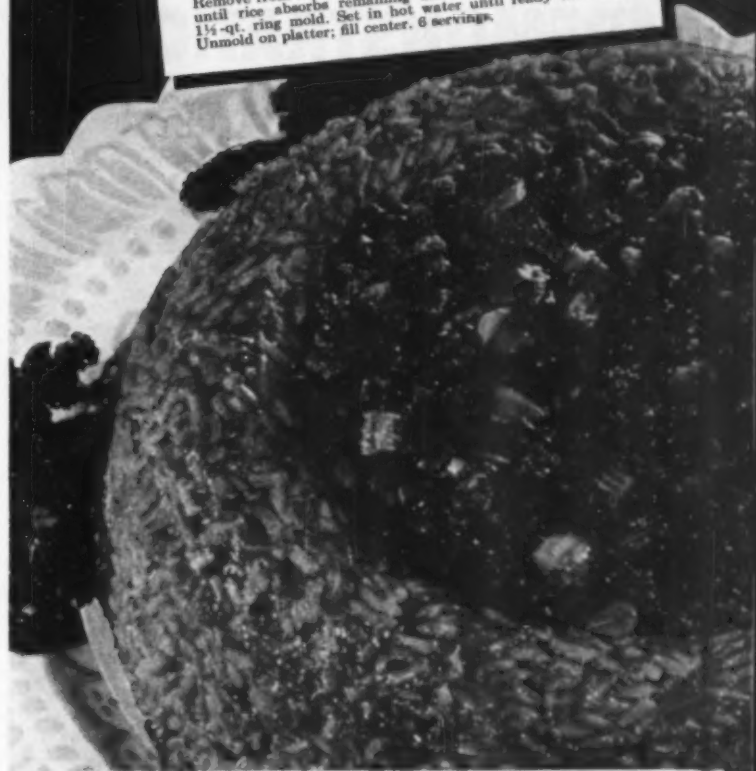
Here's a hearty main-dish for a hungry family any time of day! Fun to make, too, with good Campbell's Tomato Soup!

**Hearty Beef Treat**

- |                          |                                 |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| ½ cup chopped celery     | 2 teaspoons prepared mustard    |
| ½ cup chopped onion      | 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce |
| 1 pound ground beef      | 2 cups cooked peas              |
| 2 tablespoons shortening | ½ cup liquid from peas          |
| 1 teaspoon salt          | 1 can (1½ cups) Tomato Soup     |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper        |                                 |
- Lightly brown celery, onion and meat in melted shortening; stir occasionally. Add remaining ingredients; heat thoroughly. Fill center of Tomato-Rice Ring.

**How to Make Tomato-Rice Ring**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 cans (2½ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup | ¼ cup grated onion                              |
| 4 cups water                            | 2 cups uncooked rice (or broken thin spaghetti) |
- Heat to boiling; soup, water and onion. Add rice; cook (covered) over low heat for 20 minutes; stir occasionally. Remove from heat, uncover, allow to set about 10 minutes until rice absorbs remaining moisture. Pack in greased 1½-qt. ring mold. Set in hot water until ready to serve. Unmold on platter; fill center. 6 servings.



*Smoother...richer...better tasting*  
**America's Favorite**  
**Tomato Cooking Sauce!**

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AS A POUR-ON SAUCE  
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Fashion Academy  
Gold Medal

**Detroit Jewel  
and Garland**

AUTOMATIC GAS RANGES

(Continued from page 72)

When I went to see Mrs. Truman, as one good Missourian to another, after she'd been in the White House for a little while, she said graciously as if we'd been in Independence, Missouri, "Would you like to see the house?" And she showed me through. I hope sometime she'll show me the improvements.

These will certainly make the Executive Mansion run better, but not more economically, alas! Ordinarily between \$125,000 and \$150,000 a year is allotted for White House maintenance, but, as you undoubtedly know, a Senate appropriations subcommittee recently raised the ante \$80,000. The Trumans will need every penny of it.

The made-over President's palace will use about \$25,000 a year extra for electricity. Ten additional employees, bringing the staff to 35 or 40, will be required to run the \$600,000 air-conditioning system. Almost \$37,500 worth of additional wax, lubricants, paint and sundries will be necessary to make sure that the place looks its best. To keep the elevators in running

order will set us back \$3,500 a year. The original White House as George Washington planned it, "to have the sumptuousness of a palace, the convenience of a house and the agreeableness of a county seat," was to cost \$400,000.

I was mulling over these figures not long ago when my eye caught a newspaper item about a \$2,500,000 footbridge. I can remember when all you needed to make a footbridge was a log to throw across a stream. I guess everything has gone up in proportion.

WHILE Harry Truman was a Senator from Missouri, and even after he became Vice-President of the United States, his family lived happily and operated handily in a modest five-room Washington apartment. There are occasional indications that our First Lady preferred that uncomplicated private life to the inescapable responsibilities of her present position. I don't blame her a bit. The White House is a wonderful place to visit, but you couldn't pay me to live there!

THE END

**NO PLACE  
CALLED HOME**

Continued from page 35

reflected the agitated lights of a movie marquee across the street.

The air was sharp with the odor of mustard and hot frankfurters; people passed before her in a thick parade; and from the choked traffic in the middle of the street came the concerted bray of a hundred automobile horns.

Sally turned her head and saw a swarthy-skinned man and woman standing behind her at the counter. They were eating hamburgers with such quick, studied intensity that it made her think suddenly of the day in the park when she and Joe had fed the pigeons. The birds had been very tame, but Sally, seeing their frantic, beady eyes, watching their convulsive pecking, had shaken her head. "They must get terrible indigestion," she had said, with such sadness that Joe had thrown back his head and laughed. And then he reached for her hand and looked down at her, not laughing any more. "You have a darling face," he had said. She could still remember the tight swelling inside her at the words; it had been such an unstudied little phrase, so unexpected, coming from him.

Why, she thought now, that was way back in June and now it's almost winter. It gave her a frightened feeling. Where had she and Joe got in all that time? She had read somewhere that love, like everything else, could not grow unless it had something to feed on; otherwise it would shrivel and die. And what, in all these months, had their love to feed on? How could it grow when—

Suddenly he was there in front of her; she hadn't seen him coming. "Hello," he said. "Waiting long?" His hat was pushed slightly to the back of his head; drops of rain stood up on the shoulders of his overcoat like glass beads. He looked big and solid, a little tired, and even though her heart turned over as it always did at this first sight of him, she found herself wondering if he was in a good mood. She wanted so terribly for him to be in a good mood, otherwise the rain . . .

"Not long," she said. Her hand went out to rest very lightly on his sleeve; it was as if she wanted to be sure he was really there after the long, waiting week. "Only next time let's meet in front of the bank building, Joe."

Her mouth curved. "Background is so important."

His smile was brief and she thought: He's very tired. She wished he wasn't so intense about his advertising job and the courses he took at night; it didn't seem right, at twenty-six and out of college only a few years, to pour so much of yourself into any one thing. But that was the way he was.

"Hungry?" he said. "Where do you want to eat?"

Usually they went to cheap, foreign little places that stressed atmosphere, but these were blocks away and it was raining . . . Suddenly she reached for his hand and started to pull him toward the street. "Anywhere!" she said. "Anywhere at all! What does it matter?" She tried to sound very gay, as if their darting out into the rain was one of those little interludes you saw sometimes in the movies—the two reckless, laughing young lovers heedlessly meeting the storm, becoming as one with the elements.

But it wasn't like that at all. They both hated rain in their faces and hunched immediately to escape the pelting drops. People were scurrying by, some hugging the buildings with limp newspapers, others hidden under umbrellas that skimmed by like dark, winged birds.

As they walked, Sally looked up sideways at Joe. His face had a tight look. She had wanted everything to be perfect tonight, the weather warm enough for them to walk or sit down on a bench. Joe in a good mood and not tired. And now . . .

She saw one of the big chain restaurants a few doors away. "How about here?" she said. And suddenly there was no choice; the rain was coming down heavily, plopping on the sidewalk, making a hissing sound around them. They ducked into the revolving door together.

It was one of those high-ceilinged places, all white tile and glaring overhead lights. It was also crowded and noisy, but as they waited in a group for a table Sally saw that the tight look was leaving Joe's face. He looked down at her and grunted. "Shrimpy," he said. He shook his head. "You're no taller than you were last week."

She smiled. It was one of their jokes. "I'm still a growing girl," she said. "Give me time." She could feel his hand groping for hers, and as their fingers met, their eyes did too. I love you, his eyes said, and hers answered, I love you too. They could not stop looking at each other.

(Continued on page 78)

**Brand-new!** For lemon pies that taste homemade!



Now—for the first time in a pie mix—you can get that wonderful, teasing, tangy taste—just like fresh-squeezed, fresh-grated lemons!

And so quickly, too! Jell-O Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling saves about 15 minutes' time—gives you

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**Grand too!** For scrumptious puddings and pies!



**Chocolate Macaroon Pudding.** A rich pudding with crunchy macaroons! So easy, too! Prepare package Jell-O Chocolate Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Chill. Layer with macaroon crumbs in parfait glasses. Garnish. Serves 4.

**Vanilla Cranberry Treat.** A luscious combination of tart cranberries and delicate vanilla flavor. Try this new treat tonight: Prepare 1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses and top with cranberry sauce. Serves 4.



**Butterscotch Cream Pie.** Oodles of brown sugar flavor makes this pie tops with the family. Such a thrifty treat, too! Prepare 1 package Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Turn into baked 8-inch pie shell. Chill. Top with sweetened whipped cream.

**JELL-O PUDDINGS AND PIE FILLINGS** FOR *Red Letter* DESSERTS

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# I've Re-Discovered OLD DUTCH CLEANSER!

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Helps You Clean With  
**TWICE the SPEED and EASE**  
Snowy White...Sudsing Action!

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**Used Old Dutch Lately? It's Wonderful... Try It!**

(Continued from page 76)

Someone shoved them, and as their gaze swerved they saw the harassed-looking hostess lifting two fingers in their direction. They followed her, weaving through the crowded tables to the center. Joe hung up his hat and coat on the rack and sat down. "I hate these places," he said. "They make me think of a hospital. I'm always expecting the food to come out on a dissecting slab."

Sally grinned and then her face stilled as she looked at him. She leaned forward and whispered: "Miss me?"

His eyes went dark; his whole face changed. "Sure," he said. "You miss me?"

"Oh, Joe..." Her breath came light and quick in her throat. "So much. So much, darling. I think of you all the time."

"I think of you too," he said.

"When? When do you think of me, Joe? I mean—at the office? When you're in your room?" Her hands were clasped on the table.

"At crazy times." He was leaning forward too; their faces were close together. "It's funny how you come into my mind. Wherever I am. When I least expect it, you're suddenly there."

She savored this, her eyes wondering, clinging to his. Something warm and sweet with yearning flowed between them. "Darling," she whispered, her lips hardly moving. "Darling, darling..."

THEY seemed to sense it at the same moment. Their heads turned. A bony-looking man with a poor complexion was sitting at the next table. He was staring at them, a toothpick between his teeth, his mouth opened loosely.

Joe frowned; one dark eyebrow went

up. "Enjoying the show?" he said.

"Joe," Sally said nervously. "Please, Joe..." To her relief the bony-looking man rose and walked over to the cashier's desk.

She looked at Joe and saw that it was all spoiled. She mourned for the few beautiful moments, the shining thread that had snapped. It was like this so often with them.

"Joe," she said. She shook her head. "I don't know what's the matter with you lately—you seem to have a chip on your shoulder all the time." She leaned forward. "It's because you're working too hard, giving it too much."

"There's no such thing as giving it too much," he said. "You want me to get somewhere, don't you?"

"Yes, but—" She hesitated and settled back. Maybe he had had a bad letter from home this week. She had no family commitments but he did; he sent money home to his mother every week out of his salary, and he worried about her too. He had a deep sense of responsibility. He refused to consider getting married until he could offer Sally some semblance of security.

When the food finally arrived it had a manufactured look, but Sally ate slowly, talking in low tones, laughing once in a while, buttering a snip of roll, taking a sip of water as if the food, the atmosphere called for leisurely savoring and appreciation. Joe ate quickly, not talking much, as if he wanted to get it over with as soon as possible, and when they finally rose she knew that he hated the place and hated himself for not being able to afford any better.

After he had paid the check they stood before the revolving door, watching the slanting rain outside, the lights shining down on the slick black pavement. For a moment they stood there, and then Joe said flatly: "What now?"

How  
to  
make

▶ a perfect

by Marjorie Griffiths

Of course you can make feather-light, showy-looking omelets and without real work or worry, either



**1**  
Stir smooth yolk mixture into beaten whites very gently with a spoon or spatula. Melt butter or margarine in large skillet or omelet pan



**2**  
Spoon the mixture into pan carefully and cook over a low heat for about 5 minutes. Now place pan in oven and bake 8 to 10 minutes or until puffy



Sally hesitated. If only they had some place to go! Some little room where they could close a door and be alone, where they could sit down together and talk, where he could take her in his arms—

Oh, God! she thought with the sudden, terrible despair of the very young. There was no place. In all this big, sprawling city there was no place. He could not come up to her furnished bedroom, nor she to his. Where, then, could they go?

With an effort she arranged her face in a bright pattern and turned to him. "How about a movie?" she said. And even as the words came out, even as he stared down at her, she knew that they both hated the idea. But they would have to go anyway. There was no other place where they could sit down and be warm and dry.

"OK." His voice had a curious heaviness. "A movie it is."

The midtown theaters were much too expensive, of course. They rode uptown to their own neighborhood in a bus that was crowded and smelled of wet wool; there were small black puddles on the floor made by the dripping umbrellas. Sally finally got a seat and Joe stood in front of her, swaying on the strap. With her face upturned she told him little things that had happened at her office, laughing here and there, although none of it was very funny. He tried to grin in return but she knew that it was just politeness; he was very tired and wanted to sit down.

Finally the words dried on her tongue. She saw the tiny lines at the corner of his eyes, the tired droop of his mouth. She wanted to lift her hand and caress the line of his cheek; she wanted his head on her lap so that he could close his eyes and she could smooth the lids very gently with her fingers.

He must have seen what was in her face. He bent over. "Hello, baby," he whispered. "How's my girl?"

Her whole body arched up to him in soft eagerness. "Fine," she whispered back. "How's my boy?" He was going to say something sweet, something wonderful now, she could tell—

His face changed. Sally stared and then she turned her head. An old lady was sitting next to her, regarding them with fixed, birdlike eyes.

Sudden fury flared inside Sally. Oh, why can't you let us alone, she thought. Why can't you look somewhere else? She glared at the woman with something like hatred, but as she turned to Joe again she saw a faint smile on his mouth.

He leaned forward until his mouth was close to her ear. "What did you do with the plans?" he said in a strange voice. His eyes slid nervously from side to side.

For a moment she stared at him and then cleared her throat. "Careful," she whispered. "Operator X. Contact Four."

He raised one eyebrow. "Resnevich?"

She nodded. "Under the bridge. Eight o'clock." Out of the corner of her eye she saw that the old lady had stiffened like a bird dog.

Joe's voice became even lower, more guttural. "Do they think one's enough?"

"Yes—it's a small bridge." And suddenly—she couldn't help it—she laughed, and Joe laughed too, straightening up. The old lady grunted and relaxed her quivering body. She looked annoyed.

The movie theater was crowded and overheated. As they walked up and down the aisle in search of seats, Sally's eyes darted immediately, hope-

(Continued on page 80)

## puffy omelet

4 eggs  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons water

½ teaspoon pepper  
2 tablespoons flour  
1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Start your oven at 300F or slow. Separate eggs, add salt and water to whites and beat with an egg beater until they stand in peaks. To yolks add pepper and flour and beat until smooth. Now mix like this:

MARTIN BRUEHL



**3** Slide omelet out of the pan onto a hot platter, after loosening edges carefully with a spatula. Keep puffy side up, golden side down



**4** Fill half the omelet with canned or homemade mushroom sauce, Creole sauce or jelly. Fold other half over top and cut into 4 portions while hot



## Beef Stew

Hunt Style

Stew can be "just another dish"—or it can be this kind—a savory, flavorful family favorite...

The delicious difference is Hunt's Tomato Sauce—the spicy, all-tomato cooking sauce that's America's largest-selling brand. It's really wonderful!

So, mother—get famous for your stews! You will really appreciate this recipe:

2 lbs. lean beef 2 tbsp. flour 2 tbsp. fat

Cut meat in pieces, roll in flour, brown in fat in heavy skillet or saucepan. Then add the following (and here's where Hunt's rich, all-tomato flavor really goes to work):

1 can HUNT'S TOMATO SAUCE  
2 tsp. salt ¼ tsp. thyme ½ a bay leaf  
2 cups water ¼ tsp. pepper

Cover tightly and cook over low flame until almost tender—about 1½ hours. Then prepare and add:

6 onions 6 carrots 6 potatoes\*

Cook about 30 to 45 minutes longer, till vegetables are tender. If desired, add a cup of green peas just before vegetables are tender. \*One small can of Hunt's New Potatoes, drained, may be used in place of raw potatoes, adding them 5 minutes before serving time.

Your wonderful stew will serve six lucky people. And you'll know why Hunt's Tomato Sauce brightens up the flavor of many recipes—meat loaf, casseroles, spaghetti, rice, gravies.

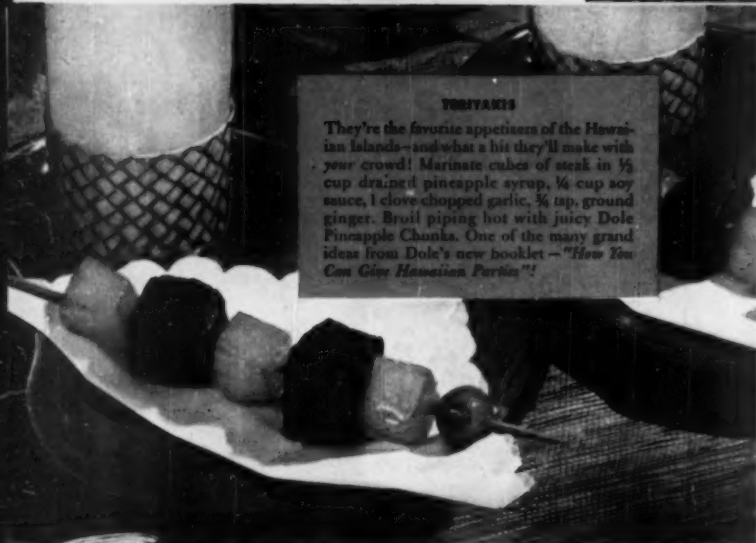
Get several cans real soon—for your family's enjoyment! For a few cents a can!

For breakfast or dessert —  
HUNT'S HEAVENLY PEACHES



Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.



**YAKI YAKIS**  
They're the favorite appetizers of the Hawaiian Islands—and what a hit they'll make with your crowd! Marinate cubes of steak in ½ cup drained pineapple syrup, ¼ cup soy sauce, 1 clove chopped garlic, ¼ tsp. ground ginger. Broil piping hot with juicy Dole Pineapple Chunks. One of the many grand ideas from Dole's new booklet—"How You Can Give Hawaiian Parties!"

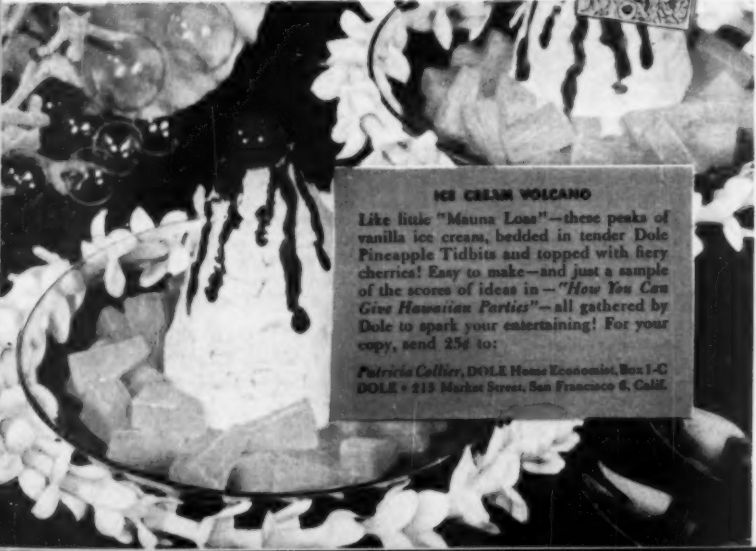


Give a Hawaiian party—



**CHICKEN CURRY**  
Star dish at Hawaii's party dinners—this delectable curry, wreathed with rice and crowned with crisp-cut Dole Crushed Pineapple! New way to serve your favorite curry recipe when you play hostess—Hawaiian style! Let Dole's new booklet—"How You Can Give Hawaiian Parties!"—guide you to dozens of other menus in a gala tropic mood!

DOLE shows you how



**ICE CREAM VOLCANO**  
Like little "Mauna Loa"—these peaks of vanilla ice cream, bedded in tender Dole Pineapple Tidbits and topped with fiery cherries! Easy to make—and just a sample of the scores of ideas in—"How You Can Give Hawaiian Parties!"—all gathered by Dole to spark your entertaining! For your copy, send 25¢ to:  
Patricia Collier, DOLE Home Economist, Box 1-C DOLE • 215 Market Street, San Francisco 6, Calif.

(Continued from page 79)  
fully to the back row. It was like winning a prize to find two seats there with that wonderful high wall in back of you; why, it was almost private. But as she looked, she saw that all the seats were taken there, mostly by young lovers like themselves.

Finally they found two empty places on the side. For a while they sat quietly staring up at the flickering screen, and then Joe shifted in his seat. When she looked sideways she saw he was scowling. "What's the matter?" she said.

"This place is crummy," he muttered. He shifted again. "It smells and I've got a busted seat."

Her lips tightened. Suddenly she was angry. He made it so hard for her this way—for both of them. Always she tried to look away from an ugly thing, but it was part of his uncompromising honesty to drag it out and thrust it before her eyes, saying: "Why kid yourself? It's there, isn't it?"

Now she said in a low, fierce voice: "What's wrong with you? Why do you have to complain all the time?"

His head jerked around. "I'll complain if I want to!" There was some-

**M**ake with  
the mustard, madam

Next time you do  
a roast, spread a coating  
of prepared mustard over  
the top. Bake as usual. Great!



thing terrible about his flaring anger being forced through the narrow outlet of a whisper. "Don't tell me what to do!"

"Sh-h-h!" someone behind them said, and then there was a roar of laughter from a hundred throats. Sally turned her head away from Joe and stared up at the cartoon figure on the screen, but it blurred before her eyes and swam in wavering, colored streaks. It's a terrible evening, she thought—terrible, terrible. And she had waited so long for it to come, counting the days, the hours until she could be with him.

There was another roar from the audience. She felt Joe move beside her and, looking down, saw his big hand grope for hers. Their fingers touched, clung together with sudden intensity. Their heads turned, their eyes met in the darkness. "I'm sorry," he whispered.

"It's all right." And it was; it was warm and beautiful, their sitting like that, so close again.

There were two features and a news-reel besides the cartoon. They held hands; their heads turned every few minutes so that they could look deeply into each other's eyes. It became harder and harder to look back at the

screen again. And now the terrible hunger began. Their mouths were so close and could not meet; their warm breaths mingled, making them a little dizzy; their eyes clung in the darkness.

When the show was over they left the theater; they were silent. A light mist fell now on the street like a net of incredible delicacy. But it was penetrating too, and Sally knew that soon it would seep into their clothing, their bones. She looked down at her watch. Why, it was still early. Yet in a little while they would have to say good night at her door. It would be all over. A heaviness settled over her.

"Sally."

She turned her head. He was standing still on the street, looking down at her, the hunger there in his face. His hand went out to her arm; he pulled her into a dark doorway. In the deep shadow, she could see the liquid shine of his eyes and her heart began to beat in slow, powerful strokes.

His arms went around her. "Sally," he whispered. "Darling, darling . . ."

His mouth was on hers. She closed her eyes. She felt a melting warmth flowing over her, so soft and beautiful; she knew that he was part of it too, and that it was fusing them together, blurring all the ugly edges. Now it was all shining and perfect—

At the sound of approaching footsteps they sprang guiltily apart and stood locked in the darkness, seeing the people peering in their direction as they passed. There was a smothered giggle from one of the women, an undertone of words from the others.

After the group had passed, they left the doorway wordlessly. In the middle of the block Joe looked around at her. He was breathing heavily. "I hate this stinking city," he said. "Someday we'll live where the houses are miles apart and you don't have to see anybody unless you want to. You hear?"

"Yes," she said breathlessly. "Yes, Joe." She was part of his plan, part of his future.

THEY turned into a residential street and came to a small family hotel. Sally looked up at Joe with sudden eagerness. "Let's sit in the lobby for a while. It's still early, Joe." They often did this in bad weather; Joe joked about it sometimes—he said that they had established squatters' rights in half the hotels in New York. But now he looked at the building before them and said: "I dunno. We've never given this one a break." His mouth curved faintly. "Maybe I won't like the décor."

The small shabby living room adjoining the lobby was filled with overstuffed furniture and potted plants. It had a musty smell and, as they sat down rather self-consciously on the one sofa, Sally secretly eyed the four other occupants of the room. They were all very old and had a paper-dry, carefully preserved look; she turned her eyes away from them uncomfortably and looked at Joe. He was sitting stiffly, his hat held in his hands.

She took a deep breath and snuggled back, smiling, on the worn sofa. "Isn't this cozy?" she said.

He turned and stared at her. "Cozy?" But at something in her eyes his face softened. "What a character," he said. He shook his head. "Everything with you is a big deal. You're always making something out of nothing."

She leaned toward him. "Let's talk," she said. "Tell me everything that's happened to you this whole week, Joe." And as she looked at his face, so close to hers, she was caught up suddenly in the illusion that they were

(Continued on page 82)

The Whole-Egg Flavor is Finer! The Whole-Egg Texture is Smoother!

# It's the Whole-Egg Mayonnaise



**WHAT A DIFFERENCE** between Hellmann's or Best Foods **WHOLE-EGG** Mayonnaise and mayonnaise made with egg yolks alone.

**IT'S TWO WAYS BETTER!**

First, finer, more delicately delicious flavor. Second, smoother, sm-o-o-ther texture! And besides, it has the luscious goodness that only *whole eggs* can give! *Whole eggs, freshly broken from the shell.*

**AND THAT'S NOT ALL!**

Everything else in Hellmann's or Best Foods Mayonnaise is tops! "Fresh-Press" salad oil, fine mild vinegar from wooden kegs, choice spices, and added egg yolks. No wonder it's so good so many ways! No wonder it's America's favorite mayonnaise!



*So good in sauces*

Try this **Ham & in King Loaf** and see. Blend 6 lbs. flour, 6 lbs. Hellmann's or Best Foods Mayonnaise. Place in top of double boiler, gradually stir in 2½ c. milk, 1 tsp. salt; stir until sauce thickens. Sauté separately ¼ c. sliced mushrooms, ½ c. chopped green pepper in a little Nucos margarine. Add to sauce with 2 to 3 c. diced cooked ham and 3 lbs. chopped pimiento. Heat, serve in toasted bread case, or with noodles or rice. (Serves 6.)

*And of course - in salads*

The finer flavor and smoother texture of Hellmann's or Best Foods **WHOLE-EGG** Mayonnaise can't be beat in salads. It's delicious "as is" or varied. All pure **Real** Mayonnaise, it never gets watery when mixed with milk, ketchup, or juices. Try **Zesty** Mayonnaise and see! Blend 2 lbs. pickle juice, ½ tsp. grated onion, 1 c. Hellmann's or Best Foods Mayonnaise. Wonderful on shredded vegetable salad of red cabbage, white cabbage, carrots, and radishes, as shown below, all arranged like a rainbow!

So good so many ways!



**POUR CAMERA:**  
First and second jars are made to receive fat clinging!

↑ IN THE EAST

↑ IN THE WEST

**HELLMANN'S** *Real Mayonnaise* **BEST FOODS**



**HOW**  
*Jeanne Crain*  
 discovered **V-8\***

has Lively Flavor  
 and Goodness no single  
 juice can match!

**V-8 FOR VITAMINS  
 FOR VITALITY**

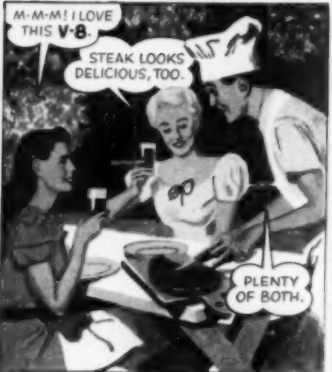
\*V-8 Vegetable Juices  
 is a delicious blend of  
 8 juices in one drink!

SEE  
*Jeanne Crain*  
 in MARY ZIMMER'S Production of  
 "PEOPLE WILL TALK"  
 A 20th Century-Fox  
 Picture

Frankly, I wasn't in the  
 mood for a barbecue but...



... it WAS fun! And I discovered V-8. No single juice can match it. While...



... Jim carved we drank more V-8. I resolved to have V-8 often. Next day...



... I served V-8 at lunch. It was a hit! For Lively Flavor and Goodness...



... drink refreshing V-8 at meals and in between.

(Continued from page 80)  
 sitting on their own sofa in their own home, the warm lamplight shining down on them. It was so sudden, so beautiful that a kind of radiance came into her face.  
 "Sally," he said. "You look—"  
 The sound of voices made them turn and they saw a man standing in the archway to the room, talking in low tones to an elderly couple. The couple seemed to be arguing about something and the man, who was bald and narrow-shouldered, was listening to them with a professional intentness. Finally he turned his head and Sally saw that he was looking at them. Her heart began to beat furiously.  
 The man started toward them, a faint, bland smile on his face. "I beg your pardon," he said. "Are you residents of this hotel?"  
 Sally looked at Joe. His face was dark; a little muscle twitched in his cheek. In the awful silence she stared at him, knowing that all the others were staring too.  
 "No," Joe said. "You know darn well we're not."  
 The man frowned and then the bland look returned to his face. He straightened. "I wonder, then, if you'd mind—" He coughed delicately, screening his mouth with his cupped hand. "You see, this room is reserved exclusively for the use of our guests, and since there is so little room . . ."  
 Joe rose slowly. "What's on your mind?" he said. "You want to kick us out, is that it?"  
 Sally scrambled to her feet. "Joe," she said fearfully. She put her hand on his sleeve. "Joe, come on. Please."  
 Joe stared at the man and then his head turned slowly; he looked down at Sally like a man in a dream. "But I'm not used to getting kicked out of places," he said. "Nobody can get away with that."

She swallowed and looked up at him with swimming eyes. "Joe," she whispered. "For my sake, Joe—"  
 His face cleared; suddenly he took her elbow. "Okay," he said. "Let's get out of this waxworks museum." As they moved toward the archway and then to the revolving door outside, he stared straight ahead, his eyes fixed and terrible in his face.  
 On the street Sally turned to him in the mist. "Joe," she said. "It doesn't matter, Joe." But it did matter; she felt bruised inside, twisted in some way.  
 He didn't say anything and they started up the street. As Sally stared ahead she felt drained of all emotion. I'm tired, she thought, terribly tired. It was too much to be young and to love as she loved Joe, with everything against them this way. And the thought came back to her—how could their love grow when things like this happened? Maybe at this moment it was already shriveling a little, moving into a gradual, dying phase.  
 They walked slowly, not touching each other. When they reached the old-fashioned brownstone house in which she lived, Sally started up the stone steps to the vestibule where they always said good night. But Joe remained on the sidewalk, and she turned around on the second step. "Joe?" she said. She looked down at his face, touched by sudden terror.  
 "Sally . . ." His voice was dull. "I don't think we'd better see each other any more."  
 The fine mist fell softly, gently around them. She looked down, seeing his eyes, the strong bone formation of his face, the little cleft in his lower lip that she knew so well. She could not speak.  
 "What's the use?" he said. "It'll be years before we can get married—you know that, don't you? My mother—"

**How to make** **pretty peach**

by Birthe Lindor

Here's a grand dessert we copied from a fine Danish cook. It's impressive-looking and simple to make



**1** Spread batter on greased baking sheet in oblongs 4" x 6" and thin enough to almost see through them. Bake 4 to 5 minutes or until light brown



**2** Loosen each one with a spatula immediately but leave pan in oven to keep cookies hot and flexible. This is really very important!

\*V-8 is a trademark owned in the United States by Campbell Soup Company; In Canada by Campbell Soup Company Ltd

He stopped and went on again. "You're too nice a girl to be strung along like this—too pretty; it's not fair to you."

They looked at each other, hardly breathing. "No," Sally said. Her mouth was so dry that she could hardly form the word. "No, no."

He shook his head. "You've got to see it. It's no good this way—it can only go downhill. It's better to stop seeing each other now, while we still—like each other, respect each other. You'll forget me after a while."

She drew a deep, shuddering breath. "No," she said again. "No." He was saying something else but she hardly heard him; his voice seemed to be coming from a great distance. Then there was the pressure of his hand on her arm and the one word: "Goodbye." He had turned; he was going up the street.

She wanted to cry out but no sound came. She stood motionless, staring at his figure as it grew smaller and smaller. He's gone, she thought. But the words did not register in her mind.

She turned, stumbling a little, and walked up the remaining steps. In the dimly lit vestibule she stared at the door that would lead her into the stale-aired hall, up the steps and into her narrow room.

**R**EALITY smashed against her then. He's gone, she thought—really gone; I'll never see him again. She would never walk down the street with him, never look into his eyes, hear his voice, feel his mouth on hers. She seemed caught in a whirlpool of darkness so terrifying that she leaned against the wall, her eyes closed.

She did not know how long she stood there. She could hear the rush of automobiles passing by; once there was the sound of a woman's laughter from somewhere, and yet she was not conscious of hearing anything.

But finally there was a new sound—footsteps coming up the stone steps. She opened her eyes.

Joe was standing in the doorway looking at her. He was breathing heavily, as if he had been running. "Sally," he said. "I came back."

She half-stumbled toward him; they met and clung blindly together. For a little while they stayed like that, and then he began to kiss her hair, her throat, her wet cheeks. "I love you," he said. "I love you, I love you; you're the only beautiful thing I've got."

She gave herself up to it, her eyes closed, her whole body limp with a blissful, drenching relief. "Joe," she whispered. "Oh, Joe." She lifted her head. "We really do love each other." And as she looked at him she knew that it was a strange and wonderful thing, this love of theirs. She had wondered how it could grow and yet here it was, shining, indestructible. Some loves were nurtured like hothouse plants—carefully watered, coaxed gradually into a timid flowering. But theirs had sprung up in hard, barren ground; it had been fed on denial, stamped on again and again by heedless, hurrying feet. And yet . . .

She shook her head. "So beautiful." Tears welled in her eyes. "And so strong. Nothing can destroy it. Do you see?"

His arms tightened around her. "I see," he whispered. "I see a lot of things." His lips brushed against her forehead. "Sally—we'll get married. I wanted it to be different when we started out, with everything perfect. But we've got so much—we need so little else. We have each other."

She could not speak. His arms were tight around her. They rocked together silently, their eyes closed, clinging blindly like two survivors in a world that lay like an ugly, sprawling wasteland around them. **THE END**

"A good-lunch rule

For play or school"



## Eat **HEARTY**-with Franco-American Spaghetti!

Youngsters eat hearty without urging when there's Franco-American Spaghetti for lunch! It tastes so good because it's tender-cooked in a luscious, savory sauce of sun-ripened tomatoes and sharp, well-aged Cheddar cheese. And Franco-American Spaghetti is so chock-full of good nourishment, it sends your boys and girls back to school with plenty of bounce for the afternoon's work and play. It's so quick to fix, too—and costs only pennies a portion. Serve hearty Franco-American Spaghetti for lots of your schoolday lunches!

Quickie  
for a "Dress-Up" supper

- Brown green pepper and onion rings, cut about 1/4-inch thick, in hot shortening, and mix some of them with your heated Franco-American Spaghetti. Use remainder of the rings for garnish. Looks good—tastes even better!



**JUST HEAT...  
AND EAT HEARTY**

## cornucopias

2 eggs  
1/2 cup sugar  
3/4 cup sifted all-purpose flour

1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract  
1 tablespoon water

Start your oven at 375F or moderate. Beat eggs until light and foamy, then add sugar, a little at a time, and beat hard after each addition. Stir in flour, vanilla extract and water until very smooth and spongy.

MARTIN BRUEHL



**3**  
Remove one at a time from oven and shape into a cone. Let stand upright in glass until cool and firm. Handle gently, since cookies are fragile

**4**  
Just before serving time, fill carefully with a mixture of whipped cream and sliced peaches. This recipe makes about 12 cornucopias

*Goodness you learn  
to take for Granted!*



Every now and then we hear from people who tell us about "Toastmaster" Toasters that have been serving faithfully for, say, 20 years. And invariably we sense their feeling of surprise, of discovery. Suddenly, it seems, they are acutely aware of enduring value. As one recent writer put it, "We just sort of took our 'Toastmaster' Toaster for granted."

You, too, will value the toaster which, by its freedom from service trouble, never calls attention to itself.

Money can't buy a finer gift toaster—the one to whom you give the "Toastmaster" Toaster being fully aware of that fact. It is welcomed everywhere with a degree of excitement that no substitute quite succeeds in producing.

"Toastmaster" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company, makers of "Toastmaster" Toasters, "Toastmaster" and "Scotch Knight" Water Heaters, and other "Toastmaster" Products.

"My 'Toastmaster' Toaster was a wedding gift 23 years ago. I feel that the facts warrant my telling you of my certainty that the 'Toastmaster' Toaster truly lives up to its name in every way."

Mrs. W. C. Strobel, 162 Kingston Avenue  
Yonkers 2, New York

**TOASTMASTER**

*Automatic Pop-Up Toaster*

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS DIVISION, MCGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, ELGIN, ILL. © 1951

MIRROR OF AMERICA AT MEALTIME

## AFTER THE GAME IS OVER

*Continued from page 29*

"That's wonderful, Ethan," she said. "That's really wonderful. I'm dying to meet him."

She'd come into town for dinner, and since he'd felt like celebrating they'd gone to Armando's. They sat on a red leather bench in the far room.

"You'll like Sheff," he said. "I don't know his wife—Ann, that's her name. I tried to get them to come with us tonight but they were tied up."

"What time will we leave? In the morning, I mean."

"Well, I'm to call them," he said. "I'll pick you up first and then we'll stop by their hotel for them. Sheff suggested we get an early start so we could make Ann Arbor for lunch."

"Where would we lunch?" she asked.

"At the fraternity house, I guess," he said. "Sheff wants to go to the house. I know, and there might be some other fellows back. Nickerson's going. We could join up with him."

"But, Ethan," she said, "it's so dreary lunching there. Remember the last time? I don't think I could face it again."

She was looking straight at him now, her eyes very clear and blue, and even before she spoke he knew she was thinking about Charlie.

"Besides," she said, turning away a little. "I've told Charlie we were coming. He's going to drive back with us and I said I'd let him know if we were going to be there in time for lunch."

"Well," he said, and then he stopped and looked down at the menu that lay on the table between them, not actually reading it but letting his eyes run over the print.

Charlie was Cynthia's brother. He was a nice enough kid, quieter than most boys his age that Ethan knew, and with a thin, serious-looking face. When he had decided to go to Michigan Ethan had written to his fraternity about him. He hadn't kept in very close touch with the chapter but he wrote a good letter about Charlie, and during Rush Week he called the Rushing Chairman. Bud Dunham had written the Chi Psiis about him, and he had some dates with the Betas too, but nothing had happened.

At first Cynthia had seemed to take it all right. She'd been surprised that nobody had made a grab for Charlie but she hadn't acted as though she attached much importance to it one way or the other. There wasn't, after all, much to say about it. He'd done the best he could for Charlie, and for some reason he'd been turned down; but the thing was that she never really seemed to let go of it. She'd play it way down and then, when she mentioned Charlie or when the subject of fraternities came up at all, she'd have something to say that left him wondering exactly where she stood.

HE PICKED up the menu. "We'll never make it for lunch anyway," he said. "Not in that traffic. We can stop by the house after the game. Sheff and Ann aren't coming back to Detroit with us; they're going to pick up a train out of Ann Arbor for Chicago. We can go by the house and drop them off."

But she didn't answer right away. She was twisting her glass around on the tablecloth.

"I told Charlie I'd meet him at the Union after the game," she said. "I wanted to see his room. So if you don't mind, Ethan . . ." The glass came to a standstill. "You can put

me out at the Union and pick me up there later. Too much fraternity back-slapping has a way of making my skin crawl. Anyway, you'd really have a better time without me."

"Listen," he said. "It's not going to be like that. I don't go in for that stuff—you ought to know that. I've an idea that Sheff doesn't either. It's just that he wants to see the house, that's all, and who's back."

"Well, of course." She looked up at him, smiling, and in an instant whatever barrier there had been between them dissolved and was gone.

"We can work it out some way," he said. "We can go up to Charlie's room, and then all of us go by the house."

"You mean Charlie too?" she asked. "Darling, isn't it ridiculous but I don't think he'd really want to."

And there it was between them again, and they were not getting anywhere. He wished suddenly that Charlie had never gone to Michigan or that he hadn't had the extra tickets, or that Sheff and his wife hadn't come East at all.

"Let's eat," he said. "Frogs' legs?"

WHEN they stopped at the hotel he saw Sheff as soon as they'd gone through the revolving doors. He was standing halfway across the lobby and looking pretty much the way he'd looked when they were at school together, except that he was heavier and his hair had thinned out a little so that his pink scalp shone through it. As Ethan shook hands with him, he noticed that Sheff was wearing his fraternity pin. His coat was open and he was wearing some sort of knitted vest with the pin set conspicuously up on the left side. For an instant Ethan thought of razing him about it, but before he'd had a chance to say much of anything at all Sheff was introducing him to his wife.

"This is Ann," he said. "Remember my weakness for Thetas? This is the California brand." And right then Ethan knew he was wrong if he'd had any notion at all that the Greek orders were going to go unmentioned.

Ann had a tanned, sharp-featured face and dark eyes that took him in pretty thoroughly before they moved on to Cynthia.

"Sheff has talked for hours about you," she told Ethan. "I'd know you in the dark. Really I would."

As he watched Cynthia shake hands with Ann and with Sheff, he was aware suddenly of a warm sensation of pride. Cynthia had on a tweed suit and her blond hair sprang up from her forehead and curled back around the little cap she wore for a hat. He was proud of the way she looked and proud, too, of the quick, easy way she smiled when she spoke. As they turned to go she walked ahead with Ann, and he found himself watching the round, firm lines of her figure.

Sheff clapped him on the back. "Well, fellow," he said. "How's it going? All right, I'd say, judging from the way you look. And the company you keep." He nodded toward Cynthia and Ethan grinned.

"Fair," he answered. "Rough in spots but, all in all, pretty fair."

He and Cynthia sat on the front seat of his car and Sheff leaned forward from the back, his big voice beginning to shoot questions at him as soon as they were under way. He might as well be living in Hindustan, Sheff told him, for all the news he got.

"Nickerson's going to be at the game," Ethan told him. "He's married—but you know that, of course. He just got back from Philadelphia, where he saw Duncan. Dunc's living in an attic, he says, still trying to write

*(Continued on page 90)*



# AMAZING NEW NONFAT DRY MILK DRINKING! COOKING! WHIPPING!

# STARLAC



*Unbelievable, but true!  
Makes 5 quarts nutritious nonfat  
milk for as low as 40¢\**

**Starlac is milk—with only  
the water and fat removed!**

**What wonderful news for housewives everywhere!**

**Now you can get 5 quarts, yes, 5 full quarts  
of nutritious nonfat milk for about 40¢\*.**

**It's Borden's Starlac!** Fresh, pasteurized milk—with only the water and fat removed.

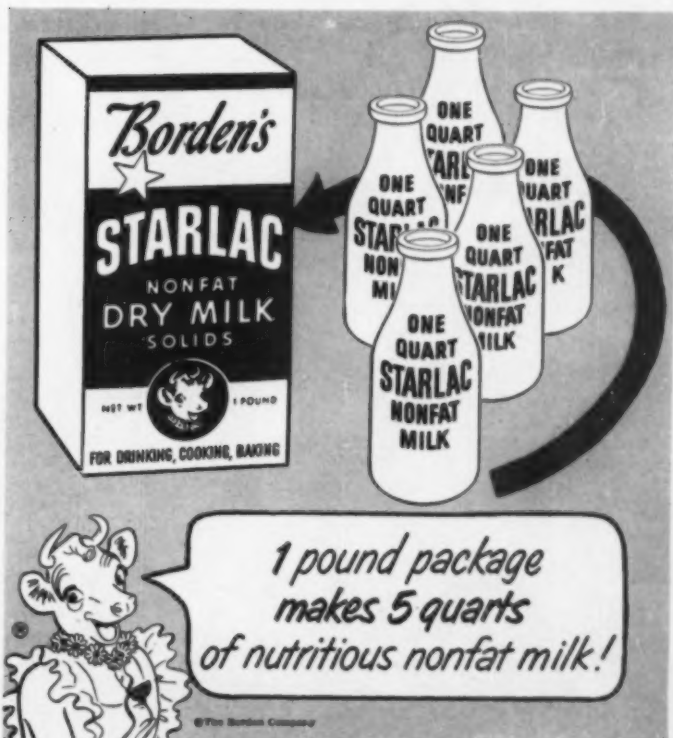
**So easy to use!** You just put back the water and mix. Then store in your refrigerator just like any milk.

You'll have plenty of fresh-tasting nonfat milk for drinking, cooking and pouring on cereals. You can whip Starlac, too! (See recipe on package.)

**So nourishing!** Starlac gives you all the muscle-building *proteins*, bone-building *minerals*, valuable *B vitamins* and energy-giving *lactose* of the finest milk you could buy.

**A miracle of convenience!** The Starlac package needs no refrigeration. Stays fresh on your pantry shelf like sugar, flour and other staples. You can reliquefy a cup, a pint or all 5 quarts at a time.

Discover Starlac at your grocer's today...and remember Starlac is yours at an *unbelievably low cost per quart!*



*1 pound package  
makes 5 quarts  
of nutritious nonfat milk!*



\*Slightly higher in some areas.

Something to cherish  
all your life... your pattern  
in the solid silver  
with beauty that lives forever...

International  
Sterling

Brocade

Spring Glory

Royal Danish



Blossom Time

Joan of Arc

Prelude

Queen's Lace

Shown here, just seven of the fifteen lovely International Sterling patterns available at your silverware dealer's.







**BEST**  
*pineapple upside-down*  
**YOU'VE EVER**  
**TASTED**

**First make up this topping:**

- |  |                                |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 3 tablespoons butter or margarine      | 1/2 teaspoon ginger            |
| 1/3 cup heavy cream or evaporated milk | 1 No. 2 can pineapple slices   |
| 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed     | 8 maraschino cherries, drained |
| 1/2 cup coconut                        |                                |

Heat butter or margarine, cream or evaporated milk and brown sugar in a heavy 9" skillet until it's a smooth paste. Then sprinkle over the coconut and ginger, and arrange pineapple slices and cherries on top.

**Then make up this batter:**

- |                                |                                  |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour | 1 cup sugar                      |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder       | 1/2 cup milk                     |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt              | 1 tablespoon butter or margarine |
| 2 eggs                         |                                  |

Start your oven at 350F or moderate.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together several times. Then beat the eggs until they look as thick as mayonnaise (takes about 10 minutes of hard, steady beating) and add the sugar, a tablespoonful at a time, to the eggs, still beating like a demon. Stir the sifted flour mixture into the egg-sugar mixture, just enough to mix thoroughly. Heat milk and butter or margarine to the "warm" stage and mix into batter.

Pour over pineapple slices and bake 40 to 50 minutes or until cake tester comes out dry when poked into cake. Cool 5 minutes, then turn upside down and serve warm or cold, with or without whipped cream.

GEORGE LAZARUS



**1** Arrange pineapple slices and cherries over gingery brown-sugar paste in bottom of heaviest skillet



**2** Beat the eggs hard and long to get that thick mayonnaise look. Then beat in the sugar *very* gradually



**3** Stir *warm* milk mixture into egg-sugar-flour combination. Stir *only* enough to mix batter thoroughly



**4** Pour the smooth, light batter over the pineapple arrangement carefully. What a heavenly tasting dessert!

# Stokely's Finest NEW PACK Peas

*The Pick of the Crop*

ENJOY THEM TODAY



FRESH-PICKED  
FRESH-PACKED  
FRESH-TASTING

*Stock your shelf for winter with this  
sweetness of summer*

Look - Listen - Enjoy - Stokely-Van Camp's Little Show  
Tues. and Thurs. Evenings - NBC-TV Network



Stokely's Finest  
SINCE 1890

**2 GREAT NAMES IN FOOD**  
*that mean QUICK MEALS for you*

Van Camp's  
SINCE 1861

Serve a "Down-East" Supper Next Saturday!



## If You Like Baked Beans You'll Like Heinz Best!



**Heinz Beans Have All The  
Extra Tenderness That Comes  
Only From Oven-Baking!**

**F**olks who like their beans baked to plump, nut-brown perfection are naturally partial to Heinz Oven-Baked Beans! Here are beans as they ought to be . . . tender to the heart . . . flavored through and through with rich, spicy sauces. *Heinz chefs sauce these fully prepared beans three ways:* in molasses sauce with pork, Boston style . . . in glistening tomato sauce with pork . . . in tomato sauce without pork, vegetarian style. For cold-weather meals packed with nourishment and flavor, serve your family's favorite Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. You know they're good because they're Heinz!

**HEINZ**  
OVEN-BAKED <sup>57</sup>  
BEANS

• Famous HEINZ 57-SAUCE is a richly spiced favorite that lends a matchless tang to steaks, chops, fish and sea foods. Made to a prized old-time recipe, it's a thoroughly aged medley of 17 flavors blended into one great sauce!



(Continued from page 84)

that novel but spending most of his time drinking."

"Dunc ought to have been a professor," Sheff said. "He ought to have an eight o'clock class to make."

He asked about Al Forsythe then. And Edmonds. "What's happened to old Ed?" he asked. "Remember that snake he brought back from Florida? Kept it in his dresser drawer—remember?"

Ethan briefed him as best he could, dredging around in his mind for all the bits of information he could pick up, grinning at Sheff's reminiscences that had lost nothing of color or sharpness during the years.

For a while it went along like that, with Sheff doing most of the talking and occasionally laughing his big, good-natured laugh at something he remembered and nudging Ethan's shoulders with his elbow.

"Where are we?" Ann asked once. "Sit back, Sheff, so I can see."

"I'll buy you a map, honey," Sheff said. "I'll explain it all to you later." And he was leaning forward again.

a glorified mail clerk till he started plugging for me like a nailer. As a matter of fact, it was even through him I met Ann."

"We owe everything to the Greeks, you mean, don't you, darling?" Ann asked.

"You can laugh about it if you want to," he said. "But not too hard. Because it comes pretty close to being the truth."

Ethan let his hands slide down the steering wheel. "Oh, it's a good thing," he said. "I'm not arguing that. There's a tendency to overrate its importance, that's all I mean. This Leavitt, now—he might have taken a shine to you without your badge."

"Could be," Sheff said. "I wouldn't bet money on it, though." He pushed his hat back on his forehead. "Could be he just liked the cut of my jib, but it was my pin he seemed to take a shine to first."

"He always told me it was the determined way you carried the mail," Ann laughed. "Do you get to Ann Arbor often, Ethan?" she asked. "For games and that sort of thing?"

Ethan shook his head. "Two or three times a year," he said. "That's all. We went to three games last year, didn't we, Cynthia? But this is our first time this season."

Cynthia swung around a little so that she was facing the back seat. Out of the corner of his eye Ethan saw her wide, sweet smile.

"My brother's on the campus this year," she said. "He's a freshman. That makes it more fun for me, of course, having him there."

"Of course," Ann said. "The last time I went back to the Theta house I didn't know a soul. It was hideous."

Ethan passed a car, pushing softly on the brake as he slid back into the line of traffic. She couldn't have picked a more awkward moment to mention Charlie, he thought in sudden irritation, not if she'd been looking for one. The way the conversation had gone, Sheff was bound to take it up.

"You've got a treat in store, seeing Harmon," he said loudly, wondering why he hadn't explained about Charlie when he talked to Sheff over the phone that morning.

"A freshman, is he?" Sheff was saying. "Well I hope this fellow with his snooty attitude had sense enough to put the heat on him. You nailed him anyway, didn't you, Ethan—or did you let the Betas make a grab? They always used to be after anybody we rushed. I don't know how it is now."

**E**than felt his fingers squeeze down around the wheel, hating himself for not having an answer ready, for pretending to be busy with the traffic that streamed out ahead of him.

"I don't think they're as anxious as they used to be," he started finally, then Cynthia's voice cut in on him.

"Charlie didn't join a fraternity," she said. "They really don't seem to be so important any more. I don't know much about it, of course. He may be sorry—but he doesn't seem to think so."

He recognized the tone of voice she used, the clear, unangered, lofty tone. He heard her say "join a fraternity" and he knew she'd phrased it that way instead of saying "make a fraternity." But he knew too that she wasn't going to let it drop there, and if in his opinion it was a sorry moment to bring the subject up at all, he had an instant of conviction that she'd done it on purpose.

"A hold-out, is he?" Sheff asked without any hesitation. "Well, I don't see what those boys get out of their attitude. They just cut themselves out of a lot of fun at school and they miss

(Continued on page 94)

### Scalloped

potatoes

love

vegetable juice cocktail mixed

with the milk before baking.

You'll love it, too!



"What about that new roof for the house?" he asked. "Have you kicked in for that? I don't remember the alums' being so generous to us but I'm a sucker for that fellow's letters—McClain, is that his name? Bo McClain. First it was the bathroom—they had to get that re-rigged—and then the roof."

"I don't believe I've sent them anything," Ethan said. He glanced over at Cynthia, his voice casual, holding the subject lightly, edging a little away from it. "As a matter of fact, I haven't had much contact with the chapter. I've stopped in the house once or twice, but the fellows change. First thing you know, you don't know anybody. Pretty much undergraduate stuff, I guess. You grow away from it."

"Well, I don't know," Sheff told him. "I suppose you do, in a way, but I'm still a soft touch for the boys at the house and I'll tell you why. I saw you looking at my pin. I guess you think I'm full of corn to be wearing it but I wear it anyway, and I'll tell you why I do. I went out to California with a little two-bit job and I guess I'd be there yet if it hadn't been for Leavitt. Leavitt's not from our chapter. He's one of the old boys from Colorado—graduated 'way back in 1910—but he's been active in the fraternity and when he spotted my badge there wasn't enough he could do for me. I was just



# Start Your Child's Day Right with the Right Hot Drink at Breakfast!



## Children Like Their Own Hot Drink at Breakfast! Hot Ovaltine Takes No Extra Time!

"Eat a good breakfast to start a good day," says the U. S. Bureau of Human Nutrition, and it adds, "Something hot is cheering, and tones up the whole digestive route." Hot Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine is the right kind of hot drink for children's breakfasts. It supplies food essentials that every child

should have to start the day right after the long foodless night. And it's so delicious, it helps make breakfast a real joy for your child! Hot Ovaltine takes no extra time. While you wait for your morning coffee, just stir three teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a cup of hot milk and it's ready to serve!

### Breakfast Considered Day's Most Important Meal, the Year 'Round!

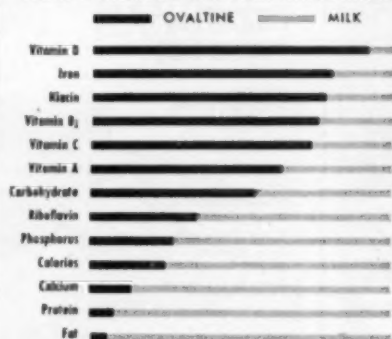
Nutrition experts more and more are coming to recognize that breakfast may well be the most important meal of the day.

They say, for example, that children should get from a fourth to a third of their daily food requirements at breakfast time.

And it is known, too, that children need two or three times as much of certain vital food elements, in proportion to their size and weight, as we adults do.

Scientific findings make it plain that there is a real need among children for better breakfasts the year 'round. This need exists for many children whose parents least suspect it.

#### HOW OVALTINE SUPPLEMENTS MILK



The black part of the lines shows proportion of total food essentials furnished by the Ovaltine and the grey part, the proportion furnished by the plain milk in a serving of Ovaltine beverage. Notice how Ovaltine is richest in the essentials in which milk is low and which children need in liberal amounts.

## A Nourishing Hot Drink Like Ovaltine in the Morning Acts As a "Spark Plug" for the day!

We parents all know how much a bracing hot beverage can mean to us in the morning. But we are apt to forget that children too can enjoy, and benefit from, a hot drink at breakfast that's really right for them.

Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine mixed with hot milk as directed is the right kind of hot drink for your child.

Authorities say that a good breakfast every morning can change a child's whole outlook on life and something hot is almost a "must" in a really good breakfast. Ovaltine is right three ways as a hot breakfast drink for children!

**First**, Ovaltine mixed with milk supplies essential vitamins, proteins and minerals that children must have for good growth and robust health. It is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps and chinks that may occur in children's breakfasts, even in the best of homes.

**Second**, its soothing, comforting warmth helps to put little folks at ease to enjoy and digest their breakfasts.

**Third**, Ovaltine is quickly and easily digested, starts giving out its bracing food-energy by the time children reach the schoolroom.

So, to insure a more adequate breakfast for your child, serve Hot Ovaltine along with the rest of his breakfast—as an addition to, not a substitute for, the foods he regularly eats. Start in tomorrow! Let your child enjoy delicious hot Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine at breakfast every morning.

### Mid-Morning Fatigue Affects School Work!



If your child acts dull and listless in the middle of the morning, look first to his breakfast! Surveys indicate a shockingly large number of children fail to eat enough breakfast. Authorities say children cannot readily make up for it at other meals without over-eating.

An inadequate breakfast can cause poor concentration, lack of alertness, lower grades. A good breakfast gives your child the start he needs to do his best at school.

# OVALTINE

THE HOT FOOD DRINK  
FOR CHILDREN  
THAT'S RIGHT FOR  
BETTER BREAKFASTS!

Ovaltine costs so little compared to the good it can do, you'll want to serve hot Ovaltine with your child's breakfast every morning! Use only three teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine to a cup of hot milk.



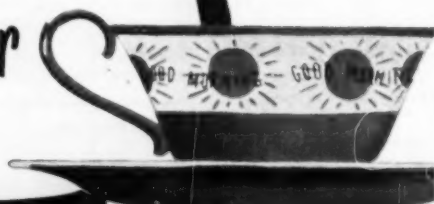
TWO KINDS: CHOCOLATE FLAVORED AND PLAIN

for coffee with a  
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Every Wear-Ever coffee-maker, perk or drip, has built into it the results of exhaustive research at a great American university that determined the exact coffee-pot construction for making the best coffee every time. They're typically Wear-Ever, for lasting durability. Users say "More cups of the pound of coffee, too."

insist on a  
**WEAR-EVER**  
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DE LUXE  
Sauce pan set

They'll be a joy to use over long years to come. No rivets, rounded corners, for easiest cleaning. Comfortable Bakelite handles. Because they're aluminum, heat spreads evenly, fast. Most cooking can be done over low heat.



**WORTH WAITING FOR**  
Because so much aluminum is used for defense, your dealer may be temporarily out of stock of utensils. Ask him to save the utensils you want from his next shipment.

**WEAR-EVER**  
Aluminum



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THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO., DEPT. 2110, NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

**L**ook how wonderful prunes can be



Nothing nicer for a tea party than Prune-Apple Flopovers

**PRUNE-APPLE FLOPVERS**

Peel and quarter apples, cook in water until tender when pierced with a fork. Stir in sugar, nutmeg, prunes, lemon juice. Set aside and make **CREAM CHEESE PASTRY**. Start your oven at 425F or hot.

- FILLING:**  
1½ cups apple quarters  
¼ cup water  
2 tablespoons sugar  
Dash nutmeg  
1 cup stewed prunes  
2 teaspoons lemon juice

- CREAM CHEESE PASTRY:**  
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour  
¼ teaspoon salt  
2 3-oz pkg cream cheese  
½ cup shortening  
2 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour, measure, then sift again with salt. Cut in cream cheese and shortening with two knives or a pastry blender until mixture is as mealy as corn meal. Add water and stir lightly with a fork to form a ball. Remember the less you handle pastry, the flakier the crust.

Roll out ¼" thick on a lightly floured board. Cut in 6" circles (we use the top of a tea kettle as a cutter). Place a tablespoon of the fruit filling in the center of each circle; fold over half of circle and seal edges. Poke air holes over top with fork prongs so steam can escape. Bake on a baking sheet for 15 to 20 minutes or until delicately brown. Makes 8 Flopovers.

**SPICED PRUNES WITH CRANBERRY RELISH**

- 1 lb prunes  
1½ cups Burgundy wine  
5 peppercorns  
3 cardamom seeds  
¼ teaspoon allspice  
¼ teaspoon nutmeg  
1 stick cinnamon  
1 orange  
2 cups cranberries  
½ cup sugar

Cook prunes with wine and all the spices in a covered kettle *very, very slowly* until tender when pierced with a fork.

While prunes are cooking, cut orange (skin and all) and put orange and cranberries through food chopper. Stir in sugar, let stand ½ hour.

When prunes are tender, drain, remove pits and fill the cavities with orange-cranberry relish. Serve as a garnish with roast lamb, pork or duck.

**PRUNE-MARSHMALLOW FEEZEE**

- 20 marshmallows  
½ cup prune juice  
¼ cup prune pulp  
Juice ½ lemon  
Rind ½ lemon  
1 cup heavy cream

Heat marshmallows and prune juice over hot water until marshmallows are liquid. Then add prune pulp, lemon juice and lemon rind. Cool mixture until *slightly thick and syrupy*.

Whip cream, gently fold into mixture. Turn refrigerator to coldest control and freeze *without stirring*. Takes 2 to 3 hours. Enough for 4.

**PRUNE-BURGUNDY WHIP**

- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatine  
½ cup cold water  
2 cups hot prune pulp  
½ cup Burgundy wine  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
½ cup sugar  
½ pt heavy cream  
¼ cup chopped walnuts

Soften gelatine in cold water, then stir gelatine into hot prune pulp until completely dissolved. Add wine, lemon juice, sugar and mix well. Cool in the refrigerator until it *begins to thicken*.

Meanwhile whip the cream stiff, then mix it gently with the thickened prune mixture. Spoon into 6 cup molds or 1 medium-size mold and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with walnuts. This handsome dessert serves 6 very well.

# "Best ever" meals are easy with this G-E "Speed Cooking" range!



With the General Electric Stratoliner, you simply push buttons to get all the wonderful advantages of G-E "Speed Cooking." Scrumptious meals! Speed, cleanliness, safety!

You're sure of General Electric *dependability*, too—plus plenty of timesaving features to work for you!

**Super-speedy Calrod® Units**—Fast, fast, heating units throughout. 5 cooking speeds from simmer to high. Plus an . . .

**Extra-Hi-Speed Utility Unit**—Fastest 6-inch Calrod ever made!

**Automatic Oven Timer**—Takes your place in the kitchen. All you do is put your meal in the oven. Heat goes ON and OFF automatically—cooks dinner while you take the afternoon off!

**No-Stain Oven Vent**—Traps grease from oven vapors. Cuts cleaning time to a minimum.

**Hi-Style Backsplasher**—Cleans with one swish of a damp cloth. Makes controls easier to see and reach. Safely *out of reach*, though, when children are around.

And look—the ease of push-buttons, the wonderful G-E Tripl-Oven! Read about them . . . see them in the Stratoliner!

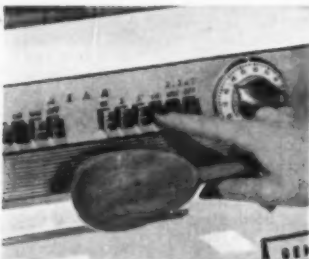
◀ **You want the finest!** So before you buy, see the G-E Stratoliner. At your G-E retailer's now! (Use classified phone directory for listing.) General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

*Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.*



AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

## "SPEED COOKING" RANGES



**PUSH-BUTTONS AND TEL-A-COOK LIGHTS**

Easy as pushing a button! That's all you do to get the exact heat you want. Buttons flick on in a different color for each of the 5 cooking speeds. (All 5 to each unit.) You can tell at a glance "what's cooking."



**BUILT-IN PRESSURE COOKER**

Saves  $\frac{3}{5}$  cooking time! Complete with safety lid and pressure valve. Converts to economical deep-well cooking with non-pressure top. And the deep-well Calrod unit raises to range level when you need it.

### TRIPL-OVEN \* 3 G-E OVENS IN 1



**HUGE MASTER OVEN** holds holiday turkeys up to 30 lbs. Rounded corners make cleaning so much easier. All-Calrod bake unit gives controlled, even heat.

**SMALLER SPEED OVEN** for one-shelf cooking



that's so fast, so thrifty. One quick adjustment does it.

**SUPER BROILER** at waist level. Heats up fast. Broils everything to charcoal-rich perfection.

*You can put your confidence in—*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**



MY FAMILY JUST  
LOVES VILLA  
CHOCOLATE CHERRIES  
THEY'RE SO LUSCIOUS  
... AND THRIFTY, TOO!



EVERY VILLA CHERRY IS A **BIG JUICY CHERRY**—in smooth, fully-cordialed creme. The thick rich coating is the best-quality chocolate that money can buy. And you can see the freshness of this candy through the cellophane window. Buy Villa Chocolate Covered Cherries at your favorite food market.

# villa CHOCOLATE COVERED CHERRIES

AT FOOD STORES

(Continued from page 90)

an association that might mean something to them the rest of their lives. "Wouldn't you say that, Ethan?"

"Charlie has his own ideas," Ethan said, and if Sheff wanted to believe Charlie had refused to pledge, or if that was the impression Cynthia wanted to convey, it was all right with him.

But he was wrong again. "Oh I wouldn't say *that*," Cynthia said, and he knew he was wrong and that she hadn't finished yet. "I don't think Charlie had any fixed ideas. I don't think he was against fraternities, I mean. I've never really heard him express himself, but I've an idea he doesn't care one way or the other."

"Imagine," Ann said. "I wish I could have been like that." She went on then with something about the Thetas that Ethan didn't catch. "I can remember bursting into tears when that bid came," she finished. "That sounds silly, doesn't it, but I'd have died if I hadn't got it. Not that it means very much to me now. Sheff's the Greek in our family."

"I went to Pine Manor, you see," Cynthia said, still using the cool, aloof voice. "We didn't have sororities there so I don't know much about them, but the whole system just seems a little stupid to me."

Sheff didn't say anything. He wasn't deflated. Ethan knew him well enough to know that it would take more than Cynthia's implied disapproval to set him down. But he knew Sheff was listening. He didn't have to see him to know that he was sitting there with his head cocked a little on one side, not seeming to look directly at Cynthia but taking her measure anyway.

Her shoulders lifted slightly. "The whole thing, as far as I can tell, has become more or less a racket. If you're a football player—fine. If your father's a fraternity man—fine too. That makes you—what do they call it?—a legacy. You see, I've picked up some of the phrases. But otherwise, unless you have somebody who's really going to push for you or who has influence . . . Well, it's a good thing it doesn't make much difference, isn't it?" She laughed and, turning around, opened her bag and took out a cigarette. "How did I get started on this, anyway?" she asked.

Ethan felt the blood wash up in his neck. That was a left-handed way of telling him, he thought. If that was the way she felt why hadn't she said so in the beginning? And what had she expected, he wondered. Did she think he could go over there and personally install Charlie? This is the racket, he thought. This is where it really begins to look silly.

"Pay up your dues, boy," Sheff said, and laughed. "I'm in voice. Who'd like to hear me sing?"

He began to sing then, not waiting for anybody to urge him, letting his big, rough bass ring out so that it filled up the car. After a while Ethan joined in, throwing his head back and grinning at Sheff when their eyes met in the rear-view mirror.

**A**FTERWARD, when Ethan thought about it, that was the best time he had the whole day, singing with Sheff—that and the football game, which was good enough to take anybody's mind off his own problems.

To his relief, they didn't make Ann Arbor in time to have lunch but pulled into a hamburger stand about noon. They stayed away from any talk about fraternities while they ate and during the rest of the trip, and Ethan felt himself relaxing. Sheff was excited about seeing the town again, and when he got his first look at the stadium, packed to capacity, the field a bril-

liant, even green, he turned and put his arm across Ethan's shoulders.

"Boy, I dream about this," he said. "Out in all that sunshine there hasn't been a fall I haven't dreamed about a day like this."

The band stepped out smartly to a blare of brass. The drum major thrust his shoulders back, lifted his knees high, and the boys with the French horns looked as though they were going to blow their hearts out on "The Victors." It was a big day for Michigan, with Harmon getting in the clear three times, and three times Brieske's kick sailing between the goal posts.

Sheff had played football his freshman year and he kept analyzing the plays, trying to outguess the quarterback. Even when it was all over and they were back in the car, inching their way along State Street again, he was still at it.

"Crisler's too smart for me," he said finally. "I swear, half the time I couldn't even see the ball." And then he sat back and stuck his legs out in front of him and yawned. "Let's go up to the house," he said. "Ann and I don't pull out of here until seventhirty and I thought we could grab something to eat there first."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Ethan said. He turned his head so that his voice was directed toward the back seat. "Cynthia and I'll drop you and Ann off. We're going to meet Charlie at the Union and then we'll come by the house and say goodbye."

It sounded all right to him. He didn't know when he'd figured it out but it seemed like a good enough way to avoid any awkwardness. Sheff wouldn't have to waste any time at the Union, he and Cynthia would be with Charlie, they'd stop at the house for a minute, and the whole thing would go as smooth as silk.

"How's that sound?" he asked.

**T**HEN he looked at Cynthia. The cold air had whipped the color up in her face and she had taken off her gloves and was flexing her fingers to warm them up.

"I hadn't even realized I was cold," she said. "Darling, Charlie's going to ride home with us, you know."

"Well, I know—"

"Then wouldn't it be simpler to drop me off at the Union and you can pick us both up there later? Six-six-thirty—whenever you say. Would that give you time enough?"

"Sure," he said. "It isn't that. I just thought we could work it the other way."

"But then you'd have less time at the house."

"I don't care about that."

"And with Sheff . . ."

He gave up. He couldn't think of anything else to say and there was no point, anyway, in batting it back and forth like that. He saw the Union up ahead and then Cynthia was saying goodbye to Sheff and Ann.

"It's been wonderful," she said. "Simply wonderful. You'll do it again next fall, won't you? Or maybe you can come back before that."

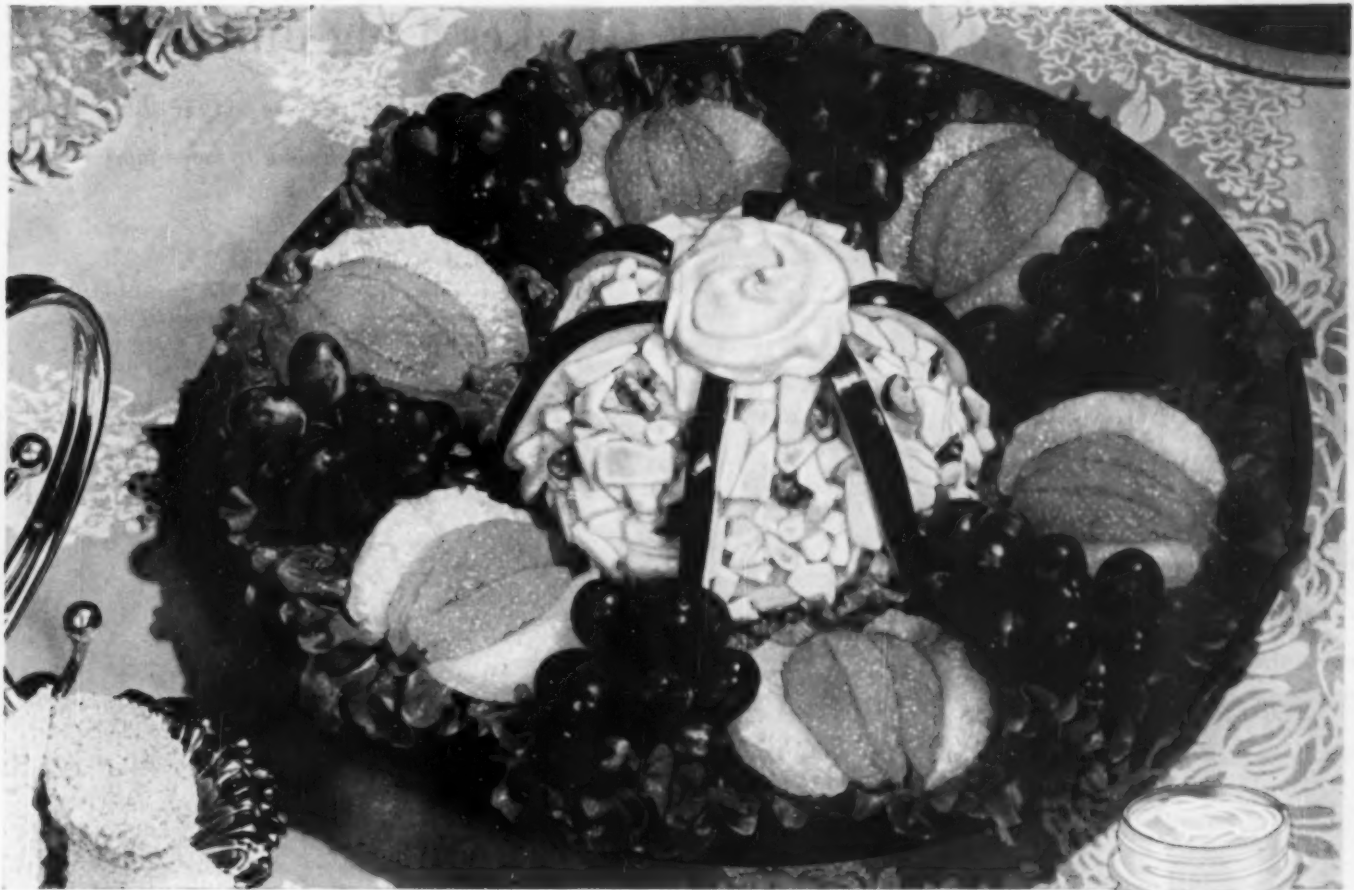
Her voice sounded friendly and natural, and when they reached the Union and Charlie ran across the street to meet them, she jumped out of the car and kissed him. She turned around then and introduced him. He ducked his head, stooping a little so that he could see into the car.

"How'd you like the game?" he asked. "All right, wasn't it?"

He was a tall boy and his young, bony face looked pale above the red woolen jacket he wore. Sheff and Ann got out of the car and stood talking a minute before they climbed into the front seat with Ethan.

(Continued on page 98)

# How to make simply delicious Waldorf Salad



YOU'LL TASTE THE DIFFERENCE WITH

**Kraft** KITCHEN FRESH **Mayonnaise**



Toss 3 cups diced apples in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of strained orange juice. (This adds flavor; prevents discoloration.) Strain off juice; combine apples with 1 cup diced celery and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped English walnuts. Mix with enough Kraft Mayonnaise to moisten and season. You'll *really* taste the difference with Kraft's. The richness and fine flavor of your salad are so dependent on the mayonnaise you use.



Cover a large chop plate with crisp lettuce and place the Waldorf Salad in a mound in the center. Cut thin wedges from an unpeeled red apple; as each wedge is cut, drop it into the orange juice. Press the apple wedges, skin side out, into the mound of salad. Surround with alternate portions of orange and grapefruit sections with clusters of Tokay grapes in between.



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2. Use enamel, glass or stainless steel utensils
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4. Rinse in cold water. Fabrics dry several shades lighter



**Curtains:** If they fade or if you decide you no longer like the color, try dyeing them in your washing machine, which is especially good for pieces too large to tint by hand. Dissolve in boiling water the amount of dye manufacturer recommends for your type of material. Fill washer with hot water, add dissolved dye, mix well. Then add curtains, clean and wet. Rinse in cold water



**Lingerie:** If your pastel underwear has faded to a dim shadow of its former color, you can turn it into a matching ensemble of black or navy . . . panties, slip, bra, nightgown. Dissolve one package of powdered dye in three quarts of hot water. Add the clean, wet pieces and **simmer** for 20-30 minutes, stirring constantly with a smooth spoon. Rinse well. The success secret: **hot water, low heat**



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*It's made for once-a-week shopping!*



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RED box—soap-filled pads  
GREEN box—pads plus cake soap

(Continued from page 94)

"I'll just be about an hour," Ethan said, leaning across them. "Shall I pick you up here? Will six be all right?"

"That'll be fine," Cynthia said. "Don't hurry."

She had her arm through Charlie's and she was smiling. He didn't know why, but he felt as though he'd deserted her. He'd offered to stay with her—he'd really preferred it that way—but somehow he hadn't pulled it off. He tried to hold her eyes and make her see how it was but her glance slid away from him, and after an instant he started the car and headed toward the house.

"What's the matter with the kid?" Sheff asked.

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing that I know of."

"Well, I put my foot in it, all right. Why didn't you set me straight? I was right in the middle of it, shooting my mouth off, before I caught on at all."

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I guess I hadn't realized it would come up just that way." He fished in the pocket of his overcoat for a cigarette. He was still thinking about Cynthia and the way she'd looked standing back there with her arm through Charlie's. "There's no point in making a major incident of it," he said.

"Why don't you try sticking your neck out a little?" Sheff asked him. "The boy looked all right to me. You wrote in about him, of course?"

"Of course I wrote in about him," he said, his voice rising. "I wrote a terrific letter about him, and I called the Rushing Chairman. What else could I do?"

"What are you sore about?" "I'm not sore," he said, feeling, even as he spoke, the unaccountable sense of irritation burn into his words.

"All right, then, you're not," Sheff said. "Well, look here—shut me up if you want to, but I've got an idea these fellows in the house will listen to me. Why don't I put a little heat on for him and they can pick him up next semester?"

He said it casually enough. "They'll listen to me," he said; and it will be as easy as that. Ethan drew sharply on his cigarette. And what was it he was sore about anyway, he wondered. And who was he sore at? He shook his head. "I'd rather you wouldn't," he said slowly. "If there's anything to be done I'd rather do it myself."

Ann put in. "Both of you. Maybe he doesn't want to belong to a fraternity. Didn't Cynthia say he didn't care one way or the other?"

"Baloney," Sheff told her. "You can put it down in your book that's a lot of baloney."

THEY ran into Nickerson as soon as they stepped through the door of the house, and after a minute they spotted Newhouser and Al Pine. They all stood there for a while, their voices lifted over the din, and then they moved off into the living room.

It didn't take the undergraduates long to pick out Sheff. A boy in a plaid shirt got hold of his name first and pretty soon there were four or five others around him. He must have showered down for them. Ethan thought, judging from the fuss they made over him. Or maybe it was because he wore his pin, he decided acidly; maybe that made them believe he was still serious about the fraternity. It gave him an uncomfortable sensation, feeling that way about Sheff, and he wondered why he hadn't let Sheff go ahead and say something about Charlie.

The boy in the plaid shirt, Jack Olding, was the head of the house, and

*Beatrice Cooke's*



Cheese Swirls



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2 tsp. baking powder; ½ tsp. salt  
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¾ cup Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk  
2 tbsp. Meadow Gold Butter, melted  
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Sift dry ingredients; cut in butter. Add milk all at once and mix until ingredients are all moistened. Turn out on lightly floured surface; knead gently 4 or 5 times. Roll ½ inch thick, brush with melted butter and sprinkle with grated cheese. Roll and cut into ½ inch slices. Bake on greased baking sheet in moderately hot oven (425°) for 15 minutes. Makes 12 cheese swirls.

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although he kept coming back to the group around Sheff, he made a point of being cordial to all the alums. It was hot in the room and Ethan pushed up his sleeve and took a look at his watch. The thought of Cynthia and Charlie standing around the Union waiting for him kept stabbing up into his mind, and when he saw Olding start toward the hall he turned away from Sheff and followed him.

"Could I see you a minute?" he said. "And if your Rushing Chairman's around I'd like to see him too."

"Sure thing," the boy said and, lifting his voice, shouted, "Hey, Alsopp." Alsopp was a short, stocky boy with a crew cut that made his head look almost square. When he was introduced to Ethan he grinned pleasantly without giving any indication that he'd ever heard his name before.

"This won't take a minute," Ethan said. "But let's go some place where we can talk."

THEY went up to one of the senior studies—the one, as a matter of fact, Ethan had shared with Sheff and Edmonds his senior year. He went over and sat down on the edge of a desk. He was a little surprised at himself for having got them up here. It wasn't his dish, this sort of thing, and he wondered what it was that had set him off. Was it Cynthia, was it the way she'd acted, or Sheff's implying that he, perhaps, could have managed things better? Or was it the ridiculous situation that made it impossible for Charlie to come over here with them? He picked up a ruler from the desk and ran his thumb along its edge.

"I wanted to talk to you about Charlie Nichols," he said.

"Nichols?" Alsopp was standing over by the window and he frowned a little, apparently digging through his list of names. "What class is he?"

"Freshman," Ethan said. "I wrote you about him. As a matter of fact, I phoned you during Rush Week. You sent me a report that you'd had him at the house twice—three times, I guess."

"Oh, sure," Alsopp said, the frown leaving his face. "Nichols. I remember now. I remember your phoning about him. I thought downstairs when I heard your name there was something, but for a minute I couldn't get hold of it."

This obviously was a lie, Ethan decided, but he let it pass. There was no use antagonizing them, not if he wanted to accomplish anything.

"You remember Nichols, don't you, Jack?" Alsopp asked.

"Yeah," Olding said. He was sitting on the couch and he stretched one arm in his plaid sleeve along the leather back. "Nichols. Sure I remember him."

To Ethan it seemed that they were handing the name back and forth until one of them could get hold of it, and yet, with Alsopp's next remark he realized that this was not exactly the case.

"Tall fellow, isn't he?" Alsopp said. "Dark-headed? Kind of quiet?"

"Yes," Ethan said. "He—" He hesitated a moment and then went on, selecting his words carefully. "It takes some time to get to know him, but in a lot of ways he's an exceptional boy. Way above the average. I'd say. Plenty of brains. I understand he's a good swimmer. . . . But then, I wrote you all that."

There was no answer. Ethan tapped the ruler against his thumb. "I was surprised when you didn't take him. What was the pitch, anyway?"

It was Olding who answered this time. He leaned forward from the couch, smiling so that Ethan could see the big even line of his teeth.

(Continued on page 100)



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BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, Division Avco Manufacturing Corp., South Bend, Indiana

(Continued from page 98)

"Well, it was this way," he said. "We had a lot of good material this year, more than we've had anytime since I've been here. We pledged seventeen. If none of them bust out we'll be hanging from the rafters around here. We had some legacies, of course, but not many, and we had to turn down some fellows that any other year we might have been glad to get. That's just the way it was."

"And Charlie?" Ethan persisted. "We liked him all right," Olding said. "He made a good enough impression. He didn't have much to say for himself, but that doesn't count against him, of course. He was just up against pretty stiff competition. I guess that's the best way of saying it."

Maybe not the best, Ethan thought, but it'll do. At least it has done for a good many years in just this sort of situation, and he remembered Edmonds' relating a conversation he'd had with Doc Brenner, who was forever trying to push somebody down their throats.

"I'd like you to look him over again," he said.

"Well, we could do that," Olding agreed. "Next time we rush we'll have him up again. We're pretty full, though—it looks as though we're about finished for this year, anyway. Of course we'll be glad to do what we can."

It was the politest sort of brush-off, all in the bonds of the brotherhood where there were no hard feelings, but if he'd accomplished anything at all Ethan didn't know what it was. And maybe he should have left it up to Sheff, he thought, a sense of his own inadequacy welling up inside him. Maybe Sheff could have filled the shoes of that person with influence Cynthia was talking about—better than he could, anyway. He saw Alsopp shift his weight and knew he

was anxious to have it over with and to get downstairs again.

He put the ruler down on the desk and stood up, glancing around the room as he did and seeing suddenly the dark water marks on the ceiling. They had spread out some since his time, deepened a little.

"How're you getting along with the money for the roof?" he asked.

HE SAW Alsopp glance at Olding. He looked as though he were going to say something, and then he dug his hands into his pockets and stared down at the floor.

"That's kind of a ticklish subject right now," Olding said. "We got ourselves jammed up a little."

"How's that?" Ethan asked.

"Well, we must have underestimated what we'd need."

"You mean Bo underestimated," Alsopp put in.

"Well, all right, Bo did, then," Olding said. "Bo McClain," he explained to Ethan. "He got a figure from this fellow Maxon. He says Maxon told him he'd put the roof on for eleven hundred and so that's what we tried to raise."

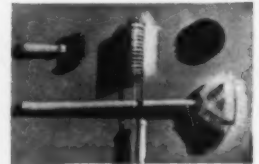
"That's what we did raise," Alsopp said.

"Yeah," Olding nodded. "But the hooker was that when Bo told Maxon to go ahead, Maxon said the price of roofing had gone up and he'd have to have fourteen fifty. We tried everywhere and we couldn't do any better than fifteen hundred. We wanted to hit it on the nose. You see, we ran into the same sort of thing last year on getting the bathroom fixed—it wasn't Bo's fault then—but we had to go back to the alums for more money and they didn't like it." He frowned. "This time we thought we had it all wrapped up. We even sent out letters saying we were ready to go."

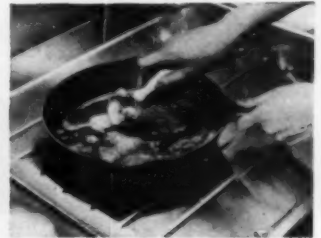
(Continued on page 103)

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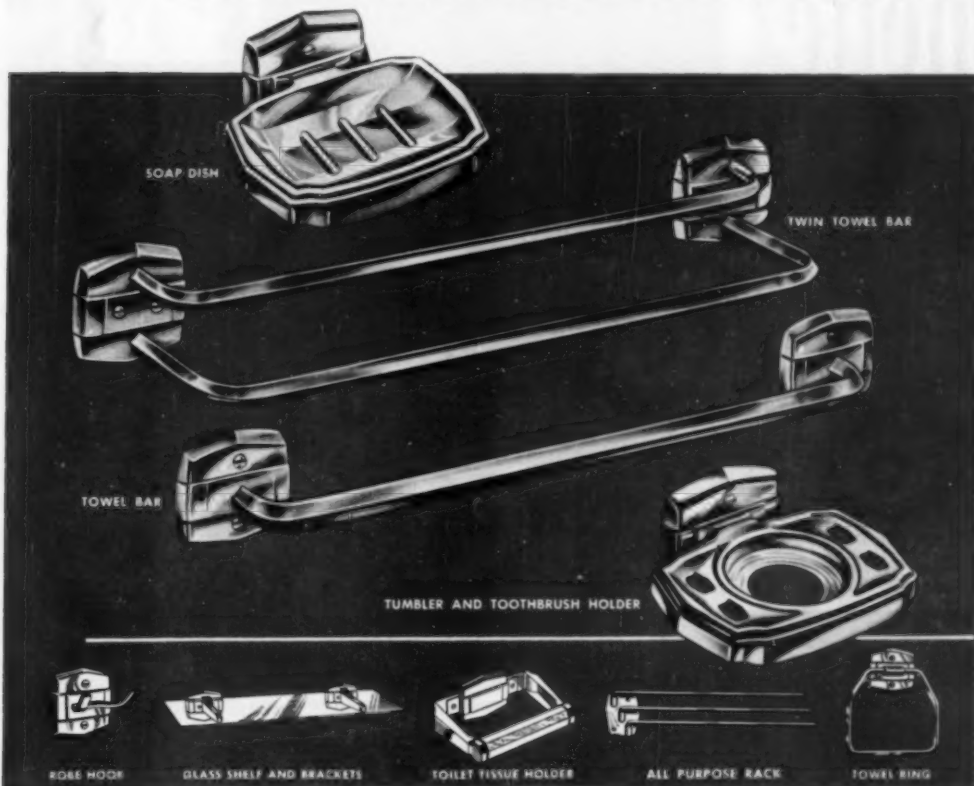


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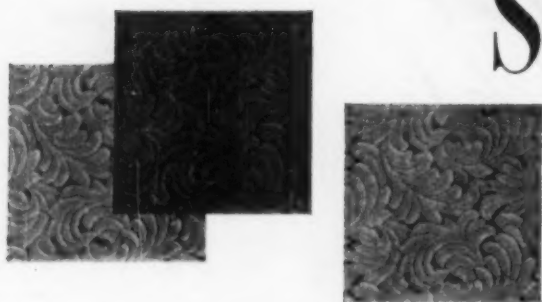
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(Continued from page 100)

Alsopp came over and put his foot on the arm of the couch. "Did you hear that fellow asking me about it downstairs?" he said. "Did you see me fade? I didn't know what kind of an answer to give him."

"We hadn't figured on telling anybody," Olding said. "You asked, though, and that's how it is. But if you could keep it under your hat until we figured something out—borrow the money or something like that, except that we can't very well make a loan without the alums knowing. The fellows are sore, of course. It makes us look bad."

Ethan took out his cigarettes and offered the package to Olding and then to Alsopp. He saw that his hand was not quite steady and he made an effort to tighten up on his wrist.

"I won't say anything about it," he said slowly. "It's a funny thing, though, coming up like this, because I've just been thinking about doing something for the house." He held his voice back a little, feeling his mouth go dry and his lips stiffen around the words. "I could make that up for you—three hundred and fifty. I could send you a check the first of the week, and you could go ahead."

Olding jumped to his feet. "You could?" he said. "Gee, that's the best news I've heard. Wait'll I tell the fellows. And Bo—he's been pushing for quarters and half-dollars lately, passing the hat—wait'll I tell him." He clapped his hand on Alsopp's shoulder. "What'd you say, fellow? Did you hear that?"

"I heard it," Alsopp told him. "Brother, and how!"

Ethan lit his cigarette and stood for a moment looking down at the little spiral of smoke.

"Of course, I'd like to feel you were going to give Charlie Nichols an even break," he said.

He had some idea of making it sound like a joke. He tried that, at least, but the instant the words were out he knew his voice had crossed him up. He could feel the close, immediate silence crowding in on him, and when he glanced up he saw Olding's face sealed away from him and the unmistakable expression of righteousness come up in his eyes.

"We couldn't take anybody on a basis like that," he said.

"Like what?" Ethan asked.

"Well, maybe I got you wrong."

The boy's face reddened. "I mean we couldn't take a gift and feel we had to pledge somebody on account of it."

"Naturally not," Ethan said quickly, despising himself now for having made the offer at all, and then for having loused it up. "You'll get your check, all right. There's no connection. Naturally I'm anxious to see Charlie pledged. I've said that already. We'd been on the subject and I just wanted to finish it up."

"Well, sure," the boy said. "I can see that." His voice warmed. "And we'd do what we can about Nichols. Maybe we can have him up this semester—not formal rushing, of course, but just so the fellows can get to know him. There's always room for anybody we feel we can't miss. You know how that is."

I KNOW, Ethan thought, I know how it is; and as he opened the door and walked across the hall and down the stairs he didn't remember ever having felt sillier. It was not only the money, although anybody—not just this big-toothed, righteous-eyed boy beside him, but anybody at all—who took a look at his checkbook would know what an act he'd put on. But it was not only that. It was the whole situation right down the line—not believing in what he'd done, but

(Continued on page 104)

by Anna Fisher

## TRY THIS

with your muffin pan. Use it...



for a relish tray. It's perfect for serving picnic assortments of pickles, olives, onions, relishes or mustard



for making quick patty shells. Remove crusts from fresh bread, press slices into muffin tin, bake at 400F



for holding tacks, nails and screws. Keeps law and order in the home workshop, makes hardware easy to find



for individual salad molds. Fill pans with your favorite molded salad and turn out six or twelve servings at once

PETER NYHOLM

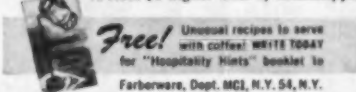
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LEWYT CORPORATION, DEPT. 10, 78 BROADWAY, BROOKLYN 11, N. Y.

(Continued from page 103)

feeling pushed into doing it anyway. Cornered.

He said goodbye to Sheff and Ann. Sheff's hand felt warm and solid in his own, and for some reason, standing there in the hall saying it had been great, saying it had been a day for the books and they must do it again every fall, he felt as near to tears as he had in fifteen years. Or more.

Outside the house he sucked the cold, frosty air deep into his lungs, and when he reached the Union he switched off the ignition key and sat there, staring ahead of him at the instrument panel. The hands of the clock stood at exactly six and he waited—he waited deliberately, though for the life of him he couldn't have told why—until a quarter past before he got out and went to meet Cynthia and Charlie.

ALL three of them sat in the front, with Cynthia in the middle, and it was Cynthia who did most of the talking on the way back to Detroit. She talked about Sheff and Ann and the game, and she told Ethan about Charlie's room. He had a room in a private house near the Union, and she'd walked over to see it.

"You didn't hurry, did you?" Cynthia asked. "Not on our account, I mean?"

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"No," he said. "I stayed long enough."

"And were Sheff and Ann going to have dinner there? At the house?"

"I guess so," he said. "I forgot to ask them."

She took off her hat and pushed her hands up through her hair. "You know, I liked him, Ethan," she said. "I liked him awfully, but I couldn't get over his attitude. It was so different from yours."

"In what way?" he asked, but he knew, of course. He knew exactly in what way she meant.

"Oh, in lots of ways," she said. "All that fraternity business, for instance. Being so serious about it. I couldn't believe my ears—I couldn't honestly believe he meant it."

Ethan pressed on the accelerator and watched the tunnel of light from his headlights leap forward.

"I guess he has his reasons," "Even so . . ." Cynthia laughed. "He was so funny about it, so earnest . . . And all that business about his pin."

"What about his pin?" Charlie asked.

Ethan felt Cynthia hesitate. She had been smoking, and she leaned forward and punched her cigarette down in the ash tray.

"Nothing, really," she said. "He had it on, that's all. It was just that he seemed to think it was so impor-

tant—fraternities in general. His in particular, of course."

Charlie didn't answer at once. For a moment Ethan thought they were through with it, and then he heard Charlie's voice again, speaking slowly this time but with no tinge of embarrassment.

"Talking about fraternities," he said. "I guess I never did thank you, Ethan, for writing your house about me."

"Oh, that's all right," Ethan told him. "I'm sorry things didn't work out better." His neck felt tight in his collar and he pulled his chin up and around until he got a glimpse of Charlie's profile illumined faintly by the light from the dashboard. "As a matter of fact," he went on, "I was talking to the boys in the house about you. Jack Olding and a fellow named Alsopp. You'd made an awfully good impression, they say, but I take it rushing was pretty much of a rat race this year. Anyway they rush again next semester, you know, and they want to have you up then—before that. I guess—sometime this fall. That's off the record, of course, as far as rushing goes, but that's their idea."

He spoke rapidly, recalling as he did his talk with Olding and Alsopp but trying anyway to put some enthusiasm into his voice. And then he stopped and waited for Charlie to answer.

"I don't think I could do that," the boy said finally.

"Do what?"

"Go up there again."

"But why on earth not?" Cynthia asked. "Why couldn't you?"

"Well, it's like this . . ." Charlie hesitated. "You see, you're not supposed to do anything after Rush Week—nobody pledges, I mean. And my roommate and I haven't—not exactly, because the Pleiads would get in trouble if anybody knew we had—but in a way that's what we've done."

"The Pleiads?" Cynthia said, her voice coming up a little. "Who are they?"

"It's a fraternity," he told her. "The same thing, really, as a fraternity. Only it's local."

"But why would you want to belong to anything like that?"

"How do you mean?" he asked. "Like what?"

"Well, I mean if you're going to join anything, why don't you wait and maybe you could belong to a bigger one—a national one? Like Ethan's."

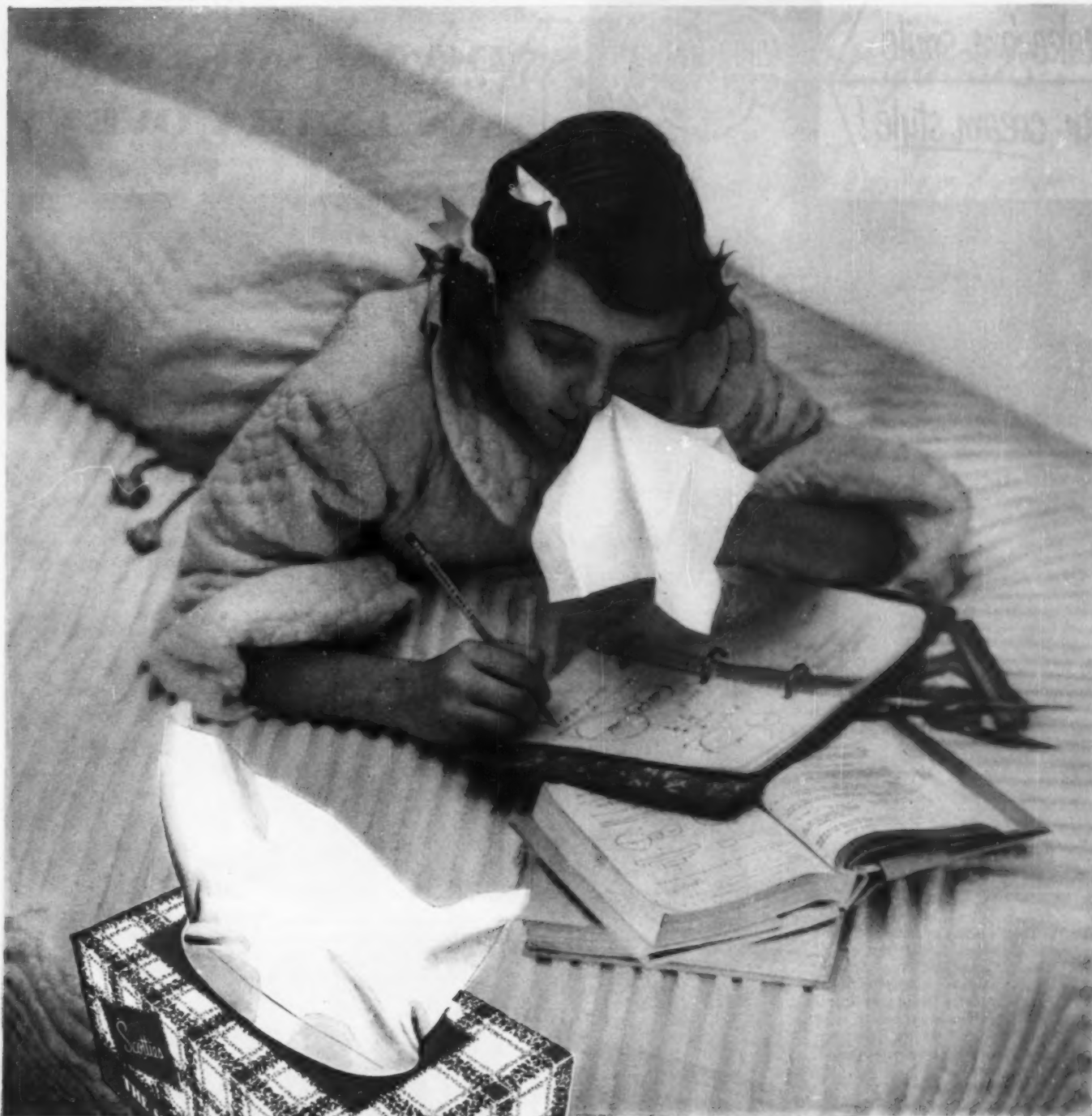
"Why?" he asked. "I thought from the way you were talking . . ."

HE STOPPED there. He didn't have to go any further because it was obvious enough right then that he had her. It was as easy as that, finally, and whether it was by design or simply through an artless, innocent quality in Charlie, Ethan never knew. But he had her all right—out in the open, with no place to run. No cover. Pricked with a pin, the balloon collapsed and the whole complicated, ridiculous business came down to a size where, if you were given to analysis, you could go ahead and analyze.

Aware that Cynthia had turned toward him, Ethan kept his eyes on the road. Without looking at her he knew what was in her face and he wanted to laugh—he wanted to stop the car and put his head down on the steering wheel and laugh until he was sick.

"The Pleiads are a good club," he said smoothly, and in spite of himself he let the arrogant tone of the Greeks slide up into his voice. "They always had a pretty good bunch while I was on campus."

THE END



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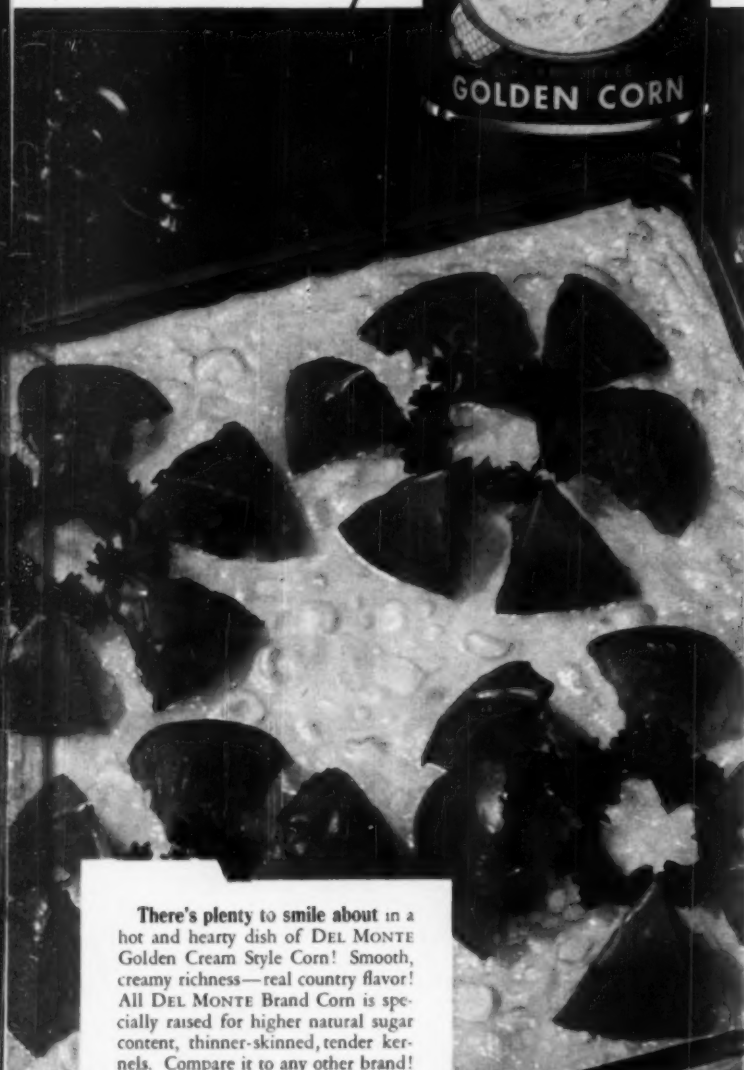
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practical family use. You can "blow" into them and they don't go to pieces. They don't crumble when you remove make-up. Scotties are ideal for the whole family, children and grownups alike.

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make 'em smile  
with cream style!



There's plenty to smile about in a hot and hearty dish of DEL MONTE Golden Cream Style Corn! Smooth, creamy richness—real country flavor! All DEL MONTE Brand Corn is specially raised for higher natural sugar content, thinner-skinned, tender kernels. Compare it to any other brand!

**ROSETTE CORN PUDDING**

3 tbsps. chopped onion	2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tbsps. butter or margarine	1 2305 can DEL MONTE Golden Cream Style Corn
1 tbsp. flour	Salt and pepper to taste
½ cup milk	4 firm tomatoes

Sauté onions in butter till limp. Blend in flour; add milk gradually, stirring constantly till thick and smooth. Stir slowly into beaten eggs; add corn; season. Wash and core tomatoes. Cut 3 times across blossom end to within ¼" of stem end. Place in shallow 6-cup baking dish and open segments. Pour corn mixture around tomatoes. Place dish in pan of hot water; bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 40 min. Garnish with parsley if desired. Serves 6.

**Del Monte Corn**  
—the brand that puts flavor first

by Helen Kirtland

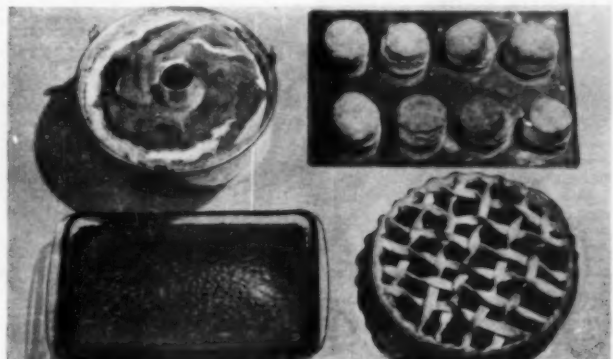
**DO YOU NEED AN EXTRA OVEN?**



The electric roaster cooks the main dish for a big meal practically without attention. It holds two plump chickens comfortably. Or use it for quantities of baked beans, barbecued ribs, a whole ham. Meats go on rack in inset pan, take same time and temperature as in the kitchen range



It cooks complete main courses. Start a handsome roast, for instance. Two hours before it is done add potatoes and carrots rolled in fat. Or put chicken pies in your prettiest casseroles to bake on the electric roaster's two baking racks. Stagger the casseroles to allow for even heat circulation



It bakes breads and cakes to golden perfection. Whatever you bake—delicate angel food, fluffy biscuits, spicy gingerbread, a gay cherry pie—always preheat the roaster. When signal light goes out, set pan on baking rack one-half inch from the sides. Window in cover allows peeking

GEORGE LAZARUS

Have 'em for lunch... for supper... for guests!



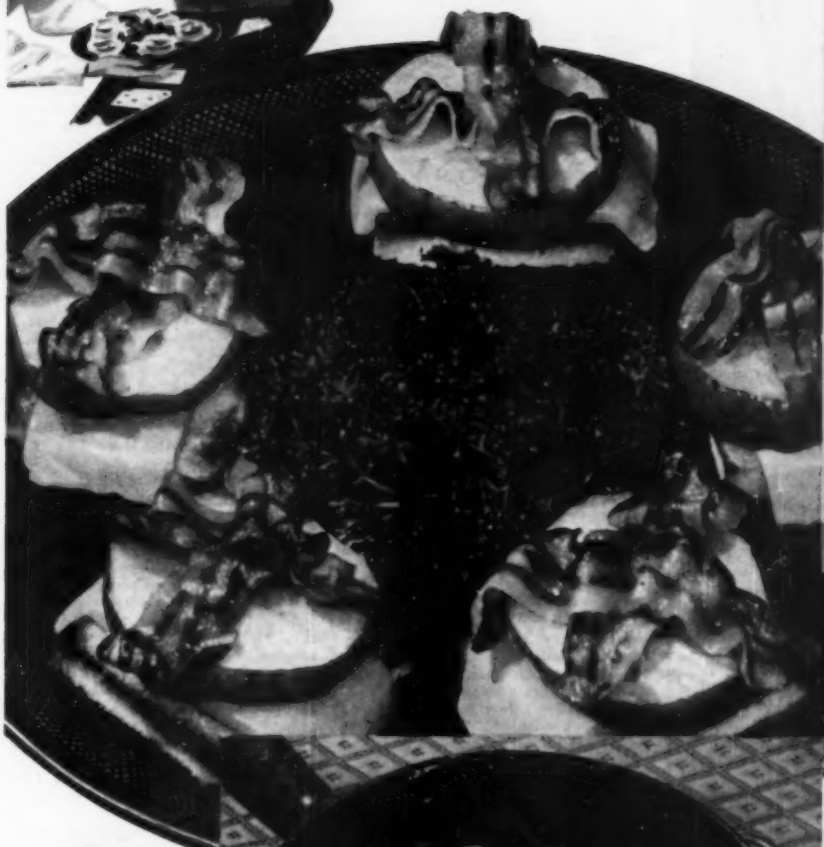
## Velveeta Harvest Delights

*What a helper you have  
in handy Velveeta!*

**So nutritious... so good  
so many different ways!**

When folks drop in, you're all set for "refreshments" with Velveeta on hand. Or when the youngsters demand a hand-out, again to your rescue comes Velveeta (chock-full of fine food values from milk!). What a helper you have in this *finest* of cheese foods.

For guests or the family try these open-face sandwiches. Spread toast slices (crusts trimmed) with Kraft Mayonnaise. Cover with Velveeta slices. Top with apple rings (which have been brushed with butter or Parkay Margarine, sprinkled with brown sugar and broiled). Add 2 strips of partially broiled bacon to each sandwich. Place in 350° oven until Velveeta is melted and bacon crisp. Serve hot.



**Luncheon Special.** Melt 1/4 lb. of Velveeta in top of double boiler. Stir in 1/4 c. milk. Pour that rich (and nutritious!) cheese sauce over toast points topped with hard-cooked egg halves. Garnish with pimento.



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For Hoover was probably a household word in his mother's home. He knows almost as much about the Hoover's long-run dependability as you do. (Refresher: read him the few facts below.)

You'll get a quick O.K. from him when you tell him you want a Hoover . . . Especially since Hoover prices start at only \$59.95 . . . with easy terms.

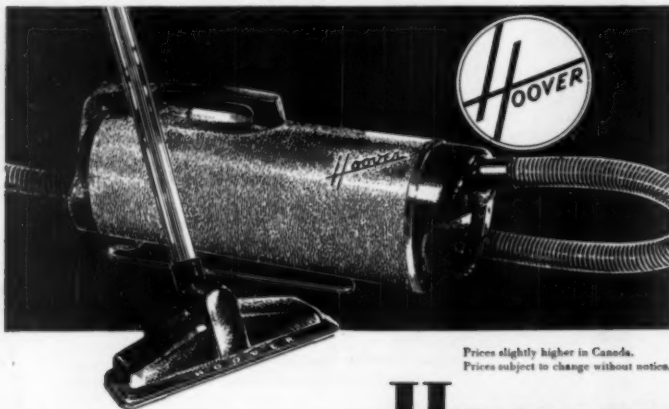
## Facts to Show Your Husband

- 44 years of manufacture—oldest and largest.
- More than 10,000,000 Hoovers already sold.
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Your hands never touch dirt with the Hoover AERO-DYNE Model 51 tank cleaner (below). Exclusive Dirt Ejector clicks dirt out. Extra-effective controlled suction with the famous "Litter Gitter" nozzle gets more dirt faster. Complete with Veriflex hose and tools, \$84.95.



Prices slightly higher in Canada. Prices subject to change without notice.

You'll be happier with a **Hoover**

THE HOOVER COMPANY  
North Canton, Ohio; Hamilton, Ontario, Canada  
Perivale, England

## YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME

Continued from page 31

Let's get away from each other for a while—six months, say—and see if it makes any difference. And it hadn't.

That Linda might have changed was inconceivable. She was just as much Matt Loring's daughter now as she had ever been, just as much the motherless child of a rich father who saw no reason why, merely because she had married a man with a low-bracket income, she should ever want for anything.

She had wanted him, for instance, Joel Torrey, and Matt had looked Joel over, at first a little fearfully, then with relief and approval. He had liked Joel. It was as if he said, "I'll buy that." But at the time Joel had been too blindly in love to see what might lie ahead. He felt safe in knowing that he had a good job in a public relations firm, that he was climbing up and would climb higher because he knew how to work. He'd always worked. With Linda beside and behind him, he'd work even harder; they'd get up there one rung at a time.

They should have talked that part of it over but Linda always said, "Later, darling. That's for when the cloud I'm on settles down."

He hadn't known then that her father had no idea of stopping her allowance when she married and that it was almost twice her husband's salary. And somehow during the cloudland period they acquired a big, expensive apartment in town and a summer cottage on the Cape.

They had fine furniture and fabulous rugs and the biggest and best television set and they had two maids and, when Lucretia was born, a nurse. They gave fine parties but it wasn't long before Joel saw his friends' lifted eyebrows as they said, "Pretty soft, kid. Pretty soft."

Matt Loring, down in Texas with the oil wells, sent a check when the baby was born, a fat whale of a check. Pay to the order of Joel Torrey, it said. It was to help out a little with expenses, to buy what Linda needed, what the baby needed, and the rest, wrote Matt, delirious with joy over his grandchild, was to celebrate on.

"Stud fee," Joel said, and ripped the check to shreds. This was not the first quarrel about money but it was one of the worst.

"This boorish, out-dated pride of yours makes no sense," Linda said, as she had said again and again. "Why should I wash dishes and run vacuums and stand around haggling in grocery stores? If I had to I'd probably like nothing better. But I don't have to and everyone knows I don't and I'd look a fool doing it."

"And what," demanded Joel, "do I look like?" And he told her, profanely.

But when he cooled off he had to admit the logic in what Linda said. He could not deny that though she could afford to be idle she never was. She liked to read and sew and she worked seriously at her art courses. She had a talent and did not waste it.

There was also Lucretia, emerging from a terrifying littleness to a person no longer referred to as "the baby" but as "Cree." He came home to tales of how Cree did this and Cree did that and these tales absorbed him and pushed his grievance to the back of his mind. Then came Christmas. An account went bad at his office and the usual bonus didn't come through. It would be a rather slim Christmas, he told Linda. But he reckoned without Matt. He'd thought that after he re-

fused Matt's check when Cree was born, Matt would see the light.

Matt saw only Christmas, the best excuse in the world. Up from Texas winged another check, this time made out to Linda. "No place down here to buy anything," wrote Matt. "Shop for me, honey—and don't spare the horses, especially for Cree."

Joel said, "Sure. Buy her a Rolls. Or two mink coats—or four years at Vassar. Or shall we save it to buy her a husband—a sap like me, coming home every payday with a handful of peanuts. I don't know why I do it."

Linda looked at him then as she never had before, her dark eyes cold. She took the check from him.

"I don't know either," she said. "I don't know why you ever come home at all."

"Maybe you'd rather I didn't?"

"Yes," Linda said steadily, standing slim and straight before him, shining as always with the special glow given off by girls who've had loving, costly nurturing. Linda's showed in the gleam of her dark hair, the healthy, glowing clarity of her skin and eyes, the graceful, easy balance of her strong, lithe body. It even came through her low vibrant voice and her manner of speech.

She couldn't live my way, he'd thought helplessly. I've no right to ask her to.

He didn't ask her to. He said if that was the way she wanted it, he'd go. The finality of it shocked them into quiet talk. They knew that in this room with Cree's first Christmas tree, her toys and her sock hanging at the mantelpiece, they would not use the word "divorce." They settled finally on an easier term, an implied loophole: "trial separation." And that night, the day Cree had become exactly four months old, he moved to his club . . .

JOEL TORREY-looked at the last waning hours of the allotted time and asked of the silent space in his sitting room, "Now what?" His telephone rang then as if in answer and he leaped over to it, his heart pounding. But it was only the desk downstairs. There was a Mr. Nick Lowrie to see him. He wanted to say he'd never heard of a Mr. Nick Lowrie, to tell Mr. Nick Lowrie to go jump in the river. But the disappointment had weakened him, made him feel that if he stayed alone in this room another minute he'd go nuts. "Send him up," he said.

Nick Lowrie came. He was a stocky young man with sandy hair, a good tan, direct, friendly gray eyes. He looked easygoing, even a little lazy, but somehow dependable.

They'd barely shaken hands when he said in what Joel recognized at once as a Texas drawl, "Reckon you never heard of me. But I've heard of you." He showed white teeth in a grin. "You're the guy who stole my girl. No hard feelings. Never were."

Joel said, "What girl?" and Nick said at once, "Why, Linda, of course. I was the boy next door when Linda was still down in Texas. Anyway, things being like they are now, I thought you and I could talk and get sort of squared off on the situation."

They were still standing in the middle of the room. This was a warm evening in late June but Joel felt as if an icy blast had hit him.

"What situation?"

"The three of us," Nick said. "You and Linda and I."

"Did she send you here? Is this her way of letting me know her decision?" "No to both questions," Nick said. "I'm on my own. Can we talk?"

Joel wanted to smash his fist into the calm, boyish face. He said abruptly, "I'll make a drink." He did so

(Continued on page 110)



6 Ideas for every

mother with children in school



# Milk-rich lunches to go on... to grow on

## lunches to carry

Take-to-school lunches can be varied... tasty... something warm... and full of MILK-rich goodness, too. Here are three that satisfy!

4

Hot out of a thermos bottle—*Cream of Tomato Soup!* *Crackers.* Ah-h-h, then... a delicious, "stick-to-the-ribs," *BUTTERED Egg-and-Lettuce Sandwich.* So good, with a refreshing glass of MILK. And for a fortifying finish, *Custard* and *BUTTER Cookies!*



5

Greet that pent-up, noontime hunger with *BUTTERED, CHEESE-and-Ham Sandwiches.* With them a thermos of *Hot Cocoa*... or refreshing *Chocolate MILK.* And to top off these good things from home... *Sponge Cake* and a *Banana!* What a food foundation for education!



6

"Oh, see what we've got today!" *BUTTERED Meat-Loaf Sandwich*... followed by a *Pimento CHEESE-Spread Sandwich*... with a *pinch* of fresh MILK... loaded with health and plenty of energy. Top it off to *complete satisfaction* with *Fruit Salad* and *BUTTER Cookies!* *M-M-m-m, what extin'!*

## lunches to come home to

Racing footsteps... eager appetites... and here are lunches packed with MILK-rich taste and energy... to "go" on... to grow on!

1

*Creamed Chipped Beef* on *BUTTERED Toast*... *M-M-m-m*... how good! *Glass o' MILK*... for health, growth... the spark of life! Flavorsy *apple sauce*... with *chocolate Brownies!* "M-M-m-m, yummy... thanks Mother!"



2

Piping hot *Cream-of-Corn Soup*... "Oh, Boy!" with *Crackers!* That's a tune-up for a *Grilled CHEESE, BUTTERED-Toast Sandwich*... taste-tempting, satisfying! *Glass o' MILK,* of course... for the "lift that lasts"... topped off with *BUTTER Cookies* and *ICE CREAM.* Each a relished treat... all quick and easy for you!



3

Loaded with goodness! *Devilled Eggs* in *CHEESE Sauce* on *BUTTERED Toast*... Smack!—Smack! Cold glass of *rich, fresh MILK*... to "go" on... to grow on! And to satisfy the "sweet tooth"—*Butterscotch Cake*... and *Gelatine Dessert* with *CREAM.* Back to school... well-fed and happy!



School lunches—*at home or to carry*—can be taste-temptingly varied, yet simple and easy, inexpensive, too, with life-giving MILK and other nutritious DAIRY FOODS.

## AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

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Whenever you get a stain on white or color-fast cottons or linens, refer to the Clorox label. For Clorox removes numerous stains from linens... kitchen and bathroom surfaces, too.

**3 AN effective DEODORIZER**

Yes, Clorox deodorizes in laundering and in routine cleaning. Clorox-clean linens, and kitchen and bathroom surfaces, not only *look clean*... they *smell clean!*

**4 In addition CLOROX is one of the world's great DISINFECTANTS**

Clorox is the most efficient disinfectant of its kind... it acts faster, kills germs quicker. Give your family the added health protection of a Clorox-clean home. Disinfect drainboard, sink, wash basin, shower, tub and toilet bowl regularly with Clorox. See directions on the Clorox label.

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CLOROX BLEACHES  
REMOVES STAINS  
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and *Disinfects*

CLOROX-CLEAN means  
ADDED HEALTH PROTECTION!

(Continued from page 108)

blindly, his hands shaking. When he came back, Lowrie was sitting easily in the corner of the sofa, smoking a cigarette. He took the drink, said thanks and then leaned forward, elbows on his big knees.

"Matt Loring told me about this—what-cha-call-it—this trial separation business," Nick said. "So I figured if you and Linda decided to call it quits for good I might have a chance. So I dropped in to see how you stand. I don't want to start anything unless there's an open field."

Joel stood against a table, gripping it with white-knuckled fingers. "You're asking the wrong person. You should ask—her. It's up to her, not me."

"Nope. We're not on that kind of footing," Nick said. "I've only seen her once since I came up here—had lunch with her and we talked about home and people we knew. Nothing else." Nick twirled the ice in his glass. "Think I know Linda pretty well, though. Know how she feels about—oh, you know, the big fundamentals. Like being married for keeps, being a good mother, doing what's right by the baby. That's why I'm pretty sure if you asked her to take you back she would."

"Thanks," Joel said. "I'm not asking."

"But suppose she asked you—"  
Joel's mouth was stiff. "She won't. I think you know she won't. I think she sent you here to tell me so."

Nick shook his head. "You get steamed up too fast, boy," he said. "I told you she didn't. But I can tell you this much. I asked her for a dinner date, and she picked tonight. I happen to know that tonight's the last night of this separation thing. And I don't think she'd have picked tonight to go out with me if she expected to—"

"All right," Joel stood up. "That's enough."

Nick cocked his head, eyed Joel curiously. "Stiff-necked guy, aren't you? Matt says you couldn't take his doing things for Linda. He's pretty sore—but upset, too. Says it's all his fault."

"It's nobody's fault," Joel said. Nick got up. "Well, I don't know. If it was my wife and I couldn't keep her in champagne and mink, I'd be only too glad to let her papa do it. What's money between a man and wife? Maybe a nuisance if there isn't enough, sure. But if there is, why then skip it. You don't see it that way?"

"I see it exactly the way I always saw it," Joel said.

Nick looked at his watch. "I pick up Linda at eight. Well, here I go."

"Blessings," Joel said ironically.

Nick grinned. "Nice knowing you, fella," he said, and left.

THERE was nothing to wait for now, so Joel went out, picked up a few drinks and had dinner. The drinks did no good and he couldn't eat because he'd begun already to churn inside with wondering when the wheels of statute would start rolling. There'd be lawyers, talk about alimony—what a laugh!—talk about dividing up Cree. You take one end of Cree and I'll take the other. Very comic, all of it.

He came back to his rooms around ten, and when he opened the door his telephone was ringing—long insistent rings, as if it had been ringing for hours. He was in no hurry about answering it. The returns were in now. This could be anybody calling. He picked it up and spoke into it wearily.

A girl's voice, young, breathless, said, "Mr. Torrey—gee, Mr. Torrey, I thought you'd never answer. Mr. Torrey, I'm Janey Pickett. I'm babysitting for Mrs. Torrey and I have to go now because Kenny—that's my boy



**MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE**

Happiest idea on the pantry shelf—it takes no time, no trouble. In a matter of minutes you can embellish a meat, brighten a casserole, enliven a salad with the brilliant color and spicy flavor of **WHOLE RED PIMIENTOS**. Their generous use turns everyday menus into festive meals.



Decorative **PIMIENTOS** are more than a garnish—they're a delicious vitamin-filled food. Chop, strip or use them whole inside the meat loaf.



**PIMIENTOS** dress up casseroles of all kinds—bake them with cheese dishes, vegetables, fish, potatoes, egg recipes.



Let **PIMIENTOS** set the color scheme for party salads and sandwiches. Serve more tempting left-overs, too.

**PRETTIEST** idea on the pantry shelf

**JARS OR CANS OF WHOLE RED PIMIENTOS**



friend—Kenny's here and I have to go. Someone will have to come over here right away."

It took a moment for this astounding speech to sink in. His knees were watery and he sat down. "Then get someone—the baby's nurse—Thelma, where's she?"

"I wouldn't know about any nurse," the voice tumbled on impatiently. "And I have simply got to go because Kenny's only got tonight and I—oh, hurry, Mr. Torrey."

Joel's face flamed. "Listen, I don't live there. I—"

"Oh, fudge on that divorcee' stuff," Janey said. "You're the baby's father and I've tried everybody and if you don't come Kenny and I will just have to go anyway."

"You can't do that. Call an agency—"

"At this hour? Look, Mister, either you come over here or I'll bring the baby over there."

"No!"

"Then hurry up, Mrs. Torrey's apartment, 68 East—"

"I know. Wait there."

JANEY PICKETT was plump, voluble and starry-eyed. Kenny was a rawboned, grinning soldier with big ears. He said he had a few hours' leave before being sent he didn't know exactly where.

"The baby's asleep," Janey said, jamming on her beret, "and she hardly ever wakes up, but if she does just change her and give her a bottle."

"But I never—I—"

"Pot of water on the stove. Just heat the bottle in that," Janey said, seized Kenny's arm and was gone.

Joel stood blinking, trying to get things into focus. The silence and familiarity of the big living room closed in on him, almost stifling him. Over there under the standing lamp was his special chair. Over here was Linda's. There were flowers in all the vases, just as there had always been. He wanted desperately to get out of there.

The cure for this, he thought, was television. He went out of this room and into the library-den-lounge, as Linda had called it—"especially lounge." He switched on the lights. The set was there but the room didn't look the same. A drawing board propped up on an easel made all the difference—that and a plain board kitchen table with a bowl of brushes on it and little pots of lamplack, and here and there small wads of blackened tissue on which brushes had been wiped.

He forgot the television, went over to the easel and stood staring at a half-finished black and white fashion figure, the kind dress shops use in newspaper advertising. It was very good, he decided. It had quality, vitality. It had also a businesslike look, as if it were a definite job—an order, and that was borne out when he saw a scrap of paper pinned to the board. It said: "Danforth & Grymes. Deadline Monday 5 p.m."

"She's working," he thought, adding quickly, "to amuse herself."

But he felt uncertain and the palms of his hands were damp as he backed from the room. He decided to make himself a drink and went out to the corridor to go to the kitchen. He wanted to hurry past what had been their bedroom but there was a small dim lamp burning in it and it drew his gaze. He saw the bed against the wall, turned down with a wisp of nightgown and a silken dressing robe laid out on top of it. That was Linda's bed.

"I fell out of bed once," Linda had said. "So I always have to have the one against the wall so there'll be only one side to fall out of it."

(Continued on page 115)



...of course,  
it's electric!

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**Westinghouse FROST-FREE\***  
AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATORS

**NO DEFROSTING ... anywhere, any time!**

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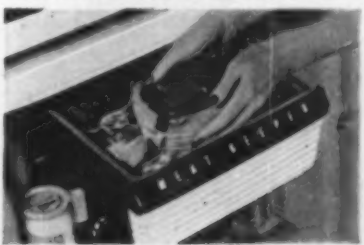
**Only the Westinghouse FROST-FREE**

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- FROST-FREE gives you both a Refrigerator and a Freezer in a single unit ... and *neither* needs defrosting. See the new FROST-FREE models and other great Westinghouse Refrigerators at your retailer's now. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Mansfield, Ohio.

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**FULL-WIDTH FREEZE CHEST.** Says an Illinois mother of five, "Kitchen work seems nearly cut in half since I don't ever have to defrost".

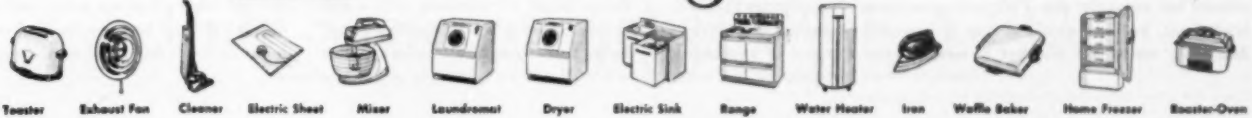


**ROAST-DEEP MEAT KEEPER.** Pennsylvania woman finds it, "Keeps all my meat so nice and fresh. I only need to go shopping once a week".

\*Trade Mark. U. S. Patent Invented Dec. 5, 1931, 17 and 5,094,000

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Toaster Exhaust Fan Cleaner Electric Sheet Mixer Leundromat Dryer Electric Sink Range Water Heater Iron Waffle Baker Home Freezer Roaster-Oven



# new way to wash blankets *without shrink*

*It's not the hot water that shrinks wool blankets, makes them "felt."  
It's the twisting and pulling while they're wet. Wash them in  
these quick steps and keep all that woolly warmth you love to touch*

BY ELEANOR B. COOK



Can you really do your blankets at home, without the cost of dry cleaning them and the need for extras while the others are gone? Flatly, yes you can

PETER NYHOLM



**1** With a soft brush or fingertips work thick suds into badly soiled areas or stains. **Reason:** this shortens washing time for the whole blanket



**2** Fill washer with warm water—hot may fade color. Make a rich suds with mild detergent. Add blanket and soak it, without agitation, for ten minutes. Start washer. Wash in same suds for one minute. **Reason:** soaking loosens dirt, washing removes it — and in a time too short to cause felting



**3** Set the washer for deep rinse (that part of the cycle that immerses blanket in water, doesn't just spray it). Rinse only one minute, then spin



**4** Put blanket into preheated dryer, tumble it for about twenty minutes until almost but not quite dry. Pull out a corner every five minutes to check. Use high heat, because quick drying is essential. **Reason:** fast drying cuts handling while the blanket is wet, lessens danger of shrinking



**5** Now, while blanket is still faintly damp, brush it vigorously with a stiff brush. **Reason:** brushing fluffs nap, helps to restore the blanket to size



**6** Make the bed. From start to finish the job takes about an hour, and the blanket will be back on the bed that night, as fresh, fluffy and warm as new

**NOW—add an extra room**  
*without adding an inch of space!*



**1. If building costs** and restrictions or high rentals have you stumped, cheer up! You can have that "extra room" you need—and for less than \$250! Just get a lovely-to-look-at, lazily relaxing, gloriously comfortable Hide-A-Bed.\* Costs no more than a plain sofa of comparable quality.

**How will it stand up?** Just take a good look at that staunch, built-for-a-life-time frame. Remember, *this sofa is made by Simmons (and nobody else)!* As for comfort, Hide-A-Bed has a *full-length, full-width, comfortable Simmons innerspring mattress.* You do NOT sleep on sofa cushions.



**2. Thirty seconds** is all it takes to convert this magnificent sofa into a luxurious, deep-down-comfort bed. Less time than making your present bed!



**3. It's a sleeping beauty!** No rolling towards center, either—thanks to a very special Simmons base construction. Bedding folds right up with sofa.

*Over 100 decorator-selected fabrics.* 10 choices of styles. Regular or love-seat size. And you can get matching Simmons chairs. It's almost like custom-decorating your room!

**IMPORTANT:** Beautyrest® mattresses available in all styles of Hide-A-Bed.

*At top of page,* Hide-A-Bed in Berkeley Lawson style covered in green High and Low Jacquard Mohair—Patrician Pattern—with matching base bouclé fringe. Chair of same material.

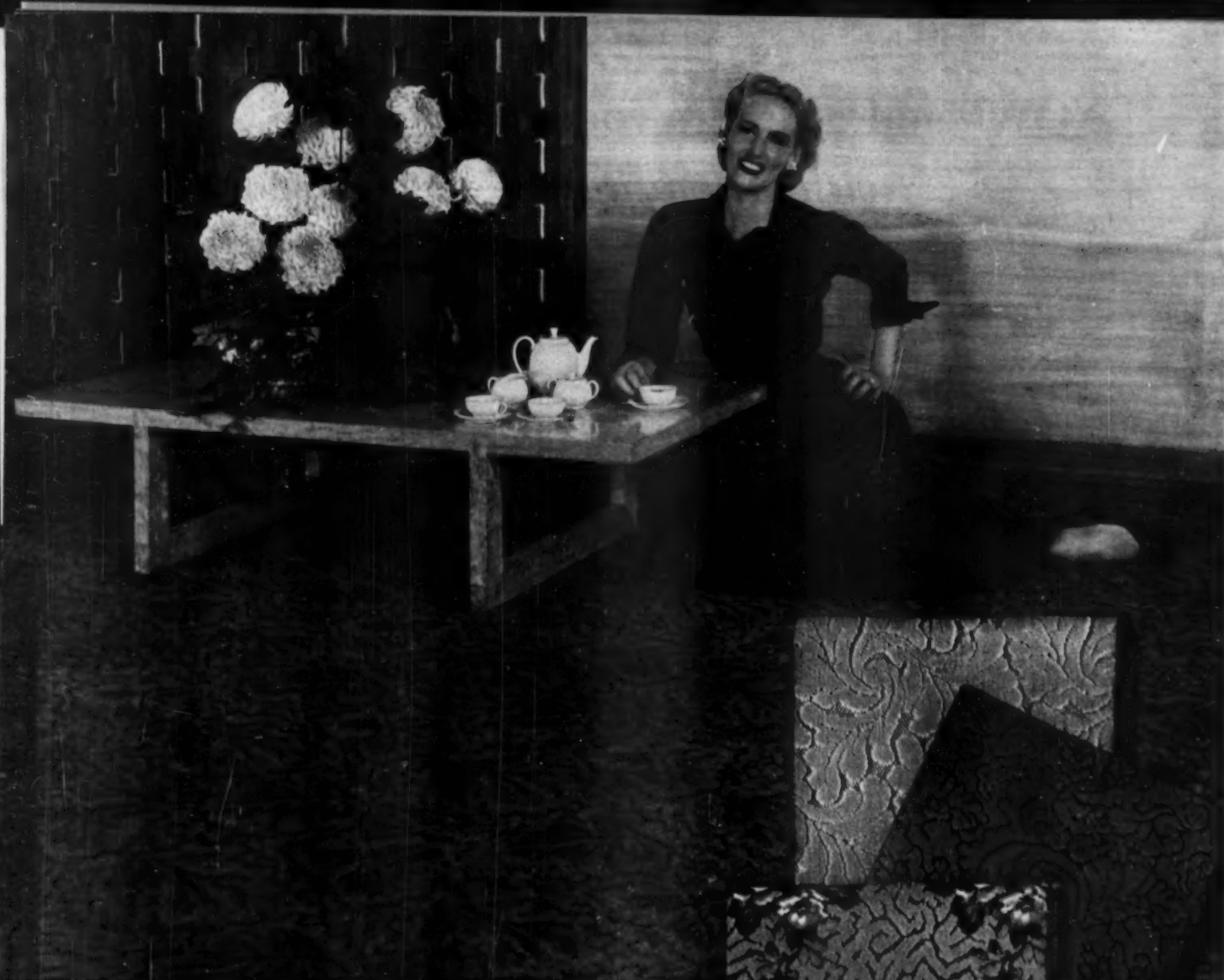
*At right,* Button Back Modern style Hide-A-Bed in grey textured fabric with thick bouclé trimming.



**Only Simmons makes HIDE-A-BED**

Another quality product from the House of Simmons . . . the greatest name in sleep.

\*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Copy 1951 by Simmons Co., Mfg. West, Chicago, Ill.



*Dress by Jo Capeland of Patalls*

*Shown above, Ravello, approx. \$12.50 per sq. yd.\**

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and from the 20th Century Line...  
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approx. \$14.95 per sq. yd.\*  
\*Prices subject to change





(Continued from page 110)

"I can fix that," he had said. He shivered, remembering, and at that instant he heard a sound that froze him in his tracks, a small, plaintive, inquiring sound. Gooseflesh blanketed him from head to foot. Did you change her first or give her the bottle first? He started for the kitchen, wleled and started for the nursery. He did that three times before settling for the nursery.

Cree was sitting up in her crib. She studied him for a moment in serious appraisal. Then she smiled broadly, showing small new teeth she hadn't had when he saw her last. He said, "Hello, kitten. How are you?" and she flopped forward on her knees and crawled to the side of the crib. She pulled herself up, stood very erect, very proud of this feat. She rattled the crib vigorously to make sure that her accomplishment had registered with the audience. Then she said something unintelligible in a tone of question.

"Coming right up," Joel said. He raced to the kitchen, found a bottle in the icebox, put it in the pot of water on the stove and turned on the heat. Cree kept rattling the crib, this time in impatience, and he hurried back to her and lifted her out. She was warm and heavy in his arms, also vaguely damp. He said, "Madam, I don't want to get fresh on such short acquaintance, but where do they keep your unmentionables?"

Cree had her eyes on his wrist watch. She said, "Tick," and again looked proud. He found an unmentionable in a cabinet full of them and laid her on the nurse's bed. She made the business as hard as she could, gleefully kicking, squirming, grabbing from time to time for his watch. He took it off and gave it to her and she settled down at once.

He was sweating when at last, hazily, he finished the job. There were several bad moments when he was deciding whether the milk was too hot or cold, but finally he carried her into the living room and sat down with her in his special chair. She felt very warm and soft against him. He watched her fat cheeks go in and out and her big eyes study him as she sucked and he wondered if she knew, if she could know just by instinct that he was her father.

COMFORT softened and increased her weight and soon her eyes glazed over with sleep which she fought only briefly before she let it take her. But she was awake enough to hang onto his watch. He grinned when, as he tried gently to take it, her fat fingers closed on it tightly. He said softly, "Okay, woman, it's yours." Then suddenly a wave of love for her swept him and he said, "Everything I have is yours. All my worldly goods."

He thought then of Matt Loring. "A man," Matt had said when Joel refused the first big check, "has a special feeling about a daughter. You'll find that out yourself sometime, Joel."

"But I don't want Cree spoiled," Joel had said, and Matt had said simply, "Is Linda spoiled?" She wasn't. The truth was that Linda was spoila-

ble. He must have been, his hair on end, his tie undone, the baby sagging in his arms, her empty bottle dangling from his free hand. Linda had stopped the instant she saw him, her eyes wide, her face abruptly pale. Joel broke the tense silence.

He said out of a dry throat, "The sitter—she had to leave. She called me. So I—I came. I'll go now."

LINDA came forward then, slim and shining as always, expensive and beautiful. She took the baby from him, loosed her grip on his watch and gave it to him. And said nothing—not a word.

When she had carried the baby away, a man cleared his throat. That was Matt, Linda's father, a big, tired-faced man with thick white hair.

"Hello, Joel . . . This is Nick Lowrie."

"We've met," Nick said. He grinned. "Linda went all proper on me. Said a lady still married didn't go out on the town without taking Papa. So he happened to be in town today and he came along. Brought us home early too—very papa-like."

Matt sat down and waved a hand. "Drinks, Nick. I'm bushed." Nick said, "Sure," but he stood uncertainly. Joel said, "In the small room off the kitchen. Liquor cabinet." Nick nodded, ambled from the room.

"Sit down, Joel," Matt said. "I'd better be going—"

"Sit down, blast it!" He sat, then rose again when Linda came into the room. She started a little at sight of him said nothing and sat down gracefully, smoothly, as an actress sits. That was training, Joel thought. He wanted Cree to have that. He wanted Cree to have Linda's carriage and poise and that fine clear color and her voice. He wanted Cree to—

Matt's voice startled him. "Like a second act or something," Matt said. "Here we are, the principal characters in the drama. Or is it farce? Anyway, I'm the villain."

Nick came in with the drinks. "I'm the dark horse," he said. "Not that I expect to win the election. All I ask is a fair break—like I'm giving you, Torrey."

Joel said stiffly, "I don't want any breaks."

"You sure get riled up quick. Have a drink. Relax. Fact is," said Nick, looking into his own glass as if he had spotted something that shouldn't be in it. "I set this up tonight." He grinned. "You wrote the first act—so I decided to write the second."

They all stared at him. Matt said, "What the—"

"Cost me twenty bucks," Nick said. He sat sprawled in a corner of the sofa. He looked easy and lazy but his eyes were alert on Linda. "I was going to open my campaign tonight, Linda."

"Campaign?" Linda's tone was bewildered.

"Candidate for your hand in marriage," Nick said. He took a swallow from his glass. "But I had to be sure. I went around to see this stuffy character, Torrey, tonight and he gave me the go sign, but I didn't believe him. I figured he'd better unlimber that stiff neck of his and come over here and see his kid. And see you too, Linda. Get that part over with so it wouldn't happen sometime after you and I got married. I'm not a guy to take chances. So I gave Janey Pickett twenty bucks to put on her act." Nick's grin was wide now. "She must have done a good job, at that."

Joel got up. "Very smart," he said. "Very big-hearted. But I'm afraid it doesn't prove anything. So if you'll excuse me—"

(Continued on page 116)

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A HUNDRED  
COOKING TASKS

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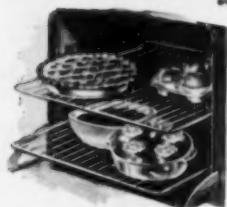
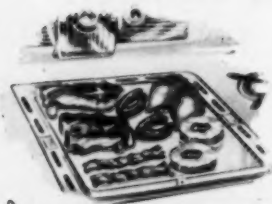


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**BAKE IT!**



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Roasts, pastries, hot breads . . . grilled delicacies . . . vegetables, sauces . . . *everything at once!* That's the time-saving, work-saving success secret of the ESTATE Range. Here's the *only* range designed to let you do all your cooking at once . . . have all your meal piping hot and ready-to-serve at the same time! Short-order snacks or tall-order feasts . . . you can turn them out with equal ease, and have precious extra hours to spend with the family! Cook on the ESTATE, the range that does everything at once!

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Hide-Away Grid-All works wonders on steaks, chops, fruit, or vegetable rings . . . turns out taste-teasing delicacies with a good, greaseless, grilled flavor, so much better—and better for you—than frying.

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Famous Heatrol Heater . . . also made by Estate



Models for city gas and bottled gas



**THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, HAMILTON, OHIO**  
A Subsidiary of Noma Electric Corp.

(Continued from page 115)

"Will you sit down!" Matt thundered. "You better start learning how to meet people halfway. Nick's done his part. Linda's done hers—"

"Dad!"

"Quiet, baby," Matt said. "Linda's refused any allowance from me ever since you left. She's working for a living now, by heaven!" Matt's voice was both exasperated and proud. "And what have you done? Not a danged thing. Just stayed put on the cockeyed idea that your money is better for Linda than mine."

Joel was white. "B—but all I wanted was to support her—and Cree—myself—I—"

"Nobody," Linda said, "needs to support me. I can do it myself. I've found out I can. But undoubtedly you still believe I need money—lots of money—that it matters to me."

They stared at each other, both breathing a little hard, both pairs of eyes angry and tormented and sad. Nick looked at them, shrugged.

"Baby's crying," he said.

"I'll go," Linda said.

"Let me," Joel said. She didn't answer, but he stumbled after her to the

nursery. "Linda," he said, "I didn't know—I thought—"

"Listen, Joel," Linda said defiantly. "I didn't take a job for your sake. I did it because I like to draw. Because earning the money is fun, and married or not married I intend to go right on earning it. Now let's get out of here before we wake Cree."

Cree had not been crying nor did she awaken. They went back to the living room. The drinks were on the table, but Matt and Nick had gone.

Joel caught Linda's arms. "Are you in love with Nick?" he demanded. She shook her head. He pulled her into his arms. "Then I don't care how much money you've got—or how much Matt gives you—or how many pearls and diamonds and whatever—I don't give a hoot. I love you. It's all that counts."

He held her close and she lifted her face to him. He didn't know whether he had changed at all, except that now he knew a man has to be just as big about having money as not having it. Nothing of the problem that had separated them was resolved, but he knew nothing was too good for Cree. What Cree rated was—millions.

THE END

### COLLECT SMALL ANTIQUES

## Old glass hats

GLASS blowers began blowing hats and shoes in the 1700's as an after-hour whimsey. They were so delighted with the results, and they blew and pressed such an endless variety in the next 125 years, that you'll find collecting hats and shoes a fascinating quest.

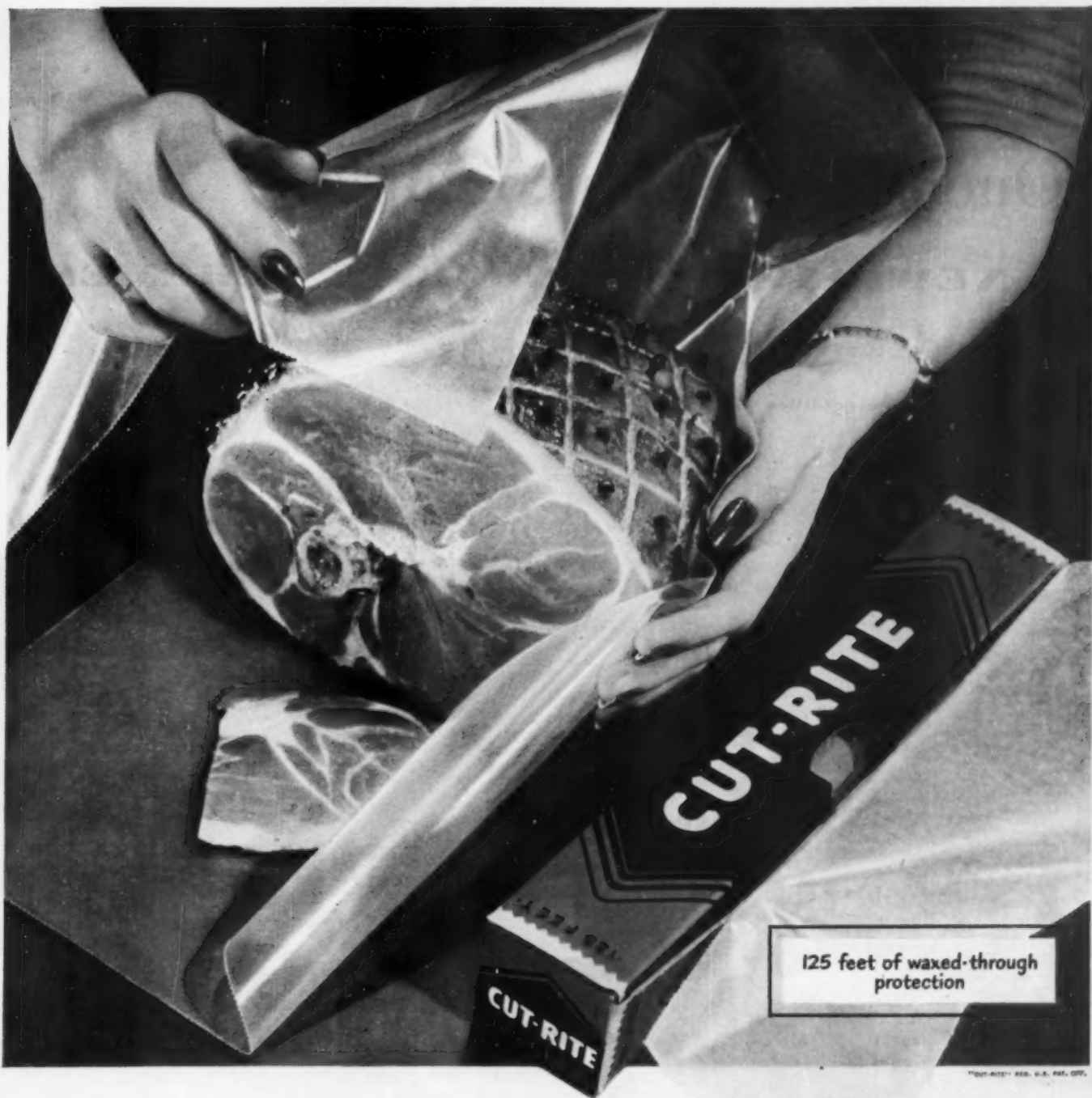
You'll find hats in brown, amber, blue and green bottle glass; in Spatter, Burmese, Amberina and overlaid threaded glass; in pressed glass in such patterns as Cube, Raindrop and Thousand Eye; clowns' hats and witches' hats and hundreds between, swirled, ribbed, frosted, opaque.

Slippers were made for perfume and ink bottles, and to hold pins. You'll find them in many types of glass, mounted on trays, skates and sleighs as bases. High button shoes are a rare find. Blown glass boots are the rarest of all.

BY KATHARINE M. McCLINTON

COURTESY OF THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY





125 feet of waxed-through protection

Waxed through and through... pliable, folds without splitting... cutting edge tears easily!

One thing is sure—you won't waste *any* of Sunday's expensive roast and vegetables if you wrap what's left in Cut-Rite. Cut-Rite is waxed all the way through to keep out the drying air that robs them of freshness and flavor.

So often you use just half a lemon, half an onion. And here's where Cut-Rite stars. Wrap the other half in this extra-heavy waxed paper and tuck it in a corner of your icebox. It stays juicy for the next time. And a double plus, strong odors don't seep through either!

Cut-Rite's famous cutting edge tears across quick and clean. You can always tear off exactly what you need the first time. **Never any waste.** Keep it handy to save food, refrigerator space and dishwashing. A Scott Paper Product.

If you want to be sure-wrap it in Cut-Rite



# One room in four moods...

## A NEW WAY TO PLAN COLOR SCHEMES

by Mary Davis Gillies

*Morning colors.* If you like dash and gaiety, you'll respond to the early morning colors used in the room below. All colors can be used in this group, but all must be in the fresh hues of morning. Maximum contrasts, as in the red, white and blue scheme here, suggest morning radiance. These bold schemes make a large, cold room seem brighter, warmer; and they are most effective with rounded furniture in balanced arrangements. Notice the round table tops and ball lamps, the blue-disk draperies, the round-faced portrait. Finnish modern furniture is shown here, but traditional maple or mahogany might be used. The artist Van Gogh painted in these colors





PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAGANO

*If you love the out-of-doors you know that in the morning colors are fresh and bold, at noon they are dry and neutral, in late afternoon they are thin and sparkling, and by twilight grayed and mellow. A theory developed by The Quantacolor Company divides color into morning, noon, late afternoon and sunset groups. All colors are represented in each group, but good color schemes combine the tints and shades of one group only. The effect of these four color moods on one room is shown on these and the following pages.*

*Noon colors. If you like conservative styles, if you are trim and orderly, you may be drawn to the neutral colors seen at high noon. These colors, medium in brilliance, are most interesting with fabrics that are ribbed or have all-over patterns, and with furniture that is square, straight-legged and arranged with military precision. The cherry furniture shown here, the striped upholstery, reeded lamp bases, straight-hanging draperies and the biscuit-yellow, steel-blue and quiet pastels are all in harmony with the almost shadowless, white light of noon. For other combinations of these colors study paintings by Matisse, Renoir and Cézanne*



**Late-afternoon colors.** If you like new things, enjoy light, airy effects, or want to make a small room look larger, you'll like this group. Sparkling turquoise, chartreuse and coppery tones with a smooth, transparent quality express this mood. Use lightweight furniture, lamps and accessories that appear elongated and triangular, such as the glass table tops, tripod lamps, framed leaves and the line arrangement of iris and bare branches in this room. Artists to study for these colors are Degas and Picasso

## One room in four moods continued



**Sunset colors.** If you like elegant furnishings and luxurious comfort, these twilight colors—the grayed mauves, olive-greens, wines, browns, mellow blues—are yours. Use them with heavy furniture upholstered in rich fabrics. The contours will be softly irregular, the colors will merge rather than contrast. Notice in this room how we've used tufting, a free-form coffee table, rounded bookshelves, marbled accessories, blended colors at the window. Rubens and Rembrandt used these colors

**MORNING ROOM:** Rug, Bigelow. Furniture, Finssen, Blind, Columbia Mills. Draperies, Arundell Clarke. Lamps, Charles Co. Gustavberg pottery, Georg Jensen. Painting, Jane Gilbert.

**NOON ROOM:** Rug, Alexander Smith. Furniture, Willett; Valley. Curtains, Colanese Corp. Lamps, Hanom. Candlesticks, Gorham. Tea set, Community.

**LATE-AFTERNOON ROOM:** Linoleum, Pabco. Rug, Wunda Weve. Furniture, Edgewood; Salterini. Chandelier, Bonnie's. Lamp, Widdicomb. Sculpture, Harry Marinaky.

**SUNSET ROOM:** Rug, Mohawk. Furniture, Heritage-Herndon; Johnson. Lamp, Heckel and Rinaldi. Painting, Buk Ulrich





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**WHY MARRIED WOMEN FLIRT**

*Continued from page 46*

capacities but almost solely by your husband's occupation and, of course, his success in it. Your own occupation, as you discovered with something of a shock in filling out application blanks for charge accounts and insurance policies, was that of "housewife." You searched in vain in books, in radio and movies for glorification of your new role. Instead you found only an attempt to offer you momentary escape from it.

Confined to your rounds of cleaning, cooking, shopping and minding the children, you lost touch with your husband's main interest in life, his job, and found little to talk about when he came back from a world so far removed from your own. He preferred, for his part, to take it for granted that his home was well run, and left the children's care almost entirely in your hands. When you quarreled about this state of affairs he could always silence you with the truth: "You knew what you were getting into."

The most important job in the world—the making of a home and the raising of children—yielded so little in social prestige and personal ascendancy that your greatest ambition was to turn it over to hired help the moment you could afford it.

During the early years of marriage your children left you little time to brood about the injustice and the pity of it all. You fell into dark moods occasionally about your mental stagnation, and every now and then a searching glance at your image in the mirror filled you with mixed guilt and resentment at the effects of fatigue and neglect.

With practice, however, and the help of labor-saving machinery, housework became a great deal less burdensome, and when the children began to go to school you found yourself once more in possession of something you thought you had lost forever—leisure time.

You joined a women's club or two, took part in the P.T.A., became a den mother for the Boy Scout Cubs and in general labored for community uplift. If you had any cultural aspirations before marriage you also dabbled in paints, music or writing and went to lectures and concerts. All these activities were laudable and should have won for you at last the respect, the prestige, the dignity and recognition you failed to win as a housewife.

But nothing of the sort occurred. For your efforts in raising funds for a new hospital wing, campaigning for honest government and raising the cultural level of the community you impressed your husband less than if you'd spent the time knitting him a new pair of socks.

**T**HIS was the critical stage of your married life. If you could not win the admiration you needed through your motherhood, your housekeeping, your cultural and civic activities, then how could you win it? What would bring that gleam of awe and approval into your husband's eyes?

The answer was a sad one. As you looked around you discovered there was only one kind of woman who won unqualified approval from most men. The woman who had "glamour." You decided to stake everything that remained to you of youth, brains and ambition on this last trump card.

Although you might be at a loss to define "glamour" you had no trouble knowing where to look for it. For

models you had only to drop in at the movies, turn on a television show or thumb through a magazine. Except for here and there a slight difference in the way it was distributed, you too had what it took to sell dreams and keep the wheels of industry turning. The pattern was highly complex and required long and thoughtful hours spent before a mirror. But when you boiled it all down to essentials it consisted in making yourself sexually attractive to men.

When at last you got the knack of the formula the effect on your husband and the world at large left no doubt of your success. It was revealed to you in the awed and respectful whisper of a single word—"Wow!"

**O**NCE a married woman discovers the power and prestige attached to glamour in our society neither she nor her marriage can ever be quite the same again. For glamour is not an easy quality to sustain. It must constantly be measured. Cosmetics, diet, clothes—even a husband's "Wow!"—are not enough. A woman whose self-confidence depends upon her glamour must prove to herself over and over again that she is exciting to men. In addition to her looks she must develop a *look*—a way of looking at men. She must cultivate a way of moving that stirs the male imagination. She must, in other words, *flirt*.

Once she begins a career of flirting, no matter how seemingly harmless, the married woman must expect serious consequences. Connie and Bill Grail are not indulging in outright infidelity ("Neither one of us is dumb enough to risk our marriage for an affair"), what they *are* doing is returning to the behavior patterns of adolescence. They are placing the same value on "popularity" that they did in high school, and they are measuring it in terms of their success in attracting members of the opposite sex. Like the adolescent girl, the flirtatious married woman accepts the attentions of male admirers as tributes to her personality, stopping short, of course, of their sexual goal. If she is a sufficiently immature woman she may even find that she gets greater pleasure from a little surreptitious necking like this than from the sexual act itself.

In any case it is a hopelessly unhealthy atmosphere in which to try to meet the challenge and goals of a mature marriage. The woman who overemphasizes sexual attraction to gain a sense of importance only succeeds in depersonalizing sex and dissociating it from the rest of her personality. In effect, sex becomes "packaged"—like the prize in a box of Cracker Jack. The married glamour girl runs the risk of making it too easy to snatch the prize and throw the rest away—thus defeating the purpose for which she began her flirtations in the first place.

Married women who are tempted to flirt would do well to listen to Dr. Abraham Stone, president of the American Association of Marriage Counselors:

"Marriages are no longer held together by the external pressures of convention. Husband and wife must now find within themselves the forces that unify their marriage. Naturally we all desire approval, and any sign that someone of the opposite sex finds us attractive is a welcome stimulus to the ego. But emotionally grown-up people can get all the approval they need without resorting to promiscuity. In general, where you find great flirtatiousness in either men or women you find a basic sense of personal insecurity."

THE END



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**THIS CONTEST CLOSSES DECEMBER 31, 1951**

## SPEAKING OF WOMEN



When your wife tells you to jump off a roof, pray God that it is a low one.—SPANISH PROVERB

Never forget to assure a woman that she is unlike any other woman in the world, which she will believe, after which you may proceed to deal with her as with any other woman in the world.

—D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

You can never trust the innocence of a woman. She asks a question like a child, straining ears for information; and behind the uplifted eyebrows lies a knowledge greater than your own.

—E. TEMPLE THURSTON

When you figure on marrying a girl, you'd better find out what she likes to eat. You're going to get it the rest of your life.

—DONALD HOUGH

In marrying and taking pills, it is best not to think about it too much.

—CHINESE PROVERB

Women can't just do a thing; they have to tell you every blasted day for a month that they're going to do it, till you're just about dotty; and then, when they *have* done it, they keep on for another month asking you whether you've noticed how well it's been done, till it's nearly time for them to start telling you it's going to be done all over again.—R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW

Women see through a brick wall to what isn't on the other side.

—J. A. SPENDER

A man has no business to marry a woman who can't make him miserable; it means that she can't make him happy.

—GERALD VILLIERS-STUART

Women are always so taken aback when a man tells a really good lie. They seem to think that their sex should have a monopoly on the art.

—ANONYMOUS

A woman hates to make up her mind. In her heart of hearts she prefers to have it done for her.—WARWICK DEEPING

It is hard enough to fight a woman yourself, but it's worse to have to sit by while she fights a waiter.—WILLIAM FEATHER

If you're a dog and fall in love with a cat, that's just your hard luck.

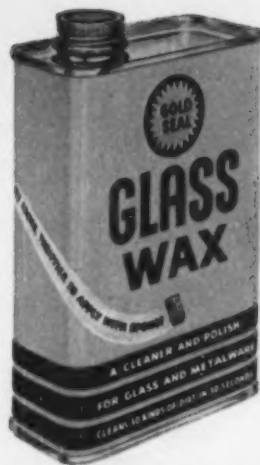
—STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

A man can get along fairly well with any woman if he's willing to listen.—ANONYMOUS

Never discuss anything with a woman, old or young. Either make her go the way you want, or let her go the way she wants. Both ways lead to happiness.—W. J. LOCKE

You say you want women to like you. Well, don't tell them so; don't make too much of them, don't let them order you about as they please. Women . . . like far better to obey than to be obeyed. They pretend to be our equals, but they know jolly well themselves that they are not-luckily for them, for if they were our equals we should like them far less.—A. MUNTHE

For a man to be happy with a woman he must get clearly into his head at the start that she cares nothing for his particular kind of morality and nothing for his particular kind of reasoning. When she is good it is because her emotions and her values are involved, and when she is bad it is because yours are involved.—JOHN COWPER POWYS



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Cedar Rapids, Iowa
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- Eavey Super Markets  
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Grand Rapids, Michigan
- Eddie's Super Market  
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- Elm Farm Foods Co.  
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- Evans Super Markets  
Gallipolis, Ohio
- Excel Market  
Hartsville, Illinois
- Falber's Super Markets  
Topeka, Kansas
- Felix's Super Markets  
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- Peter Fogain's Super Mkt.  
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- Fernandes Super Markets  
Norton, Massachusetts
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Phillipsburg, New Jersey
- Food Super Market  
West Haven, Connecticut
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- The Penny-Save Store  
Clarksdale, Mississippi
- Peoples Foodery  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
- Phillips Department Store  
Omaha, Nebraska
- Pink-N-Pay Super Markets  
Valley City, N. Dakota
- Pied Piper Super Markets  
Linden, New Jersey
- Piggly Wiggly  
Raleigh, North Carolina
- Piggly Wiggly Great Lakes  
Shelbyville, Wisconsin
- Piggly Wiggly Sims Food Stores  
Vitala, Georgia
- Piggly Wiggly Super Stores  
Texarkana, Texas
- Piggly Wiggly Super Mkt.  
Pittsburg, Missouri
- Pittsburgh Mercantile Co.  
Pittsburgh 2, Pa.
- Plym's Super Markets  
Philadelphia, Pa.
- Poly Master Markets, Inc.  
Jackson, Michigan
- Progressive Stores, Inc.  
Sawford, North Carolina
- Providence Public Markets  
Providence, Rhode Island
- Public Super Markets  
Jackson, Mississippi
- Purity Food Stores  
Halden, Massachusetts
- Put and Take Grocery  
Amarillo, Texas
- Quality Food Markets, Inc.  
Laurium, Michigan
- Quality Super Market  
New Brunswick, N. J.
- Reid's Super Markets, Inc.  
Charlotte 3, N. Carolina
- Richard's Life Market  
Newport Beach, California
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- Rose's Food  
St. Paul, Minnesota
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- Kriwanek Stores  
St. Louis, Missouri
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Leiston, Maine
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Comperville, Michigan
- Lincoln Markets  
Erie, Pennsylvania
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Detroit, Michigan
- The Little Stores  
Johnson City, Tennessee
- Logan's Super Markets  
Nashville, Tennessee
- London Ter. Food Stores, Inc.  
New York, N. Y.
- Lowell's Food Stores  
Jacksonville, Florida
- Lower Main Super Markets  
Columbia, South Carolina
- Lucky Stores, Inc.  
San Leandro, California
- Lusk's Super Market  
Sheboygan, Wisconsin
- "M" System Food Stores, Inc.  
San Angelo, Texas
- Mahon's Super Value  
Canton, Ohio
- Yon Maker IGA Super Mkt.  
Nashville, Michigan
- Market Basket Super Mkt.  
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Texarkana





*Help yourself to plenty at the*  
**McCall's Harvest of National Brands**

*All this month at your super market!*

There's plenty o' plenty in McCall's Harvest of National Brands, the big family shopping event that members of Super Market Institute celebrate this month.

You'll find this great festival of Harvest values in any of these 6,000 home-owned stores listed at the left. You'll reap the benefits of a great buying event, featuring the brands you buy with confidence and

serve with pride as a McCall's homemaker. Help yourself to the bounty that is America—arranged for your easier shopping, your budget convenience, by the super markets that make marketing exciting. Bring the whole family to the Harvest of National Brands. You'll find a bumper crop of the brands that have made your household a McCall's household.

These Are the Signs of Extra Values All This Month



This is the official seal of Super Market Institute

**SUPER MARKET INSTITUTE**

*A non-profit organization for extending the benefits of low-cost mass merchandising—"that there may be more for all."*



"I'd put up with an old cook stove just long enough," says Mrs. J. D. Allen III, Lynchburg, Va. "So, last year, I bought a brand new, completely modern, automatic Gas range during the Old Stove Round Up. What a pleasure it is! It lights without matches, broils without pre-heating, bakes with such exact heat control I haven't had a failure yet! It's the cleanest, coolest, finest cooking I've ever known!"



"In our ranch-type house," says Mrs. Elmer Tollefson of Minneapolis, "we have only the most modern and easy-to-operate equipment. That's why I insisted on a new automatic Gas range. It bakes better, broils better... even cooks a complete meal by clock control! And its sleek modern lines are made-to-order for my streamlined kitchen."

"Here's a  
**round-up**  
of reasons for cooking with Gas!"

NEW FREEDOM GAS KITCHEN (S.A.G.A., INC.)



MAGIC CHEF "CP" Gas range — just one of many all-automatic Gas ranges now at your Gas company or appliance store... and just one of the many reasons why today 27,000,000 women cook with Gas.

millions of smart women know  
**Gas has got it for automatic cooking!**

ESTHER WILLIAMS

Co-star of  
Metro-Goldwyn-  
Mayer's  
"Texas Carnival"  
Color by  
Technicolor



"It's Old Stove Round Up Time Again," says Esther Williams, "and high time for you to learn how wonderful it is to cook on a new automatic Gas range! See your dealer or Gas company about special values—today!"

and **Gas has got it for**

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

WATER HEATING  
WATER HEATING  
WATER HEATING  
WATER HEATING  
WATER HEATING  
WATER HEATING  
WATER HEATING  
WATER HEATING  
WATER HEATING  
WATER HEATING

## NICE GIRLS DON'T WHISTLE

Continued from page 42

of course, the kids she had grown up with, but Betty entered her in Country Day and started her in Sunday school and Ed thought things were off to a good beginning. He adjusted his life to commuter schedules. Betty explored the shops and markets and laundries in the village, three miles away. They had a good Christmas.

Then Mugs started school and began to moan. "I don't know a soul! I haven't any friends out here!" They told her she would make friends, and Ed took her out and bought the dog for her. A week passed and Mugs was miserable. "The girls hate me!" Why? "I don't know!"

Ed had a private talk with Betty. "It can't be as bad as she makes out," he said. "Mugs is never happy, you know," he went on. "She's delirious. She's never hungry; she's ravenous."

Betty said she knew Mugs exaggerated things, but she didn't seem to have any friends out here.

"Kids," Ed said firmly, "make friends anywhere." Couldn't Betty lure the kids with a party or something? Betty shook her head. "If I asked them and they didn't come, that would only make it worse for her."

Then Betty heard of Miss Durand's dancing class. It was midyear, but by paying for the whole year she could get Mugs in. Betty made the arrangements. Mugs agreed. Betty bought a dress for her, her first long evening dress. They spent the afternoon at the hairdresser's. And at dinner Mugs went into a tailspin. She hated the dress. She couldn't dance. All the boys would laugh at her. She wished she were dead! . . .

A door opened upstairs and he heard Betty pleading, consoling. The bathroom door slammed. Betty's heels tapped sharply on the stairs.

Ed looked up hopefully as she came into the room. Pity and exasperation were struggling in her face. "She'll be here in a minute," she said, going to the couch beside the fire. "She's washing her face in cold water." She looked at him, almost in tears herself. "The child's in agony, Ed. Do you think we'd better let her stay home?"

"Jiminy," Ed said. "I don't know. It's got me buffaloed. Whatever we do could be wrong. She said she wanted to go—"

"You haven't seen her in her dress. She hoped, just as I did, that we'd find a glamorous one and that by some miracle she would be glamorous in it. But you should see the way tulle and ruffles look on her. Ed! She hasn't any figure! She's not ready for long dresses, but the girls have to wear them at dancing class."

"She's plenty cute," Ed said, "in dungarees. Or shorts."

"She's at that broomstick age. Ed. You should have seen white on her! You should have seen pink, with her hair! The pale green was the best I could do. It looked all right in the store." She shook her head sadly. "Then she wanted curls, so I had her hair set."

"Curls? On her?"  
"Curls and ruffles, Ed. She's getting to that age. The trouble is, she isn't quite there. Oh, I had a horrible time at that age! All girls do."

"How long does this blasted dance last?"

"An hour and a half."  
"An hour and a half? Is that all?"  
"What's time to a child? One day without a friend is forever. And to

go to a party where you haven't a friend . . ."

Ed looked at his watch and drew a deep sigh. He hesitated, then went to the foot of the stairs. "Hey, Mugs!" he shouted, his voice almost too heartily paternal. "Come on down, kid, and let's see you!"

A door opened. Mugs called, "Okay." Ed went back to the living room with a pleased smile.

Betty avoided his eyes and said, "You'd better stop calling her 'Mugs.' She wants to be called 'Margaret.'"

Margaret came slowly down the stairs, hesitated in the hall for a moment, then came on into the living room. Ed looked at her. She was smiling grimly at him.

She was still Mugs. Someday she undoubtedly would be Margaret Matthews, that lovely, self-possessed, auburn-haired, statuesque beauty. But right now she was Mugs in a party dress. Tall, thin, snub-nosed, blue eyes tear-reddened, cheeks freckled, hair two degrees redder than her father's.

"What," Betty exclaimed in horror, "did you do to your hair!"

"I brushed it."

Betty winced.

"That's a pretty dress," Ed said weakly. It was, but not on Mugs's immature figure.

Mugs tightened her lips. "It's indecent! I feel positively naked, right down to my—my bosom!"

Ed grinned. "Your what?"

Mugs blushed beet-red. She bent over quickly and took off a yellow ballet slipper. "Mother, can't I wear loafers? They won't show!"

"Those Mary Janes," Ed said firmly, "are very pretty."

Mugs groaned and Betty said quickly, "These are not Mary Janes. They're shells. All the older girls wear them."

"Oh," Ed said. He looked at his watch. "It's ten of eight. I'll bring the car around front."

"Oh, do I have to go?" Mugs pleaded.

"Mugs!" Ed said firmly. "Get some perspective on yourself. You're going out for a good time. A happy evening with some nice kids." He stalked toward the kitchen and the garage.

As he opened the kitchen door Alex lunged through. He skidded on a throw rug in the dining room and bounded toward Mugs. Betty partially blocked the charge, but Mugs crouched on the floor and threw her arms around the dog's neck and began to croon to him. Alex licked her face and tried to climb into her lap.

"Margaret!" Betty cried. "He'll tear your dress. He's drooling all over it. Ed, take him away!"

Ed dragged the dog away. Margaret stood up, two dark, wet spots on her dress. "Alexander the Great," she said haughtily, "does not drool. Alexander is crying for me!" She said it in her best Bette Davis manner, with a sob in her voice.

Ed booted the dog outside and went for the car.

All three of them sat in the front seat, a kind of family gesture of solidarity against a dark and hostile world. As Ed turned onto the main

(Continued on page 132)

### Acknowledgment

The map used as the background for the illustration for *Gay Quartet*, by Virginia and Edwin Gilbert, in our July 1951 issue was published by Esso Standard Oil Company, copyright General Drafting Company, Inc., New York.

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# RIPE OLIVES

FROM CALIFORNIA

Elegant in Casseroles



**ELEGANT!** To make more dishes more delicious with ripe olives, write for your free booklet of Elegant Ripe Olive Recipes: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. F-10, 16 Beale St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

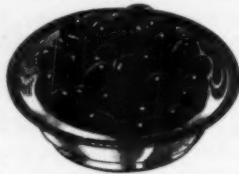
## CORONADO CASSEROLE

¾ cup ripe olives	¼ cup chopped pimiento
2 tbsps. butter or margarine	1 tbsp. finely chopped parsley
2 tbsps. flour	6 hard-cooked eggs
1 cup milk	¾ cup crushed potato chips
1 can condensed mushroom soup	Pepper

Cut olives from pits into large pieces. Melt butter and blend in flour. Add milk and cook and stir until thickened. Stir in soup, olives, pimiento, parsley, sliced eggs, half of potato chips and pepper to taste. Pour into greased casserole. Top with remaining potato chips. Bake in moderately slow oven (325 degrees F.) 20 minutes. Serves 6.

(CUT OUT AND PASTE ON CARD FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE)

**Elegance** is easy—when you have ripe olives. Their black-satin beauty adds elegance to table and to appetizer tray. It's an elegance you can enjoy every day, just by setting out the olive bowl. And when you use ripe olives in your cooking, their subtle flavor turns a "simple something" into *something special* quickly and easily. So be sure to remember, Ripe Olives from California—for **Elegance**



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ELIZABETH HIBBS



# How much sleep does a baby need?

*the answer will surprise you*

**M**Y TWO-MONTH-OLD boy sleeps most of the time," one mother assured her doctor. "Mine is awake only when he eats," said another. When doctors asked a large number of mothers to keep a record, results showed babies slept as much as 20 hours a day in their first few months. This, most pediatricians agreed, was too high.

Now two University of Chicago physiologists, Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman and Dr. Theodore G. Engelmann, have developed a method for checking baby's slumber—a small machine attached to the mattress to chart the baby's asleep and awake periods. Their study of 19 healthy babies is the first scientific record of sleep habits.

The results surprised even the doctors. Even for the youngest babies there was no sleep of 20 hours, as the mothers had reported. Children varied, of course, but they slept, on the average, about 15 hours a day during the first few weeks of life. At 6 months they were sleeping 14 hours or less.

By the third week a regular day-night sleep pattern was forming, and by the sixth month it was well established. At 6 months the babies were sleeping only 3½ hours in daytime, morning and afternoon.

Studying movements made just before, during and immediately after the daytime naps, the phys-

iologists found that activity—head turning, body stirring, jerking and squirming—decreased gradually, and that deep, motionless sleep came in about 20 minutes.

Contrary to what mothers and fathers may think, the time when all the babies were most likely to be asleep was between 1:00 and 3:00 A.M. They were most awake from 6:00 and 8:00 in the evening, the time of the evening feeding. Boys and girls differed only slightly, but the babies that slept least were usually boys. Diaperings averaged about 8½ a day, with the boys getting one more diapering than the girls. The boys also ate more often.

One part of the Chicago experiment covered the effects of meat on sleep and frequency of crying. Some mothers had feared that giving puréed meat to small babies might make them wakeful. The study found that meat in the diet did not affect sleep or crying. The 19 babies varied from a crying spell every 10 nights to as many as 2 spells a night.

The pediatricians concluded that during the first 6 months a mother can leave the amount of sleep up to her baby. He will get enough—although not as much as mothers previously had expected.

by Marguerite Clark

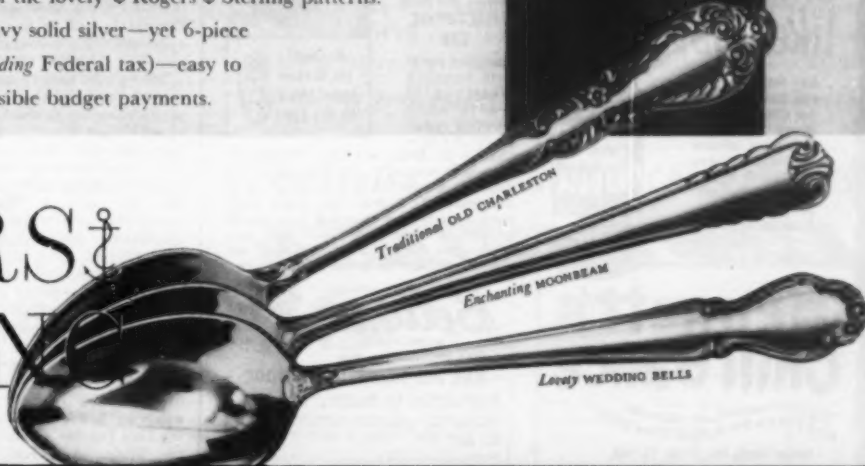


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THE ORIGINAL CREAM-FILLED  
CHOCOLATE COOKIE



(Continued from page 128)  
road to the village Betty said, "Remember, Margaret, to be your own sweet self and they can't help but like you. Don't be noisy, and don't go sulk in a corner."

Mugs said nothing.  
"The boys," Ed said, "will be just as scared as you are. I remember I was terri—"

Betty's elbow jabbed him in the ribs. "Miss Durand told me," she said, "that she has a very nice group of boys in your class."

Mugs still said nothing. Ed wished she wouldn't look as though she were going to a funeral. "No kissing in the corners!" he said brightly.

"Dad!"  
He drove in silence to the edge of the village. Three blocks from the hall where the class was held Mugs asked her mother, "Do I have to talk to the boy when I'm dancing?"

"Why, of course. You talked to the boys at dancing class in the city, didn't you?"

"Sometimes. But I knew them... What shall I talk about?"

Betty laughed. "Anything, silly! These boys will want to talk about things they're interested in. School, studies, sports."

Ed squirmed but he didn't dare contradict her. Anyway, boys might have changed.

He joined the line of cars creeping slowly toward the entrance. Boys in stiff dark suits and girls in frothy long dresses stepped out of cars and hurried inside. The same kind of boys and girls you saw anywhere. Parents drove casually away. Then he was at the entrance. Mugs gave him a miserable look, smiled fiercely and opened the door of the car. Betty got out with her. Ed said, "Have fun, kid! I'll park out front. Bet."

He parked and waited, feeling like a heel. As a boy he had hated dancing school with an unholy hatred. When he saw Betty hurrying toward the car he reached over and opened the door for her. "Any more tears?" he asked.

"Of course not! She's a good little trouper. Ed... Oh, Ed, I hope she isn't miserable all evening long!"

"She'll make out." He started the motor, then added, "I hope."

MISS DURAND was tall and blond. She wore eye shadow and a sweeping blue evening dress. Mugs thought she looked like a washed-out actress. When her mother introduced them, Miss Durand smiled affectionately, put an arm around Mugs's shoulders and said, "I'm sure she'll have a lovely time. Call for her at nine-thirty." When they were alone Miss Durand looked at her with a frown and said, "I'll introduce you to the girls."

The girls were clustered at one side of the hall, chattering, giggling, acting oblivious to the boys across the room. Miss Durand led her to a group in which Mugs recognized two girls from Country Day. The girls stopped talking and stared at Mugs. Miss Durand said, "This is our new pupil, Margaret Matthews. Joan, you may do the introductions." Miss Durand hurried away.

Joan, the dark-haired, pretty one in pink, looked at Mugs and said, "Hello." Someone giggled. Joan said, "Quiet, Fran! I'm making an introduction. Fran Adams, the one in where's-the-fire red. Bab Minter, the one with doe eyes." The girls giggled at some private joke. Joan went on, carried away by her own eloquence: "Sally Weston, Teacher's Pet. Janet Pulsifer, the Brain. And Kit Ward, Kitten, short for Cat. Meet Margaret Matthews!"

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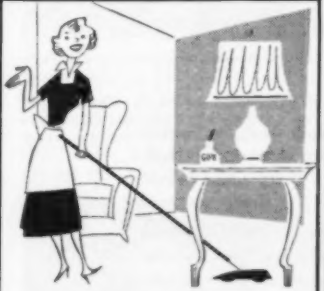
**I'M THE RUG-A-BOO!**

I LIKE BOYS WHO MAKE AIRPLANES.  
IT MEANS LOTS OF NICE LITTER  
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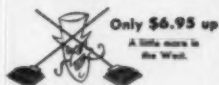
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The girls were convulsed with amusement. Sally and Kit said, "Hi!" They were in her class at school. Someone else said, "Hello, there!" Then they were talking among themselves. Mugs stood at the edge of the group, hating to stay, afraid to leave. They were talking about Fran's new dress. Fran rolled her eyes and said, "Red's sexy," and glanced across the room toward the boys. Janet Pulsifer said, "Dah! Boys!" and they squealed with laughter.

Mugs squirmed inside. Then she saw Sally Weston appraising her. She wanted to blurt out, "Why don't you like me, Sally? If you liked me, the other girls would." But she didn't dare. She saw Sally glance away, and she knew Sally didn't hate her; she just didn't know Mugs existed.

Miss Durand was in the middle of the floor, clapping her hands. The room fell silent. "Line up for the Grand March!" she ordered.

The boys came skating across the slick floor. Girls and boys lined up, two by two. Mugs found herself in a scramble at the end of the line as the stragglers fell in. A short, worried-looking boy grabbed her arm and the line began to move toward Miss Durand. Mugs glanced down at her partner and felt like a giant. He looked like a fifth-grader. "What do we do?" she whispered. He peered up at her with owl eyes behind thick spectacles and hissed, "Shhh! Shake hands and curtsy." He skipped to get in step with her.

Miss Durand waited with a fixed smile. Mugs tried to shake hands and curtsy at the same time. Miss Durand shook her head, bowed to Mugs and shook hands with the boy. Mugs flushed with shame and looked around frantically as her partner left her. Then she saw that the boys went one way, the girls the other, to opposite sides of the room. She followed the girl in front of her and plopped gratefully into a chair.

Miss Durand walked slowly the length of the hall, looking them over critically. Then, safely out of the way, she called, "Partners, please!"

A stampede of boys crossed the room. Six of them made for Fran, the girl in red. Another group converged on Joan Wilson. Mugs waited, terrified, afraid she would be chosen, fearful that she wouldn't be. She wasn't. There were three leftover girls. Mugs sighed with relief.

As the couples moved out onto the floor, Miss Durand looked over at Mugs and turned to the nearest couple. "George," she said firmly, "please take the new girl. Mary won't mind sitting out."

Mary flounced to a seat. Obviously she did mind. George came to Mugs, glowered, made an exaggerated bow and offered his arm. They went out onto the floor. The dark-haired man at the piano struck a chord. Miss Durand gave instructions. The music began. Miss Durand pirouetted in the middle of the floor and counted aloud. They began to dance.

George was almost a head shorter than Mugs. He danced jerkily, counting time. Mugs tried to follow him, but he had already lost the beat. She stumbled over his foot. "Dope!" he muttered, and stopped and started over. When he had got the count once more he deliberately missed a step and made Mugs stumble again.

"You be careful," Mugs whispered. George grinned maliciously. "Take it easy, Red," he said under his breath, "or I'll dump you on your fanny."

Miss Durand was watching them. Mugs saw her and tried to smile.

(Continued on page 136)

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# This year there's more to your hairdo

FRANCESCO SCAVILLO



Medium

Longer

Short

by Dolly Reed

Whether it's long, medium or very short, this fall you'll want the effect of more and thicker hair . . . a softening frame to make your face seem delicate. These three hairdos were designed by Michel of Helena Rubinstein, who specializes in making his clients look pretty

Left to right: *Medium hair* is set in pin curls all around the head, brushed to a fluffy wreath. *Longer hair* is set in a full page boy, with side locks turned under high on the hairline. *Short hair* is set to make a crown of curls all over the head

Left: Shoulder-length hair is tapered and turns under, just clearing the shoulder line in back . . . a very young hairdo

Below: Very short hair is curled without a part, brushed straight up all over the head . . . most becoming to an older woman



Longer



Left: Medium-long hair is turned up in back to form a froth of curls that blend smoothly with the fluffy side sections

Medium



Short

# After 25—drying skin

## begins to show...



**Flaky dry skin patches** on your cheeks, rough up your skin, spoil your make-up's smooth look.

**To Correct**—Work into your cheeks *nightly* plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Swirl its softening help from chin-line up in front of ears. This lanolin-rich cream is homogenized to soak in better. Use a *light* film of this special cream under your make-up for day softening also.



**Cross-Cross Lines Under Eyes** will print themselves in, if your skin is dry, papery.

**To Smooth**—Be sure to cream-over those tiny dry lines *nightly* with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Start from outside corners of your eyes and tap cream *very gently inward* under eyes to nose. Feel, see how your dry, papery eye skin soaks up this cream's moistness.



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**To Flatten Out**—Use first two fingers of each hand and make "U-turns" with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream back and forth under your ears. Cream from front of ears, under, then up in back. This helps flatten little dry-skin creases, keeps skin soft, resilient.

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See on yourself how the use of this wonderful, rich cream promptly helps relieve skin dryness. How it helps combat loss of skin-softening oils . . . leaves your skin *feeling* softer, *looking* so much fresher and prettier.

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**These pictures show where drying skin on your face is most noticeable—and what you can do to help correct it!**

**It's noticeable . . .** the way skin begins to look *drier* after 25.

The trouble lies in the skin itself!

From 25 on, the natural oil that helps keep skin soft, pliant and young-looking starts decreasing. Before 40, skin may have lost as much as 20% of its own softening oil. And—without *enough oil*, your skin will seem to shrivel—tiny dry lines will start to show up where you don't want them!

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See its effects on *your* skin. At night—work it in *thoroughly* for special softening. By day—use it *lightly* for a smooth look under your make-up. It brings your skin a softer, fresher, younger look immediately.

Be sure you get this wonderful help *now*.

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE says: "I find Pond's Dry Skin Cream is perfect softening care for dry skin. It's an indispensable cream for me."

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND says: "I've never known a cream to soften skin so beautifully as Pond's Dry Skin Cream. I find it a delightful help."



**That Matronly-Looking Sagging** starts so unpleasantly to show along your chin-line.

**To Tone Up Chin-Line**—Use thumb and first finger of each hand and "pinch along," from point of chin to up in front of your ears, with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This treatment brings circulation up, and gives this dry skin the lift and *rich lubrication* it needs.



**Thread-like Dry Lines on Forehead** can dig unattractive little furrows to age you.

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**2. Hydro-Swirl Action**—lets the water do the work. Washes clothes gently, safely, gets them cleaner, faster.

**3. Saves hot water**—as much as 27 gallons every washday for a family of 4. So economical.

**4. Overflow Rinse**—floats soil and suds up and out—not down through the clothes, as in ordinary washers!

From suds to spin dry in a single tub!



# Thor

Spinner Washer

Look in your Telephone Red Book for name of your nearest THOR dealer! Don't buy any washer until you see the Thor Spinner Washer.

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(Continued from page 133)  
George counted and plodded, eyeing Miss Durand.

Once around the floor and Mugs stopped trembling. She mustered her courage and asked, "Where do you go to school?" She recognized him as one of the group from Crofton, the boys' school just a block from Country Day, but she had to say something. She had to talk to him.

George smirked. "Yale. Where do you think?"

Mugs flushed. Half around the floor and she tried again. "What study do you like best?"

Miss Durand was safely distant. George said, in a voice loud enough for the near-by couples to hear, "Listen, Creep! I've got to dance with you, but you don't have to talk. Shut up!"

A boy snickered. The girls looked at her curiously. Then Miss Durand signaled a halt and George led Mugs to the nearest chair and dashed away. Mugs was trembling again, with anger now. Miss Durand began explaining the next step, but Mugs didn't hear. She looked at the girl on her left. It was Joyce Morton, a girl from Country Day. Joyce gave her a little plying smile and looked away.

The girl on her right whispered. "Isn't he wonderful!"

Mugs turned to her. She was one of the original leftovers, a dumpy girl with braces on her teeth. "Who?" Mugs asked.

"George! I hope she makes him take me next time!"

Mugs hoped so too.

"Partners!" Miss Durand called. Again the rush, again the dash toward three special girls, again the resigned second choices. Five girls and two boys finally were left. The fifth-grader who had partnered her in the Grand March looked at Mugs and the girl with the braces, misery in his eyes. He tightened his lips and picked the other girl. Mugs sighed with relief.

The dance began. A chubby girl with buck teeth came and sat beside Mugs. She talked a streak, watching the boys all the time. Her name was Agnes and she just loved dancing class even if the boys were awful, just awful. See that Al Mitchener, the one with red socks? Miss Durand said that if he wore red socks just once more she would send him home, because the boys were supposed to wear black socks, and she hadn't said a word to him yet tonight! Didn't Mugs think Al was cute? ... And that was the Ceiling Inspector, the tall, slim one. He always stared at the ceiling and didn't say a word when he danced with you ... That chubby one over there, that was Billy Saunders. The boys said he was a sissy, but she thought he was very nice. Billy had danced with her once ...

Mugs watched and listened and was less and less nervous and more and more angry. A bunch of stinkers, all of them! She wasn't coming to dancing class again, ever! And she didn't care if none of them spoke to her. She was going to sit here all evening and not give a—

THE dance ended. Agnes kept on chattering, but Mugs stopped listening. She was saying over and over to herself, "Stinkers, stinkers, stinkers." She didn't even hear when Miss Durand called for partners. Then Billy Saunders, the chubby one, was in front of her, biting his lip and holding out his arm. Mugs stood up automatically and the music began. They danced. Billy was a good dancer.

They went once around the floor. Billy looked at her and gulped and asked, in a voice higher than hers, "What's your name?"

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## TRY THIS TABASCO HAMBURGER

- 1½ lbs. ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 tps. water
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 2 tbsps. lemon juice
- ½ tsp. TABASCO
- 2 tbsps. butter

• Form meat into patties; pan fry or broil to desired degree; put on hot platter. Combine and mix all other ingredients; turn into skillet and stir until butter melts. Pour over meat. Serves 6.

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"Margaret Matthews."  
"Where do you go to school?"  
"Country Day."  
Billy gulped again. "What's your favorite study?"

Mugs looked at him, her anger rising again. Making fun of her, was he? She'd show him! "Herpetology!" she said.

"Mine's English," Billy said, obviously not listening to any of her answers. "Do you like—holy cow! Herpetology? That's snakes!"

Mugs's eyes were gleaming. Billy edged further away from her and she grinned maliciously.

"Do you—like snakes?" Billy whispered.

"I love them!" she said.

Billy bit his lip and the color left his pink cheeks. Then the dance was over and he hurried her toward a chair. He mustered courage for one more question. "What—what did you say your name was?"

"Mugs," she said, rasping it out the corner of her mouth.

Billy scurried back to the boys' side and she saw him join a group and say something to make them look at her.

MISS DURAND called for partners again. The stampede started. This time Al Mitchener, the red-socks boy, came directly to Mugs, took her arm and led her onto the floor.

"Hi, Mugs!" He grinned. "How's the old snake charmer?"

Mugs glowered. "Poisonous!" she snapped. "Now ask me where I go to school and all that stuff!"

"Well, where do you go to school? Country Day?"

She glared. "Reform school! They let me out to go slumming."

He laughed. Miss Durand clapped her hands. They began to dance.

"Oh, brother!" he said. "Did you scare little Willy?"

She ignored him. He missed a step and she half-stumbled.

"Do that again," she threatened, "and I'll bounce you on your fanny."

He grinned at her and asked, "You are Country Day, aren't you? Haven't I seen you around?"

"I don't go to school," she said. "I stay home and raise great Danes. Vicious ones. And rattlesnakes."

"Nice line," he said. "I raise cobras . . . Like dancing class?"

"I hate it!" she said fervently.

"Me too. You just watch, I'm going to get kicked out tonight! . . . You're a good dancer."

"Get back in step or I'll—"

He caught the beat expertly.

The dance ended. When he led her back to the girls' side he asked, "You live out on Dogwood Lane, don't you?"

"Yes." She turned away from him and sat down.

The Ceiling Inspector was her next partner. He said his name was Mark Perry and didn't say another word. Instead of a dance they had a tango lesson, walking through the steps over and over, boys and girls separately, before they tried to dance it. All the boys groaned, except Mark. All the girls giggled, except Mugs.

Then came the intermission for Cokes and cookies. The boys did the serving. The girls waited brightly to be served, looked brightly at the boys, made bright chatter to lure them back. All but Mugs. Al Mitchener, with paper cups of Coke, and the Ceiling Inspector, with a plate of cookies, served her. Al said, "The snake charmer owns that brindle Dane out on Dogwood Lane. Don't you, Mugs?"

She said, "Yes," and the Ceiling Inspector said, "Yeah?" and they went on. A few minutes later they came back. The Ceiling Inspector asked how old her dog was. Eight months.

(Continued on page 140)



## Amazing Plastic Floor!

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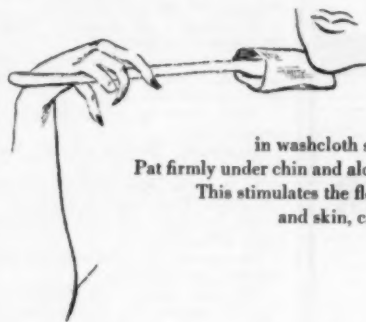
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## WHAT TO DO ABOUT A DOUBLE CHIN



Here's a way to take it off . . . plus three make-up tricks

suggested by movie expert Max Factor, Jr., to help disguise  
that extra chin while you're getting rid of it



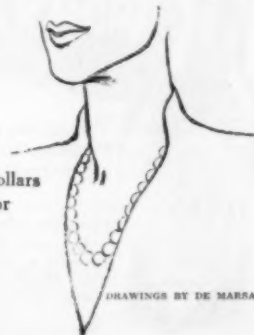
To take it off . . . wrap the bowl of a wooden spoon in washcloth soaked with astringent lotion. Pat firmly under chin and along jaw line until skin tingles. This stimulates the flow of blood, tightens muscles and skin, can help lessen the fatty tissue



To disguise it . . . on the double-chin area, use foundation darker than tone used on the rest of your face. Start just at the lowest crease line of the double chin and blend up to the lower edge of the jaw line. Then smooth on facial foundation and blend edges



Use the same shade of powder over face and chins, choosing one that is right with your facial foundation. Be very careful to brush off extra powder from the darker area. Extra powder will cake in a crease and outline the plumpness you wish to disguise



Wear necklines and jewelry that do not direct attention to your chin. High chokers and necklines and round collars will make your chin seem bulgy. Square or V-lines and long necklaces give the impression of a more slender silhouette

DRAWINGS BY DE MARRAN





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| No. 3 Brown            | No. 7 Light Auburn    | No. 12 Light Blonde   |
| No. 4 Light Warm Brown | No. 8 Golden Brown    |                       |
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(Continued from page 137)  
she told him. He said he had a Dane  
too. Al said he had a bull terrier. Two  
other boys joined them. Billy Saun-  
ders, the fat boy, came over. Some-  
body dared Al to roll up his trousers  
so more of his red socks would show.  
They all laughed.

Mugs saw that the nearest group of  
girls was watching them. The girls  
chattered and giggled, but the boys  
paid no attention. They were discuss-  
ing Miss Durand, trying to shock Mugs  
with the names they called her. Then  
Fran Adams, the girl in red, said some-  
thing and all the girls in her group  
laughed. The boys looked around,  
and Fran got up and smirked and  
strolled down the room past Mugs's  
group. Al Mitchener hummed. "Um-  
umm!" Fran twitched her hips.

Mark Perry, the Ceiling Inspector,  
pursed his lips and winked at Mugs.  
But he didn't whistle. On impulse,  
Mugs thrust two fingers into her  
mouth, the way the farmhand in Maine  
had showed her, and gave a wolf whis-  
tle that shook the window panes. She  
was aghast the moment she had done it.

The silence was like a fog. The boys  
stared at her, gasping, then looked at  
Miss Durand at the far end of the  
room. Fran ran to the nearest group  
of girls.

Miss Durand, white with anger,  
stalked toward them, her heel-clicks

Slowly the room came back to life.  
Girls began whispering. Boys laughed  
cautiously. Three more boys came  
over to Mugs's group.

"Where'd Al learn to whistle like  
that?" one asked.

"He didn't," said Mark, the Ceiling  
Inspector, jerking a hidden thumb  
toward Mugs and smiling proudly.

"No!"

"Hey! Did you really do it?"

Mugs hesitated, then nodded and  
looked down the room toward Miss  
Durand.

"Oh, brother! Do it again! I want  
to get thrown out!"

"Shhhh!" Mark hissed. "Want to  
get her thrown out?"

The nearest group of girls whispered  
among themselves, then came over and  
joined Mugs's group. Sally Weston  
sat down beside her. Another girl  
from Country Day pulled a chair into  
the circle. They all began to talk,  
eager, animated. Mugs was in the  
center.

Miss Durand called, "Partners!"  
The last half of the session was about  
to begin. She had to clap twice to get  
their attention. And when the stam-  
pede started, seven boys dashed for  
Mugs. She went out onto the floor with  
Mark Perry, her friend, the Ceiling  
Inspector . . .

It was nine o'clock. Only nine  
o'clock. Ed held his watch to his ear

*Designs for* Betsy McCall



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like the tick of the clock of doom. The  
pianist was close behind her.

Billy Saunders edged away from the  
group. The other boys drew closer  
together and looked at each other.  
Only Al Mitchener managed even a  
faint smile.

Mrs. Durand stopped in front of  
them, the pianist at her shoulder.  
"Which boy whistled?" she demanded  
in an icy voice.

No one said anything.  
"Who did it?" Her voice rose imper-  
iously.

Mugs stood up, gulped and whis-  
pered, "I did."

Miss Durand shot her one withering  
glance. "Which boy whistled?" she  
demanded. Her voice was trembling  
with anger.

Al Mitchener grinned. He swag-  
gered and said, "I did."

Miss Durand turned on him in fury.  
She caught him by the shoulder, shook  
him, cried, "I knew it! You—you  
hoodlum! Get out of my class! And  
don't come back! Tonight," she added.

The pianist caught Al by both shoul-  
ders and shoved him to the door. Al  
flashed back a triumphant grin. The  
pianist slammed the door and marched  
back down the hall. Miss Durand  
walked haughtily after him, injured  
dignity in every motion.

to see if it was still running. "Poor  
kid," he said. "If you'd only told her  
how you hated dancing school! Or I  
could have told her . . . That dress!  
She's too young for a dress like that."

"It's what the other girls her age  
wear," Betty said. "If she just wasn't  
so shy. She's so sensitive."

They both stared at the fire in si-  
lence. Finally Ed said, "You know  
what, Bet? Maybe we're taking the  
whole thing too hard. Parents can go  
just so far. After that they've got to  
stand on the sidelines and let a kid do  
her own growing up, inside as well as  
out. I know this: I'm going to tell her,  
in plain words, that I don't give a hoot  
if she never goes to dancing school  
again!"

Betty looked up. "Don't be tough  
with her, Ed."

"Tough!" He laughed. "That's not  
being tough . . . Let's go. It's ten  
after."

They settled themselves in the car  
with Mugs between them. Ed started  
the motor before he dared to speak.  
"Well," he said at last, "how did it  
go?"

"Okay," Mugs said.

Ed eased the car out of the traffic  
jam. He got into the clear and said,  
"It wasn't so bad, then?"

(Continued on page 144)



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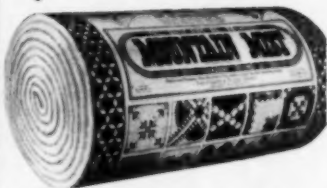
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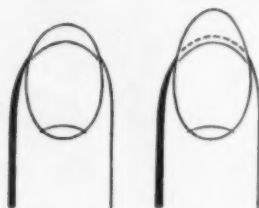
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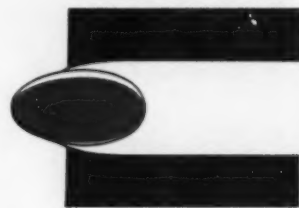


make your nails  
look prettier

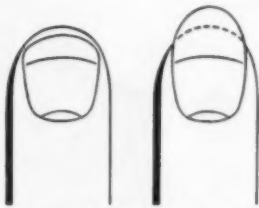
If you're not pleased with the shape of the nails that nature gave you, you can turn them into delicate oval ornaments for your fingertips with just a touch of optical illusion



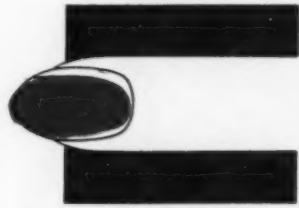
Round nails will seem oval if you add length. Nail tip should be about a third as long as the nail itself. File



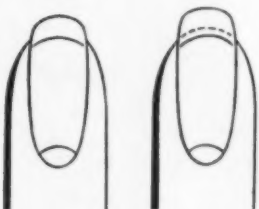
to a rounded point, then outline an oval with a fine line of polish. Fill in, using two coats of strong, bright color



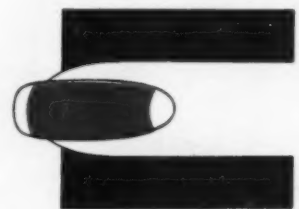
Square nails that are broad and stubby will seem more slender if you let the tips grow almost as long as the nails.



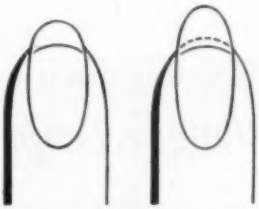
Shape to a rounded point and outline an oval; keep color away from cuticle at sides. Fill in, using two coats of polish



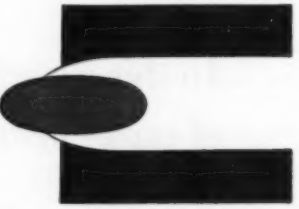
Oblong nails need the illusion of width. Keep tips short, never more than a fourth as long as the nails themselves.



Round tips, but do not file down the sides. Leave moon and tip uncovered, apply polish right to edge of cuticle



Very small nails need length, otherwise they look like dots. Use a good nail cream and cuticle oil so they'll be



strong and healthy, then let them grow as long as possible and cover the entire nail with two coats of polish

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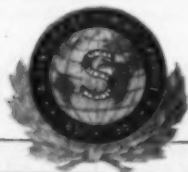
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(Continued from page 140)

"No."  
"How was your dress, dear?" Betty asked.

"All right, I guess."

They drove in silence for half a mile. Then Ed said, "Margaret, we've decided you don't have to go again if you don't want to."

Mugs stared at the road a moment, then said, "I'll go."

They were at the turn-off to Dogwood Lane. He glanced at Betty. She seemed as puzzled as he was. She asked, "Did you have any trouble talking to the boys?"

"No."

"What did you talk about?"

"Oh, schools and stuff."

"Meet any boys you liked?" Ed asked.

"A few. One boy got thrown out."

"Thrown out? Why?"

"He—somebody whistled at a girl."

Ed grinned. "Well, I'm glad they don't stand for any rough stuff. A nice bunch of kids, huh?"

"Um-hmm."

They were almost to their driveway.

Mugs suddenly asked, "How's Alex?"

"Alex? He's all right. Why?"

"I just wanted to be sure. He's going to be a father."

"What?"

"He's going to be a father. Mark Perry's got a great Dane too, and we're going to mate her and Alex and sell the pups and divide the money fifty-fifty."

Ed heard Betty gasp. He almost hit the big maple at the driveway entrance, then straightened the car and drove slowly to the garage. Mugs threw open the door and dashed into the house. Ed closed the garage doors and turned to Betty, who was waiting.

"Ed!" she exclaimed. "What do you suppose happened?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Ed said. "Do you suppose she'll want to go next time?"

Ed grinned. "Try and stop her!" he said. "Just try and stop her!"

THE END

**MORE ABOUT THE FASHIONS ON PAGES 47, 48, 49**

● **THE DRESS (page 47):** By Katja of Sweden, in red, gold, green, oxford gray or black wool jersey. Sizes 10 to 16, about \$30. At The John Shillito Company, Cincinnati; Maurice L. Rothschild-Young-Quinlan Co., Minneapolis. With this dress, Revlon's Love That Red lipstick.

**Accessories shown with the dress:** Red velveteen Sally V hat by Sally Victor, about \$13. Jewelry by Michael Paul of Marvella: earrings about \$4, necklace about \$15, bracelets about \$2 each. Black doeskin 8-button gloves by Alexette, about \$9.50. Black patent belt by Charm, about \$2.50. Gold jewelry in the small picture by Michael Paul of Marvella: pin about \$10, earrings about \$7.50.

**For parties:** Black velvet envelope handbag by George Morris, about \$11. Black suede shoes with patent trim by DeLiso Deb, about \$17. Cluster of 6 red carnations by Flower Modes, about \$2.25. Black baroque necklace and bracelet by Frederic Mosell, about \$10 each. Long pink glacé gloves by Alexette, about \$9. Blue-fox stole by Gruskin & Feldman, about \$165.

**For street wear:** Black calf handbag by George Morris, about \$25. Red calf shoes by DeLiso Deb, about \$17. Short black cotton gloves with white stitching by Hansen, about \$3.50. White carnation by Flower Modes, about \$1.25. The black-and-white plaid ribbon can be your own.

● **THE COAT (page 48):** By Goldberg-Weissman, in oxford gray, black, brown, navy or red poodle cloth. Sizes 10 to 18, about \$95. At Davison-Paxon Co., Atlanta; Macy's, Kansas City. With this coat, Charles of the Ritz' Tiger Lily lipstick.

**Accessories shown with the coat:** Gold velveteen Sally V hat by Sally Victor, about \$14. Gold-color silk scarf by Baar & Beards, about \$2. Belt comes with the coat.

**Town set:** Red calf handbag by Coronet, about \$19. Red calf shoes by Delmanette, about \$19. Gold-and-black bracelet and earrings by Michael Paul of Marvella, about \$4 each. Black calf belt with gold buckle by Vogue, about \$9. White cotton hand-stitched short gloves by Hansen, about \$3.50. Wear a length of black-and-white striped ribbon instead of a scarf.

**Party set:** Gun-metal patent handbag by Coronet, about \$16. Gun-metal patent shoes by Mademoiselle, about \$17. Gold arrow earrings by Michael Paul of Marvella, about \$3. Red velvet carnation by Flower Modes, about \$1.25. Short olive-green fabric gloves by Grandoe, about \$3.50. Pure silk printed square by Ben Goodman, about \$3.

**Country set:** Black calf handbag by Coronet, about \$16. Wool plaid and black calf shoes by Mademoiselle, about \$17. Gold-bead bracelet by Michael Paul of Marvella, about \$3. Gold calf and gray suede belt by Charm, about \$5. Gold-color doeskin 4-button gloves by Alexette, about \$6.

● **THE SUIT (page 49):** By Handsmacher-Vogel, in brown, gray, oxford, steel, cadet-blue, or cloud-blue imported English worsted. Sizes 7 to 15 and 10 to 20, about \$70. At Frost Bros., San Antonio; Lord & Taylor, New York.

**Accessories shown with the suit:** Peacock-blue felt hat, a John Frederics Young Charmer, about \$13. Peacock-blue silk scarf by Baar & Beards, about \$1. Pearl jewelry by Ciner: pin about \$5, earrings about \$4. Baum-marten-dyed skunk stole by George Manos and Henry Block, about \$195.

**For a shopping trip:** Rust calf handbag by Coronet, about \$19. Black calf shoe with orange trim by Delmanette, about \$19. Amber bracelet by Michael Paul of Marvella, about \$15. Gold-color silk surah scarf with fencer design by Bersois, about \$13. Black kid gloves by Alexette, about \$6.

**For teatime:** Black-and-brown calf handbag by Coronet, about \$13. Black-and-brown calf shoe by Mademoiselle, about \$17. Pearl bracelets by Michael Paul of Marvella: with pistol drop about \$5, with topaz drop about \$2. Purple polka-dotted silk surah scarf by Bersois, about \$6. Beige doeskin 8-button gloves by Alexette, about \$9.50.

**For a country walk:** Rust calf handbag by Alan, about \$20. Brown calf shoe, Soft Pedal by Queen Quality, about \$15. Single gold leaf necklace and double gold leaf bracelet by Frederic Mosell, about \$5 each. Reversible brown-and-green striped satin scarf by Baar & Beards, about \$6. Spice-color kid gloves by Alexette, about \$5.



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## DON'T LET IT END THIS WAY

Continued from page 45

Like I did when I got engaged to Clint, and I haven't climbed so far down I can't remember what it's like up there, either." Affecting carelessness, she flung the dress on the bed. "Wear this, honey. And don't get on your high horse and quote your father to me. 'Eat it up,'" she chanted with a touch of derision. "Wear it out. Make it do. Or go without."

"It's just a Yankee rhyme," Alice protested. "Father doesn't live by it." For himself, he doesn't. Aunt Edna retorted silently. In the back of her mind she almost believed her wonderful sister would have lived if she hadn't married Paul Hayden. On the other hand, how else would there be Alice? She said affectionately, "Barry doesn't have to see you in practically the same little old thing every night." She laughed again. But wasn't it something, to think of Alice marrying into the Taylor family, absolutely bowling over the most attractive, hardest-to-get boy in the county!

"I don't think it matters to Barry." Just saying his name made her cheeks glow and her eyes starry. "You've given me so many clothes already. I told Father I wouldn't need anything much extra to wear. I didn't know there'd be so much going on. I mean, I didn't know I'd be in on it."

Aunt Edna couldn't help asking, "I suppose he didn't get himself a few extras before he set out on the grand tour?"

"Oh, he had to," Alice said, slipping the dress over her dark, shining hair. "My goodness, the least he could do, when Mr. Sorenson's treating him to everything else, was to make himself presentable." Her smile was mischievous. "Father was cute. Did I tell you? At the last minute he suddenly decided the real reason Mr. Sorenson invited him to go along was because of the new plates. He was afraid he might have trouble with them, and he was going to have his own dentist right on tap. Isn't that like Father?"

"Isn't that like Father?" Edna repeated to Clinton, having faithfully reported everything else Alice said. "If the boys ever began to show me such blind idolatry, I'd faint."

"For joy," Clinton suggested, and helped her to another slice of mahogany-colored ham. The Petrees always enjoyed a snack before bedtime.

"Paul Hayden's going to hate having to hire himself office help," Edna announced brightly.

Her husband stretched his arms and blinked his straw-colored lashes. He gave his wife a little argument only for the fun of it, because they liked to talk nearly as much as they liked to eat. He now said judicially, "Paul's not a bad sort. He's got that dry, Yankee sense of humor."

"Saw him three times in your life, and he's your buddy!" Edna exploded. "And we had to make the trips to see him. Did he ever let my own niece come to visit us till some fool of a patient took him on a trip abroad and he needed someone to look after Alice?" Having discharged her indignation, she began to chuckle. "He's never going to forgive us, Clint, letting him be robbed of his daughter."

"Why, sure, it's a blow for him," Clinton volunteered reasonably. "A boy he never met, a boy he never heard of till Alice writes she wants to marry him."

"He's heard plenty about him by now. I wrote Paul too." Edna was pleased with herself. "I made it clear

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it's a catch, no two ways about it. Now let Paul try to throw a spoke in." "He wrote her a mighty fine letter back," said the indefatigable opponent. "You could pick that letter to pieces and not find him wishing for anything but Alice's happiness. Asking her to wait till he got back to announce it, you'd do that yourself."

AT THAT HOUR, in the park on the bluff overlooking the river, Barry and Alice clung to each other. The branches of the coffee tree shielded them even from the eye of the moon.

"You're too good to be true," Barry whispered. He kissed her again and said in a small, choked voice, "I kind of wish you weren't too true to be good."

"No, you don't, Barry," she answered steadily.

He pushed her away from him. "Then I'll have to be good." His liquid brown eyes rested on her. "Less than a week and you'll be gone. You'll be going back without even wearing the ring."

"I'll be wearing it the second after I've talked with Father."

"I've only just found you, sweetest." He closed his fingers over her wrist, around the slender band of sapphires his parents had given her. "I oughtn't to let you go."

"I'm only going a little while, so I can come back forever." Her direct blue eyes met his.

"Alice." His grasp numbed her wrist. "If we drove across the river, there's a justice of the peace . . ."

"If we only could. But we can't, darling."

"We could come back and get a room at a hotel for the night. You could call Edna and Clint and tell them. They're not the kind to make a fuss. And my folks are crazy about you; they'll understand. Don't you want to, baby?"

"Oh, I want to. I'd be—oh, I couldn't want to more. But I promised Father. That's all he asked of me. I couldn't hurt him by eloping."

"Whose life is it going to be?" Barry inquired glumly. "I thought it was going to be yours and mine."

"It is." She hesitated. "As much as it ever can be. I mean, other people have claims on you too, don't they, Barry?"

"You have first dibs."

"Father had first with me for eighteen years. I can't drop him just like that. Why, it's because I don't love him best any longer that I can't make him miserable." Her voice became stronger. The temptation was fading. "I'm going to desert him, Barry. He's going to be all by himself, far away from here. We won't be able to see each other often. I couldn't not wait a little bit longer for us to get married, when that's all Father asked."

Barry wasn't accustomed to opposition from girls. Smarting, he lapsed into silence. But when she showed no sign of yielding, his chagrin gave way to renewed appreciation of her independence.

"You're different from them all," he told her proudly. "There isn't anyone like you, Alice."

Yes, she was different from them all. She had brains. She had stamina. She was without guile. Too many girls and too many mothers had laid traps for Barry Taylor. Before he was seventeen, he'd become wary as a fox. But Alice didn't seem aware that he was the princeling of Calhoun City. She was overwhelmed only by love. He could have been anybody, Barry concluded, startled; all that mattered was loving each other. At twenty-seven he was ready to put his wild days behind him for a future with Alice.

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Dr. Hayden sometimes missed Sunday services, but he never missed making sure the beans were set to soak every Friday night. Summer and winter. Saturday wasn't Saturday if the rich, porky-and-molasses fragrance of beans cooking all day long didn't waft out from the kitchen. Baked beans and brown bread fresh from the oven, coleslaw, and Indian pudding to come.

"Maybe French cooking's the best in the world," he declared now to his daughter on their first weekend at home together. "But I tell you, there wasn't a single Saturday I wasn't homesick for this supper."

Alice was waiting for the phone to ring, long distance, Calhoun City calling. She'd been home since the first of the week, and Barry'd phoned every day.

"What would you do if the phone got out of order?" Dr. Hayden teased this evening.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Father. I was listening to you, though. Every word." She shook herself out of her reverie. "Honestly! The way you go on about everything in Europe," Alice said, deftly picking up the threads. "Don't think I've missed a word—"

The phone rang. The quick, lovely color flamed in her cheeks. She murmured an excuse as she flew into the other room.

"Don't keep him waiting," her father cried after her, feigning jocularity.

He was calling from Aiken where he had a big golf match. Though the connection was poor and Barry's voice blared out and dwindled away unnaturally, she could see him as if he were standing before her. The tall, powerful frame, the ruddy-tanned cheeks, the voluptuous, curly lips, the straight, ink-black eyebrows.

"Still love me?" Barry asked.  
"You know I do."  
"What did you say? I can't hear a word."

"I said I do," Alice shouted. "I love you so, it hurts."

"I can't hear a word, sugar. Can you hear me?"

With deadly efficiency, the operator intervened. "She says she loves you so, it hurts."

Barry's delighted roar crackled along the wires.

WEATHERED in smiles, Alice went back to the table, where her father said jovially, "Sounds as if you love him." With an almost imperceptible hint of martyrdom he added, "Don't bother about the pudding. I brought it out myself. Well, what did Barry have to say for himself?"  
"Nothing, really," she answered ecstatically.

Dr. Hayden was bland. "Phones all the way from Calhoun City to say nothing, really?"

"From South Carolina! He went there to play with some men he met in the National Amateur. He's so good, Father, he could be one of the top amateurs in the whole country."

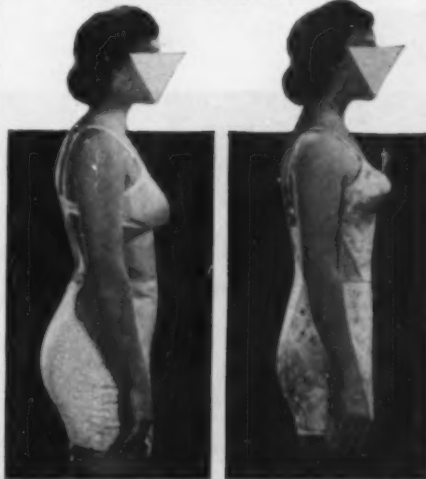
Dr. Hayden looked benign. "Got to get used to thinking of you with a brassie in your hand instead of a book. Anyway, that explains what kept him away from here this weekend."

"Father! Are you serious?" A crease troubled her smooth forehead. "Because I told Barry not to come till next weekend, so as to give you and me more time together. I thought you'd rather."

"I'd rather be meeting my future son-in-law. My future son," he returned superbly. "I refuse to lose a daughter. I intend to gain a son."

Oh, he was being wonderful! She felt like springing up to hug him.  
(Continued on page 150)

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- physical or nervous strain from imperfect posture, improper support

**Let SPENCER bring you new figure health and beauty!**

Feeling listless, fatigued, bothered by nagging back? The answer may be simple—posture imperfections! SPENCER, then, can do wonders for you by "lifting" your posture and guiding your figure to lovely, natural lines. Yes, a Spencer Breast Support, individually designed for you alone, will gently lift bosom to firm beauty, help guard against future breast ills. Your Spencer Body Support will proportion your figure into its ideal shape, smooth rolls and bulges, lift flabby abdominal muscles so "insides" function better.



### ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

Many doctors prescribe Spencer Supports to improve health by improving posture; to aid treatment of back disorders—arthritis and other chronic diseases—displaced abdominal organs—breast problems—maternity—post-operative and other conditions. Don't diagnose yourself, see your doctor about troublesome symptoms.

**Spencers—like eyeglasses—are individually created for your individual needs**

Spencer's famous "Individual Design" works this way: a trained Spencer corsetiere measures you at home or in a Spencer Support Shop. From her detailed figure analysis, our skilled designers then create your very own supports, in the lovely fabrics you choose. Made expressly for you, your Spencers will improve your figure just as glasses improve the vision.



### Too "tired" for fun?

Spencer Supports help keep you fresh and energetic even after a busy day—thanks to the marvelous posture improvement that allows organs to function better. Your husband will note the change in your looks and personality as soon as you start wearing your healthful, beautiful Spencers.

### IMPORTANT ECONOMY

Because Spencer is THE support GUARANTEED never to lose shape, you'll get longer wear, more lasting benefit than you ever dreamed possible. Some women say they actually wear their Spencers twice as long as other foundations—a big saving in this all-important purchase.



**Write or phone for FREE information**

MAIL valuable coupon below for booklet showing how Spencer can help you, personally. OR PHONE your Spencer dealer. (look in yellow pages under "Corsets," white pages under "Spencer Corsetiere" or "Spencer Support Shop"). Never sold in department stores.

**Mrs. Philip Brooks, of Scarsdale, N. Y., mother of 3, adores her Spencer Breast and Body Supports.**

"I shall never forget my first experience with Spencer! From that day on I have never had a backache. Spencer has helped me through my two pregnancies, as well as a serious fall several years ago. I couldn't be without mine."

**Please send my FREE 20-page booklet. I have marked my figure problem at left.**

(Print name and address)

MS. \_\_\_\_\_  
MS. \_\_\_\_\_

Lordosis Breast Fatigue  
 Backline Problem Posture  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: SPENCER DESIGNERS, 125 Derby Ave., New Haven 7, Conn. 10/51

**individually designed SPENCER SUPPORTS**

Canadian Address: Rock Island, Quebec



PATTERNS  
**McCall's**

*How nice you'll look!*



8677

**No. 8677.** In this wide, gathered skirt which bells out like a shimmering bubble if you wear it over fashion's newest love, the starchy-stiff crinoline or over a full taffeta petticoat, ruffled and rustling. The tiny sleeves are raglan, the neckline very open. Make it of a crisp fabric . . . taffeta or faille

Buy McCall's patterns at your local store, or order them by mail, prepaid, from McCall Corporation, Dayton 1, Ohio. Prices and sizes of patterns on last page

Back views on last page.  
More McCall's patterns on page 152

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE RYIA  
SKETCHES BY E. NERI



No. 8680. In a variation on the shirtwaist theme . . . a luxurious fabric for a dress with a tiny shawl collar, great big pleated pockets. Long tight sleeves have turn-back cuffs



No. 8685. In a dress with cross-draping at the neckline . . . repeated on the sleeve to give the effect of a half-moon cuff

No. 8678. In this dress with a skirt that's over three yards wide . . . let it fall in soft folds from the front yoke, or blossom out over a crinoline. The unmounted push-up sleeves have a raglan line in back. Good dress in crepe, satin or taffeta



No. 8679. In a dress with tapering sleeves set into the dropped shoulders to give an oval line. The skirt has eight flaring panels

8678

**NEW! MAGIC PANEL FEATURE  
SLIMS LIKE MAGIC  
LOOK SLIMMER  
More Youthful  
REDUCE YOUR  
APPEARANCE**

**THE FIGURE ADJUSTER MUST BE THE BEST GIRDLE YOU EVER WORE . . . YOU MUST FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE, or YOU MUST look and feel younger . . . your shape MUST be noticeably improved or you get every cent back on once!**

No matter how many other girdles you have tried, we believe NO OTHER GIRDLE CAN DO MORE FOR YOU THAN THE FIGURE ADJUSTER! No other girdle or supporter belt offers you more TUMMY control, BULGE control, HOLD-IN and STAY-UP power . . . safely, effectively. No other girdle can begin to approach the miracle-working FIGURE ADJUSTER feature! Figure Adjuster is LIGHT in weight yet wonderfully strong! Figure Adjuster allows AIR to circulate through it, ABSORBES perspiration, is made by the most skilled craftsmen, and allows you to ADJUST it to the least amount of BULGE control you like and NEED for an IMPROVED FIGURE! MAGIC PANEL CONTROL: No more slipping when you wear a SLIMMING FIGURE ADJUSTER. The control you get is completely COMFORTABLE . . . and GUARANTEES beautiful, lasting support. Its built-in TUMMY PANEL leaves nothing to meet the bra—NO RIDGERS! BULGE! LIFTS and FLATTENS the tummy, SLIMS down the waist, TRIMS the hips and eliminates the "BARE TIRE" waistline roll! The magic ADJUSTABLE, slimming, easily controlled panel is scientifically designed and is the result of testing different kinds of panels on thousands of women! Figure Adjuster creates the "BALANCED PRESSURE" that gives each bulge the exact amount of RESTRAINT it requires. It gives you the right amount of SUPPORT where YOU need it MOST! Let Figure Adjuster give you MORE secure control . . . for more of your figure . . . let it give you a more BEAUTIFUL FIGURE . . . the slimmer, trimmer figure that INVITES romance. You ACTUALLY APPEAR SLIMMER AT ONCE WITH THE MAGIC PANEL control of Figure Adjuster. Colors made, blue or white. Fancy or regular. Sizes 24 inch waist to 48, only \$4.98.

Truly Sensational At **\$4.98** formerly \$8.80



**MAKE THIS TEST WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!**

Clasp your hands over your SHOULDERS, press upwards and to gently feel FIRMLY. You feel better don't you? That's just what the LIFT adjustable FIGURE ADJUSTER does for you, only the FIGURE ADJUSTER does it better. MAIL COUPON AND TEST IT AT THE PRICE YOU PAY. **TRIAL**. At our expense WE BELIEVE NO OTHER GIRDLE AT THIS PRICE CAN GIVE YOU BETTER SUPPORT, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer.

**WHY DIET? TRY IT!**

- Takes Inches Off Tummy!
- Releases Abdomen and Keeps It Flat like Magic It Brings in Waist!
- Makes Spreading Hipbones Conform to Firm Beauty!
- Smooths and Slims Thighs!
- Makes Your Clothes Fit Beautifully!

**100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

Test the FIGURE ADJUSTER at home for ten days TRIAL at our expense! It's sent on approval! If you don't like it, return it after ten days and we'll send your money right back. We take all the risk . . . that's because we know that even though you may have tried many others you haven't tried the BEST until you have used a FIGURE ADJUSTER! MAIL COUPON NOW!

**GIFT:** "SECRETS OF LOVELINESS" booklet tells how to take advantage of correct choice of clothing, proper use of makeup and other secrets to help you "take your figure" and inches slimmer. Will be included with your order.



**SEND NO MONEY**

Guaranteed to Delight or Your Money Back . . . 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

FIGURE ADJUSTER CO., Dept. 489, 318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Yes! Please rush "FIGURE ADJUSTER" on approval. If not delighted I may return girdle within 10 days. I will pay postage. I enclose \$5.00, cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid. I save on postage. Check state:  Ill.  Ind.  Iowa  Kan.  Ky.  La.  Me.  Mich.  Minn.  Mo.  N. H.  N. J.  N. C.  N. D.  Ohio  Okla.  Pa.  S. C.  S. D.  Tex.  Va.  W. Va.  Wis.  Wyo.  Ark.  Cal.  Colo.  Conn.  Del.  Fla.  Ga.  Hawaii  Idaho  Ill.  Ind.  Iowa  Kan.  Ky.  La.  Me.  Mich.  Minn.  Mo.  N. H.  N. J.  N. C.  N. D.  Ohio  Okla.  Pa.  S. C.  S. D.  Tex.  Va.  W. Va.  Wis.  Wyo.  Ark.  Cal.  Colo.  Conn.  Del.  Fla.  Ga.  Hawaii  Idaho  Ill.  Ind.  Iowa  Kan.  Ky.  La.  Me.  Mich.  Minn.  Mo.  N. H.  N. J.  N. C.  N. D.  Ohio  Okla.  Pa.  S. C.  S. D.  Tex.  Va.  W. Va.  Wis.  Wyo.  Ark.  Cal.  Colo.  Conn.  Del.  Fla.  Ga.  Hawaii  Idaho  Ill.  Ind.  Iowa  Kan.  Ky.  La.  Me.  Mich.  Minn.  Mo.  N. H.  N. J.  N. C.  N. D.  Ohio  Okla.  Pa.  S. C.  S. D.  Tex.  Va.  W. Va.  Wis.  Wyo.  Ark.  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# Amazing New Powder Bleach Safely Bleaches Nylon, Rayon!



"ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!" . . . that's how 'snowy' bleach impressed this lovely young bride. She just couldn't imagine using a bleach on her net-trimmed nylon slip. But 'snowy' bleach is completely different. It's so gentle. After just three washings with 'snowy,' all the yellow disappeared and her slip was white and sparkling as new. You too will like 'snowy' bleach.

## At Last a Bleach That Smells GOOD—'snowy' Is Pleasant News to Your Nose!

There's good news in the air! That wonderful new powdered bleach for nylon and rayon, 'snowy' bleach, has a pleasant fragrance, too. It smells mild, fresh and clean as the out-of-doors.

Enthusiastic young housewife, Marie Tate, reveals: "I've simply fallen in love with 'snowy' bleach. It gets my underthings white as can be—and it's so easy to use a powder bleach and one that smells

so nice. I just dip my lingerie in the washbowl and add a little 'snowy' as I wash. It all comes out so white and smells so fresh. I never saw anything like it."

Delighted career girl, Doris McLeod, observes: "That's so important when you do your lingerie and things indoors—they don't get out in the sun. But now with 'snowy' bleach, they still have that clean, outdoor fragrance."

Women everywhere are thrilled by this added miracle of 'snowy' bleach. What a wonderful thing to



Doris McLeod

feel sure that your dainty nylon or rayon underthings are always clean and sweet-smelling—delightfully fresh with 'snowy' powder bleach.

## 'snowy' Bleach Gently Whitens Dingy Gray Slips, Blouses, Bras, Lingerie

The miracle women have waited for all these years is here! A revolutionary new kind of bleach in powder form that is completely safe for nylon, rayon, silks, woolsens—fabrics women could never bleach before.

New! Gentle! 'snowy' bleach is brought to you by the Gold Seal Co., (makers of famous 'GLASS WAX'). Remarkable 'snowy' bleach safely whitens and brightens even sheerest lingerie. Grateful women

### You Can Trust Even Baby's Things to 'snowy'

A gentle bleach that's safe as safe can be for precious baby things has completely won the confidence of today's careful mothers. So gently, so tenderly does 'snowy' bleach treat baby



diapers, knits, fine lawn dresses and embroideries. Mothers, Attention! The Gold Seal Company, makers of 'snowy', assures you 'snowy' bleach leaves sweaters and blankets softer and fluffier. Harmless and non-irritating to baby's delicate skin.

'snowy' is the first powder bleach to be accepted by the American Medical Association for advertising in AMA publications.

for the first time in history now trust their finest washable fabrics to this wonderful powder bleach

discovery . . . marvel at how safely it acts to banish that dingy gray or yellowed look.

As Mrs. Olga Kaar says, "I'm never embarrassed any more about dingy gray showing on my slips." No more soiled look at the hem. No more half moon under-arm stains on bras. 'snowy' bleach ends fear of dingy undies—assures complete feminine daintiness!



Mrs. Olga Kaar

### Safely Bleaches Sweaters, Woolens, Even Silks, Satins!

Never before possible! Women never dreamed of bleaching such things as wool sweaters, blankets or silk and satin garments—until 'snowy' bleach came along.

Now—as Mrs. H. Carlson reports, "I've never had a qualm about trusting my best wool sweaters to 'snowy'. They come out soft and fluffy every time. And even my silk things have stayed as soft and lustrous as new. I call 'snowy' my washday insurance."

### Brightens Tub-fast Colors, Too

Another first for 'snowy' bleach! So gentle, so safe is this amazing new powder bleach, you can actually use 'snowy' bleach to clear and brighten your pink, blue, peach—all your dainty tub-fast colored washables. 'snowy' won't harm even the most delicate tub-fast pastels or prints. And how you'll love the way it helps to make dulled, cloudy colors clear and fresh, once more.

### 'snowy' Costs Only Pennies per Wash

Just think! This safe beauty care for your finest lingerie costs you only a penny or two with each laundering. Softens water and saves on soap and detergent besides. Get a big 20-ounce package of 'snowy' bleach for 49¢.



Goldie Says:

SO EASY TO USE - IN THE HANDY POUR SPOUT BOX

49¢

BIG 20 oz. PACKAGE

GOLD SEAL'S SAFE BLEACH

# 'snowy'

The Powdered Bleach with the Pleasant Odor

'snowy', Gold Seal and 'GLASS WAX' are trademarks. © Gold Seal Co., Bismarck, N. Dak.

PATTERNS  
**McCall's**

*Make a  
party dress  
in a jiffy*

You'll find this dress is as easily made as anything you ever sewed. It's cut in one piece, with the slightest shaping under the armholes. All fitting is done with drawstrings . . . either ribbon or self-covered cording. Use a soft, drapable fabric like this rayon crepe

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE BARKENTIN  
WIDDER'S RIBETTE ACETATE-AND-RAYON CREPE

8700

Back views on last page.  
More McCall's patterns on page 156

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(Continued from page 150)

an audience that wouldn't listen. At the end she was the only one to applaud.

Dell didn't even try again. But as she walked away from the piano there was a snicker from one of the tables, a cascade of boozey laughter from another. Dell clinched her fists, about to retort, when she saw Alice beside her, holding out a hand she couldn't reject.

"Why, Dell, it's been ages," Alice said. "Come over and join us, won't you? I didn't know you were singing here."

"Thanks for calling it singing," Dell's laugh was short. "Still, it pays for my board. I'm only living here," she added airily, "till I make better connections."

"Sit down with us and tell us," Alice urged. "I'd like you to meet—" But she couldn't say "my fiancé," not to Dell. "I'd like you and Barry to meet."

"Why not?" She moved along at Alice's side, tossing her silvery hair as though to snap her fingers at the world. "So this is Barry!" she called to him, as if they'd gone to school together.

Dell lingered at their table, trading comical, occasionally shady anecdotes with Barry. Unlike Alice, she kept pace with him, drink for drink. Her voice, by the time they left, had grown furry and blurred. Barry himself staggered a little when the clammy air hit him outside.

The rain fell in long, slanting sheets. Alice drove with care. And after a while Barry broke the silence. "You know, hon," he said, "if my sisters ran into me when I was with a little tramp like that girl, they'd pretend not to see me."

Alice kept her eyes fixed on the road ahead. "Do you think I should pretend not to see Dell?"

"I'm telling you what she is, baby. You're too nice to size her up."

"I know she's been hurt. I could see it, even if I didn't know." For an instant she hesitated. But it wasn't betraying Dell to tell it to someone who'd be your husband, and always know everything you knew.

When she finished, she added quietly, "So you see why I couldn't cut Dell Blackman. It never occurred to me to 'size her up,' as you call it. I kept wondering, did the baby live? Did she have to let someone adopt it? Oh, it seemed so unequal for me to be there with you, knowing everything marvelous is ahead for us."

Barry frowned, laboring to grasp an unfamiliar idea. Then his brow cleared. "Ah, you'll never let anyone down," he burst out suddenly, with the quick sweetness she cherished in him. "You're—" he groped for words—"well, you know I never said you were the most beautiful girl I'd ever laid eyes on."

"High time you did." "But when you put that little chin of yours up, when you go to bat, you're beautiful to me. There isn't anyone like you."

THE echo of his voice, the memory of his embraces, threaded her dreams that night. She slept with her lips parted in a blissful smile. If she wasn't the most beautiful girl you ever laid eyes on, she was the most enchanted.

In the morning she served her father breakfast. "Don't consider going along with me to church," Dr. Hayden said. "Just put the whole day aside for your young man."

"If you don't mind, I won't go along. Then when Barry does show up I'll have everything ready for dinner."

"You sound—" Her father looked over his bifocals. "Don't you have a

set time to see each other this morning?"

"Certainly. After he gets up, and he sleeps late."

Dr. Hayden revolved his water tumbler. "I understood he had just the one day left to be with you."

"And we'll make the most of it," Alice promised sturdily. "But we were up late." She wouldn't say, "And he drank a little too much, so he'll need to sleep it off." Her instinct was to protect anyone she loved from criticism. In the same way she'd always glossed over the small conceits she'd detected in her father. Inwardly as well as outwardly she was serene when her father returned from services. It never occurred to her to fret because Barry hadn't appeared.

But it was noon. Dr. Hayden always ate his Sunday dinner at 12:15 sharp. "Didn't you tell Barry what time we eat?" he demanded.

"Yes, I did. But you can't remember your sleep."

"The fellow can't still be in bed. Something's happened to him!"

"Father, you know perfectly well we'd be the first ones the Inn'd get in touch with."

"I don't believe you care for him," Dr. Hayden stormed at 12:17. "You'd be on the phone, you'd be over there seeing what's wrong."

"I care for him," she reassured her father blithely.

At 12:22 Dr. Hayden cried out, "He can't care much for you."

"Father," coaxing, tender, she drew him into the dining room. "We shan't wait a minute longer." She brought in the steaming soup tureen. "When Barry comes there'll be plenty left, and it all heats up." With satisfaction she watched her father relax.

Barry appeared before the pie was cut. He presented a box of drugstore chocolates and a profusion of apologies. Either to display his splendid health or his penitence, he insisted on eating pie first. Dr. Hayden was in good humor again.

"I act as if there's a law to make us sit down on the dot," he told Barry genially. "Except I'm a traditionalist, that's what I am. Alice, there, she's had to put up with it for years."

GALLANTLY, afterward, Dr. Hayden vanished. The sun emerged, grey bold. Alice took Barry through the woods she loved to roam, across the fields to the abandoned apple orchard. "Is there a worm in every apple?" Barry cried out, tossing aside another windfall.

"Only in every one of these. City slicker," she teased him. "They don't get any care." Her own words made her reflective. She put her hand on Barry's sleeve. "I wrote you a plane-letter. You're not supposed to read it till you're on the plane."

He covered her hand with his. "I'll try to write every day, honey. Honest. The trouble is—" he grimaced pitifully—"I'm rotten at putting things on paper."

"It's because so much is always happening to you," she defended him. "You're doing so much all the time." "You don't have a thing to do. Not much."

"Not much to write about. Why, when you get down to it there's nothing to write but how much I love you."

"That'll hold me for a while." The minutes vanished. Going, going, he was almost gone. They stood on the little station platform. Alice thrust the promised letter into Barry's breast pocket. A faint plume of smoke fogged the eastern sky. "Look," she said woefully. "There's the train."

Barry pressed her to him for the last long, deep kiss.

(Continued on page 154)

## Are you in the know?



### When two boys ask you to dance, should you choose—

- The better looker
- The lad who asked first
- Via the coin-flipping method

Both stags ask to be your leading man—so what should a doe do? Choose the one who "poke up first; even if the other bid seems more alluring. You can't lose by playing fair—and ten to one Dreamboy will re-pop the question, next dance. And next time your calendar says "Don't go," on date

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### When dining out, would a smart doll—

- Disregard prices
- Wipe the silver
- Swipe the silver

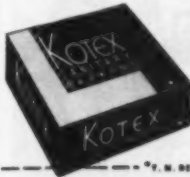
All wrong? You're right! When ordering, a smart doll considers her guy's wallet; doesn't fitch tableware "souvenirs." And unless she's dining at The Greasy Spoon she won't wipe off the silver; there's no need, and it's bad manners. As for "certain" needs, it's smart to have just the right answer...so try the 3 absorbencies of Kotex (different sizes, for different days). See how very right you'll be with Regular, Junior or Super!



### If you're a high-brow, should you—

- Conceal the fact
- Spurn jazz
- Languish in the library

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- Circle your calendar
- Perk up your wardrobe
- Buy a new belt

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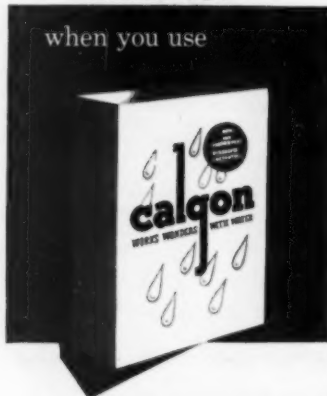
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(Continued from page 153)

When she got back home her father stopped reading the newspaper. "Barry has a pleasing manner about him," he declared. "Next time he visits, I don't know why it wouldn't look all right if he stayed with us. He seems easy to be with."

Involuntarily Alice exclaimed, "Oh, you should see Barry really! The way he is back in Calhoun City."

"I trust I didn't cramp his style."

"Well, naturally there'd be a little strain, when he wanted so much to have you like him. And when I want so much to have you like each other," she added with a very faint sigh.

EVERY Halloween Dr. Hayden prudently unhooked the picket gate and locked it in the barn that now served as his garage. This October evening, young MacDonald lugged to safety the stone urns that flanked the porch steps. He came around often, evenings. He was teaching Alice's father to tie fishing flies.

Leaving his pupil hard at work, Mac stole frequently to the cookie jar. Alice observed him with amusement as she embroidered the monogram on a guest towel. Mac caught her glance on one of his raids. Grinning, he whipped a false moustache from his pocket and, pasting it to his lip, begged in childlike tones, "Trick or treat." The moustache lent a rakish air to his square, plain, even-tempered face. The ginger-colored hair was growing darker; he wet it too often, trying to tame it. He was as dear as a brother, and as much fun, Alice thought as she smiled up at him.

Mac stopped before he got too close to her. Sometimes it was torment to keep at a distance from Alice; and sometimes it was worse being near her. Fortunately he could still hide his love from her.

"Dell Blackman's come to work in our wrapping room," he told her in an undertone. "She mentioned running into you about a month ago." His eyes were somber.

"Oh, I hope things are going to be good for her." In and out went the needle, stitching "AHT." "Mac, did they let her keep the baby?"

"I don't know anything. People don't tell me anything."  
"People do. I do. I tell you because you'll always say, 'I don't know anything.'"

"Take a look at this, Norman!" her father suddenly exclaimed. He held up a half-finished lure. "Look, I've got something here, all right."

By the time Alice finished the monogram Mac had rattled off in his battered coupe. Alice went upstairs to put the guest towel in the spare room reserved for her handiwork, for the engagement presents that never failed to strike her with delight. Most of them were from people she'd never seen—Barry's Virginia cousins, his great aunt in Bermuda.

She lingered to admire the unexpected treasures again, the silver pitcher, electric mixer, crystal finger bowls, lacy table mats. The bold abstractionist painting came from Barry's oldest sister. To Alice it looked like a colored enlargement of a tick-tacktoe design. But Barry was partial to modern interiors and this was what he'd like hung on their cool, severe walls. She understood Barry; she didn't need to understand the artists, she told herself, and turned to find her father in the doorway.

"You come up to look at them so often," he said in a pathetic tone. "They must be what you've been hankering for, and I never could give them."

"In a second I'm going to be good and mad at you," she threatened.

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"I wish I could manage a real trousseau for you, my dear." He sighed. "Your mother never would've let you get married without a proper trousseau. I remember—" he wiped his glasses—"she had three dozen of everything, she always said."

"Father! None of the Taylors is going to care the tiniest little bit, Barry," she said so softly and proudly, "didn't fall in love with me because I dressed better than anyone else. And, after all, we shan't exactly be in want, you know."

"It's a different world you're moving into," he answered sorrowfully. "You don't begin to realize."

IN MID-NOVEMBER Dr. Hayden regretfully informed his daughter, "I couldn't get along with that woman for a blessed day."

He spoke of the last of a small group of prospective housekeepers. There were not many paragons to choose from, and Alice's father couldn't abide a one of the candidates. Once in a while Alice wanted to scream. "Oh, make up your mind! One of those women would do. Everybody has to make compromises!"

These instances of stifled exasperation were followed by deep compunction. She felt guilty. She felt unfair. How could you ask him to make a final decision when, every day, the lines in his face seemed deeper? When his shoulders seemed to sag under a heavier burden. It was hard on Father.

It was hard on Barry too. He wanted the wedding date set. He wanted the suite reserved in Havana, every detail in order for a January honeymoon. No wonder he didn't have the heart to write much when, anyway, he didn't like to write. Or to phone when Alice could only tell him, "Darling, the second Father's fixed up, we can go right ahead with everything."

Father didn't understand. "Didn't hear from him yet?" he'd demand incredulously when Alice brought in the morning mail. "When you never miss a day! It's beyond me."

By and by she stopped inventing excuses for Barry. Without her father's nudging, her heart sank a little lower each time there was no letter for her. She hid her pain. Yet one evening, while Mac helped her wash up, she heard herself saying, "There's more than meets the eye to men marrying The Girl Next Door."

"Don't look at me. I haven't anyone next door for close to a mile." Mac answered lightly, sensing the drooping spirit behind the flippant words. He'd become alert to every fluctuation in Alice's moods, but he held his feelings in check. He comprehended his role. He was her fond, dependable brother.

"Maybe interstate romances should be abolished," Alice went on. "You know, when you're so far apart it's a strain on the mail service and the long-distance wire."

I think I will murder Barry Taylor, Mac swore silently. He made a fist of one big, broad, capable hand.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself. Honestly," Alice scolded herself, "other girls have had to put off marrying for years and years. And been separated by the seven seas. I ought to know when I'm lucky, when some other girls don't have anything at all to wait for."

Like Dell Blackman, Mac wondered—would you be thinking of her? I could tell you how Barry went back to Dell that night at Luigi's Casino. But Mac wouldn't. He'd take pleasure in heating up Barry Taylor, but he wouldn't hit a low blow. Besides, when people confided in him, he couldn't talk.

(Continued on page 157)

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SKETCHES BY E. NESS



(Continued from page 155)

It used to be, Alice thought, why, the first thing you knew it was Thanksgiving. But now day and night dragged out endlessly. There were sixty seconds to a minute, sixty minutes to an hour, twenty-four hours to a day. She learned to count them, while a week passed without word from Barry.

Though Alice didn't allow a murmur of complaint to escape from her, her father was alive to her suffering. Insofar as he was capable of it, he suffered with her.

When Mac wasn't there, father and daughter tried to spend their usual quiet evenings alone, but demons lurked in the shadowed corners of the room.

"Who does Barry think he is?" Dr. Hayden demanded wrathfully one evening.

It was scarcely a question anyone could answer. She could no longer invent loving explanations for Barry's behavior. Where before she'd been able to wave aside all her father's dark hints and suspicions, now she found herself helplessly sharing them.

"There's something wrong. Something's happened to him," Dr. Hayden declared. He truly didn't see his own hand in it. "His family ought to let you know. But since they didn't, in a case like this I really think you could let yourself wire him, Alice."

"I'll call up," she said firmly. "If something's happened to Barry . . ."

A maid answered the phone. "Mr. Barry's gone off to Atlanta for the weekend," she told Alice. The connection was clear this time. "Would you care to speak to Mrs. Taylor? Or the Colonel?"

"No, no one, thank you. Just tell Mr. Barry I called."

Barry phoned back on Monday. He was apologetic but not abject. "Have to keep my franchise, baby," he told

her. "You wouldn't want me to let the season go by without seeing one Georgia Tech game?"

"Why, I'm glad, Barry. Don't make me sound so—oh—I don't know what."

"I wish you could have been along." He was loving. She counted the times he called her "baby" and "honey." Yet afterward she told herself those endearments slipped easily off his tongue. She questioned his sincerity.

For an interval, Barry punctiliously renewed his attentions, but she couldn't again recapture the untainted joyfulness of last summer. Her apprehensions were sufficiently lulled, though, so that Barry's next lapse shook her.

"I don't know what to do," she told her father.

An unwelcome misgiving possessed Dr. Hayden. There had been no reasonable grounds for objecting to the marriage, so he'd never acknowledged to himself that he hadn't desired it. Yet now, faced by his daughter's misery, he vaguely tried to repair the damage. He said, "This time something really might have happened. I'd wire and find out."

Anything was better than passive waiting. Alice telegraphed: WORRIED NOT HEARING, IS ANYTHING WRONG?

Barry telegraphed: NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. LETTER FOLLOWS.

No, he didn't like to write. Or he hadn't the time. And then some things are hard to phrase. The letter was slow in following, but it didn't take long to read: "I've been wondering if we weren't too hasty. I guess the whole thing was a mistake. My fault—I'm not ready to settle down . . ."

Sometimes, though you're mortally wounded, the pain waits. You don't believe you're going to die. Not until she served her father his noon meal (Continued on page 158)

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(Continued from page 157)

did she hand him the letter. Dr. Hayden colored to his eyes.

"Of all the insolence," he cried out furiously.

Stricken within, frozen without, Alice did not utter a word.

Dr. Hayden called himself an undemonstrative man. The truth was, his own comfort, his preferences, his peace came first. At this anguished stage in Alice's life, however, he forgot himself. Rusty in practice, he earnestly tried to demonstrate tenderness and patience and thoughtfulness.

"Done to a turn," he praised the roast at dinner that night. He bit his lip at sight of her untouched plate.

He helped her with the dishes. "Mac's dropping over to finish our game," he told Alice. "But why don't the three of us play cards? This canasta they say you ought to learn."

"I'd rather not. I'd rather not see anyone." Diligently she scrubbed the sink. "I think I'll take a walk."

"Tonight, dear?"

She said woodenly. "Nobody can help me. No matter how long it takes, I have to do it by myself, if I want to get over Barry." It was the last time she ever mentioned him by name to her father.

"Well, be careful. It's going to get colder." He didn't know what else to say.

She hadn't reached the mailbox when Mac's coupe clattered to a stop. She hastened her step.

"Hi," Mac said. "You rushing off some place I could take you?"

"No. No, thanks, Mac. I'm just taking a little stroll."

Her tone, charged with quiet despair, brought him out of the car to stand before her. In the light of the street lamp he could see her blank, rigid expression. Without thinking he blurted out. "Something's happened. What's happened?"

"Why, nothing, I mean, I—" Her throat grew tighter. "He threw me over, Mac," she sobbed.

She let him hold her tear-scalded, contorted face against his shoulder. He was careful not to put an arm around her. He was nothing, he told himself, but an accommodating shoulder. He controlled his voice too as he said, "He must be crazy."

I want him back, she wept to herself. Oh, why didn't I run off and marry him when he wanted to? *Why didn't I?*

Mac cleared his throat. "He never was good enough for you, kid," he told her gruffly. "And now it turns out he's crazy, besides."

Slowly Alice drew back. Mac shook out the folds of his big white handkerchief and mopped her eyes with clumsy gentleness.

"Thank you, Mac. I didn't mean to go to pieces." With his handkerchief balled in her hand, she turned toward the road. "I'm all right now. Go on in to Father. Only I'd rather you didn't tell—"

"You know I won't," he interrupted almost angrily.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said it," she murmured, and drifted away.

I wish I could make it so you'd never be sorry about anything again, he thought. But he turned away without speaking.

She sent back the sapphire bracelet and all the engagement gifts. She picked the monograms out of the little guest towels. She tore up Barry's pictures and every scrap of his writing. So there was nothing left to remind her of him, except the memories that walk by night.

Daytimes were easier, and then the days grew longer. The forsythia

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buds began to swell. Alice brought branches into the house to force into early bloom. Their golden bells trembled with spring. She bought a blue suit, less bright than her blue eyes, to wear when Mac took her to the theater in New Haven. She had her dark lustrous hair cropped a little shorter, and her father's patients said she looked like an infant. But to Mac she looked like a woman, with new depths he could not plumb.

Throughout the winter he gradually pried her loose from home and her father's company. Dr. Hayden didn't demur. There was an air almost of submission about him. His frosty head was a little bowed and his eyes dull and puzzled behind his spectacles. Mac told her everything about himself, everything but what she meant to him. They were brother and sister. Sister took care of him when he caught the flu. Sister was out at the farm nearly every Sunday afternoon, pulling shoulder to shoulder with Mac on the never-ending, ever-rewarding rejuvenation of the long-abandoned house.

She was there this afternoon, helping Mac attack the plaster that sheathed a walled-up fireplace. After a while Alice stood up to stretch. "Seventh inning," she said, walking over to the window. She pictured the ground cleared, the flower borders over there, the vegetable garden there. A pair of midget birds, one dull, the other pure yellow, danced to each other. "Why, they're goldfinches, this soon. Goldfinches, Mac!" she cried out with such heady ardor that he got to his feet. It was as if she had said, "I see the spring. The long, wintry, hopeless night is over."

Mac stood behind her. "Sure enough they are," he agreed.

And then, because she was so close to him and she'd made him forget there'd been a winter, he spun her around and crushed her against him. When their mouths met, he forgot to wonder what Alice was thinking. So he couldn't guess how her blood raced and sang.

He didn't guess what she was trying to tell him when she said, later on, "You know, for a while I felt as if I'd lost my place in a book, only the book was my life. I didn't realize I'd find it again." *I didn't realize I'd ever be able to love someone again,* she added to herself. *Though of course it isn't like bring in love, the way it was.*

But Mac didn't say anything at all.

HE WAS with Alice just as often. He could take her in his arms, a vibrant, responsive girl. It was the words he couldn't say, or trust himself to say. The senior Mr. Abernathy advanced him to the production department. The senior Mr. Abernathy believed in encouraging enterprise, and he found time to keep acquainted with all his employees and their activities.

He knew, because he inquired, when Mac finished cementing his cellar floor. That day Mr. Abernathy said abruptly, "When are you going to get married?"

In the evening, driving Alice to the movies in a neighboring town, Mac playfully mimicked his employer. "I swear, he made it sound as though if I didn't say 'tomorrow,' he'd put me back in the shipping room."

"Well, what did you say?" Alice tried for a manly bass tone: "When the right girl comes along?"

"I didn't say anything."  
"I know," she teased. "You just smiled coyly."

For answer, Mac turned into a side road and stopped the car, and she  
(Continued on page 161)



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Back views last page. More McCall's patterns page 162

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(Continued from page 159)  
 was in his arms. After a while he said carefully, "There has to be the right moment, as well as the right girl."

Alice rested her head on his shoulder. "For example?"

"For example, I wouldn't care to get her on the rebound."

"It wouldn't be, Mac."

"Or to have her be kind to me while she kept thinking about someone else."

"She wouldn't," Alice whispered.

He turned to look searchingly into her eyes. "I guess I couldn't possibly mean as much to her as she means to me, because that's so much . . . Still, I couldn't stand having it too one-sided."

Alice's breath caught in her throat. Then she said solemnly, "If she told you she loved you, you'd believe her, wouldn't you?"

"I trust her."

"It's the truth, Mac." But since he trusted her so, it was only honest to tell him, "I'll never be in love again but that doesn't keep me from loving—" she clasped his hand tightly—"you."

His grim expression fled. He uttered an exultant whoop, pressing her close to him.

They forgot their original destination. And then, ever so casually, he asked, "Is there so much difference, this being in love or loving someone? I sometimes miss the nuances."

She rumbled his thick coppery hair. "I'll tell you something, darling. The only thing wrong with you is when you belittle yourself."

It wasn't an answer, but Mac accepted it. Bantering back, he said, "I'll tell you something. A bride's supposed never to find anything wrong with her husband."

The street lamps were extinguished when they finally turned toward Alice's home. "And to think I didn't guess—" Mac burst out exuberantly. "—I was pining away for you." Alice finished for him.

"To think I didn't guess you wouldn't make me rent some fancy pants," he went on loftily, "and stand up at a big church wedding."

"I really would rather elope." No, not because of Barry, she told herself. From now on she was never going to think his name again. It was . . . just because. "It does seem kind of loony," she said, "to have to wait five days to elope."

"You got to learn to obey the law, sweetheart," he intoned severely. "I can't keep getting you out of the poky all the time."

FIVE days. She didn't say a word about it to her father. She sang in the kitchen, and Dr. Hayden brightened at her happy trills. When the waiting period was over, Mac and she stole off to Penbrook. There was a gold band on her finger and a lavender orchid on her shoulder when she phoned her father.

"Married? You just went ahead and got married," Dr. Hayden quavered, "without a word to me?" But already, despite the shock, his conscience felt eased. "Well, you couldn't ask for a better husband."

Mac stood behind her, encircling her with his arms. "Here's the best husband; he wants a word," she said joyfully.

"Hello, Father," he boomed into the mouthpiece.

"Hello, Norman," Dr. Hayden sighed heavily. "Well, you couldn't have got yourself a better wife . . ."

Alice stood beside Mac, but she couldn't bear her father at the other end of the line. Suddenly, overwhelmingly, she thought, "What have I done? Have I done right?"

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When Mac hung up she tugged at his arm. "What did Father say?"

He beamed upon her. "Father said he's gained a son, he hasn't lost a daughter."

"Isn't that like him?" Her face lighted. "I could hug him."

"I'll be his stand-in," Mac answered with supreme confidence.

She flung her arms around him. "Oh, it's going to be so wonderful for us, Mac."

THE marriage served to reassure Dr. Hayden that his chief aim had always been to further his daughter's welfare. Able to concentrate again on his own well-being, he now hung around Alice while she packed her belongings. To move—to make an utterly needless sacrifice, to leave a comfortable home where both she and her husband were welcome!

"Money doesn't go far these days," Dr. Hayden observed tentatively. "I wish I could give you more to start out housekeeping with, dear."

"Oh, Father, we have something to sit on and sleep on and eat on and cook on." Her smile became impish. "I may not be listing them in the right order of importance."

"It just seems like a waste, that's all, you two camping out, practically, when you could be right here and enjoying the comforts you've always been used to."

"I hate leaving you alone." "Surely you don't believe I'm thinking of myself," her father said nobly. "Only, I could never ask Mac to live anywhere else. Why, that house is part of him."

Dr. Hayden regarded her over his glasses. "You wouldn't have to say a word to Norman. I'll do all the talking."

She said hastily, almost entreating. "It's our home. You know, Mac and I and the house can all sort of grow up together."

"If you don't mind, certainly I don't," Dr. Hayden declared emphatically. "But you'll be three miles point eight—I measured it on the speedometer—from the Center. You'll be stuck back-country every day Norman goes to New Haven, and naturally he has to have the car. Shopping, for instance, I don't know how you'll take care of it."

"Shopping, pooh!" Alice waved it away brazenly. "And as for you, darling, I have it all figured out. Some mornings Mac will drop me off here on his way to work." She tried to coax her father back into good humor with a hug. "And when it gets hot you'll be tooting out for some nice, cool, rarefied air where we are."

"You'll be cooler this summer; you've got altitude," Dr. Hayden conceded. "You'll be cooler next winter, too. Snowed in, probably."

"Oh, the frozen North," she teased him. "Three miles point eight from civilization. We'll call our first child 'Nanook.'"

Huffily her father moved away from her. "If you're already thinking of children, you may as well know two can't live as cheaply as one, and three, positively not." He made one more desperate try. "I can understand your not going off on a honeymoon. In the first place, Norman shouldn't ask for time off until his turn comes around again. Second place, it costs too much. All right. But what I can't understand is, why not come to stay here where it wouldn't cost you a red cent!"

"I guess it's hard to explain," Alice countered cheerfully. Then, trying to veer away from the touchy subject, she went on, "Honestly, there isn't a place I'd rather be for a honeymoon."

(Continued on page 163)

## She Sure Leads Him a Dog's Life!



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Back views on last page.

More McCalls' patterns on page 170

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(Continued from page 161)

And right now there's so much to do at the farm."

Her father surrendered. He helped her strap the trunk. "Anyhow, when I'm dead and gone," he told her, "everything here will be yours."

"Don't talk that way. Please!"

"I'm not getting any younger," Dr. Hayden said pathetically.

"It's the way you feel."

"Well—" he considered—"every now and then, I don't feel so good."

"Where?" Alice demanded.

"No place special."

She said, "Father, why don't you go to see Dr. Shay?"

"I can look out for myself," he answered. The truth was, he dreaded disagreeable prescriptions or depressing diagnoses. He preferred to dose his aches and pains without benefit of professional advice. He'd never have brought up the subject if he hadn't thought it might further his cause.

Now wasn't it just like Father," she innocently asked Mac later, "to ask us to live with him? He's forgot how it was when Mother and he started out."

"They probably started out with more."

"More what? More things?" she scoffed at him, and the kitten winked its ear.

The kitten's name was Wiley; he was part Persian, part Angora, part alley and all warrior. He was a present from the Talcotts, down the road. Nearly every day one of the neighbors unexpectedly lavished bounty on the young MacDonalds.

The big crate from an art gallery in St. Louis came at the end of the week. She wouldn't touch it till Mac came home. It was fun to open packages together. Only this time it was different. This time the card attached read: "Barry Taylor." And they unveiled a painting, commanding, strident.

"It's a what-is-it," Alice said a little nervously, a little too quickly.

Mac stood the picture on the mantelpiece. "Could be it's a drunk's-eye view of a dartboard," he said a little too carelessly.

"Such a silly thing for us to have around," Alice muttered. It belonged in a contemporary setting, in the modern home that Barry had wanted, not in an old-fashioned, eighteenth-century New England farmhouse. Oh, why did he have to send anything at all?

"Nice colors, though," Mac declared handsomely.

"You know what it is?" She began to laugh. "It's severance pay. He closed the account, darling. It isn't exactly flattering, but just think, he needn't ever wonder again if he hadn't acted a little rotten."

"I wonder—" Mac's tone was again offhand, but his eyes were hard—"how he knew about us?"

"If you knew Aunt Edna, you could just see her hunting him down the second after she got our wire! She probably hoped she could make him feel left out in the cold."

"Maybe he does," Mac said.

"I can't guess what he'd feel about anything," she answered. "After all, Barry and I scarcely knew each other before it was all over and there wasn't any reason any more to try to learn. It was like a dream where so much happened but you weren't asleep for a whole minute."

A dream Barry intends you'll remember, Mac thought as he said casually, "Well, now we've got some kindling for the fireplace and a stylish decoration for above it."

(Continued on page 164)

# CARA NOME

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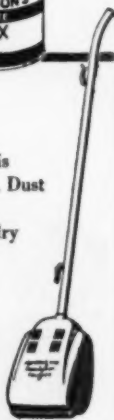
Margaret Scott  
Johnson's Wax  
Consumer Service  
Department

### Floor care tips by Margaret Scott

Always apply Paste Wax in a thin, even film. This gives the best results and makes polishing easier. Dust will not stick to the hard, dry surface of a paste-waxed floor and can be easily picked up with a dry mop. Never use an oiled or chemically treated mop on a waxed floor. This will soften the wax,

the shine will disappear, and dirt will stick to the greasy film. It's easy—and 10 times faster—to polish wax with a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. You can rent one in over 50,000 stores or buy one for about half the cost of a good vacuum cleaner.

For detailed information on floor care, please write me at Johnson's Wax, Racine, Wisconsin.



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(Continued from page 163)

"You don't really want us to keep it up there!" Alice returned, startled. "Why shouldn't we show off our one honest-to-goodness, genuine oil painting?"

So it stayed on the mantel, prominently. Her father stood before it one evening.

"I guess a thing like that could set you back plenty," he announced. "Plenty," Mac echoed.

"Wouldn't be any market for it around Eastbury," the dentist said sagely.

Alice wanted to draw them away from the picture. "Come on, Father; sit down and be comfortable."

A gentle breeze stirred the ruffy starched curtains, cool as snow, at the windows. Every room was fragrant with flowers, and the wide floorboards gleamed sleekly in the limpid, pearly light that heralds sunset. Her father admired them.

"That took a lot of work," he said. "Oh, Mac and I did the floors together. We rented a scraper and a polisher," she answered, and her proud, fond eyes sought her husband.

"The second Alice took up residence, it started to look like home," he told her father. "You know, every night when I get home, Alice has something new to show me, something she did with a needle or a package of dye or a paintbrush—and it looks like a million dollars."

While Dr. Hayden had become resigned to his daughter's spending this summer at the farm, he remained stubbornly confident that by winter she—and her husband, of course—would be living with him. So now he said, with a shade of reproof, "As long as she doesn't overdo it."

Mac felt a minute sting, but he merely replied amiably, "Did you ever get Alice to stop, once she'd started something?"

"True." Her father bowed in agreement. "What'll you do with yourself, my dear, when everything's finished?"

"It never will be," she exclaimed buoyantly. "You know, with a home like this there'll always be something more you want to do."

"Well, it's always good to be occupied," her father said.

Mac heard himself demand, almost harshly, "Why is it always good? Because it keeps her from thinking of what her life might have been? Wishing she was there, not here?"

"Good for Alice, I meant," Dr. Hayden replied smoothly. "Though Alice doesn't seem to mind being way back here, unable to go to and fro very freely."

Why, they're acting almost as if they don't like each other, Alice thought with dismay, and striving for a light note she said, "Honestly, I'm going to bust out into tears for poor Alice." She got to her feet. "I'm doing just what I want to do," she told her father's skeptical face and her husband's scowling one. And then, because she didn't know how else to relieve the tension, she said, "And what I want to do most is catch sight of my darling Wiley. He didn't show up for his dinner."

Out in the back she called, "Wiley, Wiley—where are you, Wiley?" But in the dimming room Mac and her father couldn't find a word to say.

After Dr. Hayden left, the kitten appeared, with an abused air, at the kitchen window. Alice let him in before she put her arms around Mac's sturdy waist and, tilting her face up, asked, "What started biting you?"

"Nothing."  
"Nothing's always something big."  
"I guess I let your father get on my nerves, that's all."

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"Oh, Father talks through his hat sometimes. He doesn't mean a thing, darling."

"He was right," Mac said soberly. "You're young, and you're stuck back here by yourself all day long. I ought to take you places, nights."

"We're out enough. We see people. Why, the other evening at Dot and Bert's, I couldn't wait till it was polite to leave, remember? And you said the same. We go to enough movies." Her glance fell on the kitten. "Besides, Wiley's better than a show."

He laughed then, and the house was bright again. But in the back of Alice's mind she blamed Mac's momentary dejection on the painting, that symbol of Barry Taylor's taste intruding itself upon their home. It would have to go.

On a sultry, breathless afternoon Alice lugged the painting up to the attic. On the mantelpiece she banked high sprays of butterfly bush, arranging them in the lard pail she'd lacquered white. She washed her hair and brushed it until it was soft and shining. She put on the fresh, lilac-colored cotton Mac especially liked. And when she heard the coupe in the driveway she ran outside, calling, "Mr. MacDonald! Fancy seeing you." "And Mrs. MacDonald, I presume," he said in pompous, self-important tones. He kissed her smooth tanned forehead and the tip of her impudent nose and her rosy, warm mouth. He had to tell himself all the time, "It's real. Alice is my wife."

"The Talcotts' chicks came today, half New Hamps, half Rhode Island Reds," she related, dancing up the path Mac had flagged last week. "Let's get some. Unless you think Wiley will be bad to them. He caught two moles this morning. I was so proud of him."

"He's a hunter." "And Father's a fisherman! He's going out for striped bass tonight. If he gets any keepers, at least one's for us. My goodness—" her laugh was delicious—"all I tell you about is something to eat."

Make it be enough for her, he pleaded silently. Make it so she doesn't miss other things.

When he came downstairs after a bath and a change of clothes, he recalled that almost always she had a surprise for him. "Don't you see something different? Where are your eyes, darling?" He scrutinized the dining room. He stole into the living room.

He barely noticed the graceful arrangement on the mantel. He saw only that she'd taken away the painting. He'd never really wanted it there, or anywhere within sight. But to have it gone . . . because she couldn't bear to be reminded? Because it whispered, "Barry, Barry Barry" to her day in and day out?

Since he couldn't bring himself to ask Alice, presently he couldn't say anything at all. She was alive to the change in his spirits, but she didn't put her finger on the cause.

"I guess all men get moods," she said at last in her puzzlement. "Everyone gets moods." Why? Why did you have to hide it even from yourself?

OF COURSE, she told herself after dinner, while Mac tilled between rows of broccoli, she was just beginning to know him. There often were times when he closed up. Oftener, of late? Oh, how could you tell, when you were only on the threshold of life together? Everyone has moods, that was all.

She sat with her darning basket on the screened porch where she could see Mac. He didn't stop his savage

(Continued on page 167)

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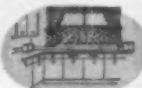
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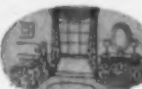
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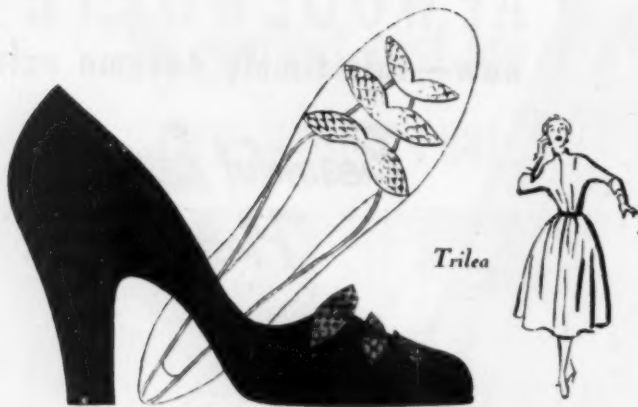
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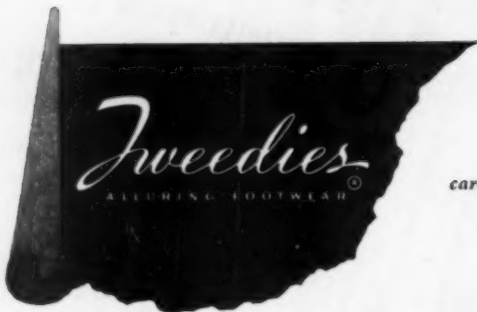
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(Continued from page 165)

hoing till the scrap of moon, bone-white, was high in the pallid sky. He bathed and changed again, and when he came down Alice was still sitting on the porch in the dark.

"It's cooled off inside," he said very carefully.

"Good. I'll be right with you." Her voice was as calm and cheerful as always. It didn't change a note when she told him, "You'll see something different in the front room, Mac."

"I already saw."

"Well, isn't it an improvement?" There she stood now, unperturbed, by the mantel. *Don't put on an act for me. Don't keep on forever pretending.* He forced the words out of his tight throat. "It must have bothered you a lot."

"Why, no." She stammered a little. "I thought maybe it bothered you."

And Mac answered, brazening it out, "Me? I didn't care one way or the other."

Then Barry's gift hadn't mattered. Alice told herself in confusion. Maybe nothing at all had been a-stray but her imagination. She said, "And me, I didn't care either."

"You always sound so reasonable," he burst out. "Nobody could sound that reasonable, unless nothing's important any more."

Alice paled to her lips. "I'm getting on your nerves," she said quietly.

"I don't have nerves. I'm just one of those insensate fellows. You knew that when you married me."

"I hate it when you belittle yourself."

"But you'll make the best of everything?" he retorted bitterly.

"Oh, Mac, why are we fighting each other?" She choked. "What started us? I don't even know what's behind—" The telephone bell interrupted her—three rings, their signal on the party line. "I couldn't talk to anybody," Alice muttered.

He went into the dining room to take off the receiver.

"Mac?" the grave voice said. "This is Doctor Shay. Is Alice there?"

"Yes."

"Do you want me to break it to her or will you?" asked Doctor Shay.

"It's her father."

"I will," Mac answered tonelessly.

"It's all over, Mac. He had a heart attack while they were out fishing. Tell her there couldn't have been much pain."

"I will," he said again.

"Paul's probably had a heart condition for some time. I'd conjecture. He never let me take a look." The doctor hesitated. "Better bring her over here, Mac."

WHEN he hung up the phone he remained motionless beside it, sorry for Alice's father, sorrier for her. He was still trying to frame the words when she came to him.

"What was it, Mac?"

He couldn't soften the blow, so he answered bluntly, "Father's dead."

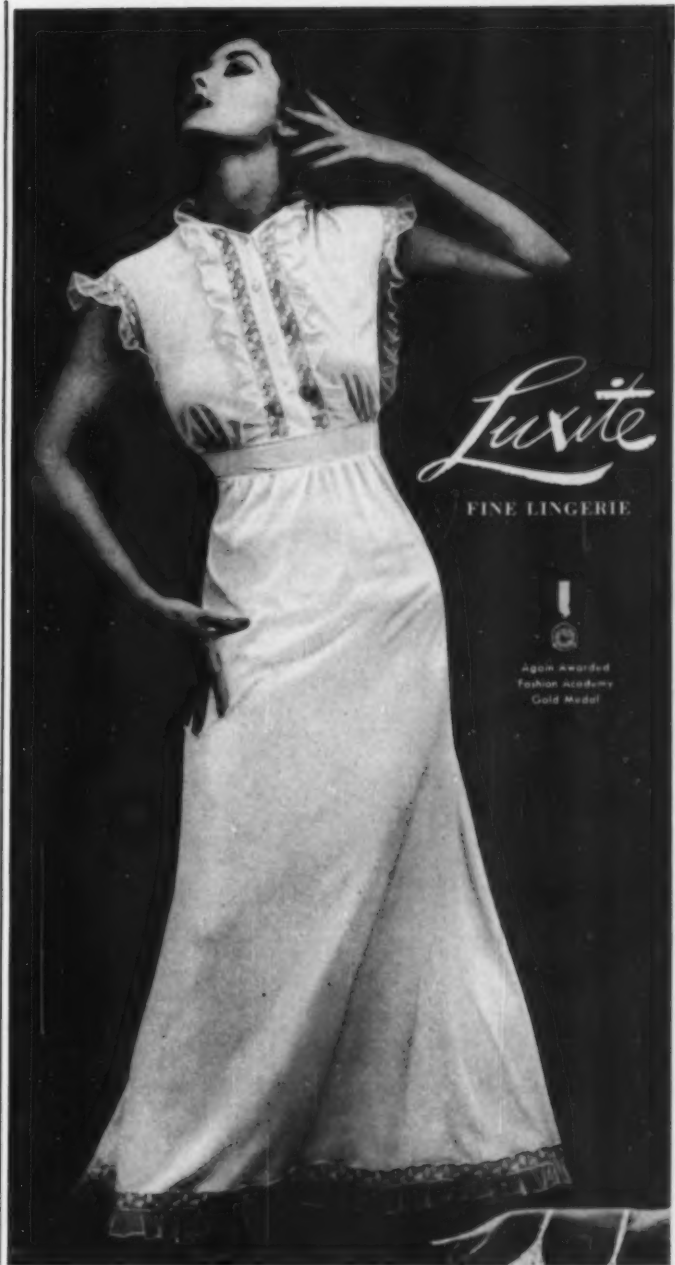
"He's not," she protested pitifully.

"It was his heart, Alice."

"He was all right—" she began, and then her face fell apart. She wept before Mac as she had only once before, and she buried her convulsed face against his shoulder as she had then too.

"I want my father," she wailed to herself, like a child in a child's world where Father's always on hand to protect you. She mumbled brokenly, "We could have lived home with him, the way he wanted." A long, shuddering sob shook her. "Staying with him, it was so little, for the little time he had left."

(Continued on page 168)



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(Continued from page 167)

"We couldn't know, Alice."

"Oh, why can't we do what we should do, before it's too late?" she implored, thinking only of her father, while Mac thought only of her.

He couldn't answer. He could only offer a shoulder to weep on when she was in pain. He couldn't even stop telling himself: "You know Barry came before you, her father came before you. You know you'll always come second, no matter what."

AUNT EDNA, who came for the funeral, stayed over for a visit with her niece and the new nephew she was meeting at last. She took to Mac right away. The farm excited her unreserved admiration. If Alice seemed peaky and subdued, my Lord, what would you expect at a time like this? Still, Aunt Edna found herself covertly observing Alice at odd moments.

This afternoon, going over Paul Hayden's things with Alice, she said briskly. "Another day and you can just turn everything over to the auctioneer." Alice barely nodded, and her aunt went on in a firm tone. "When I go back home, I don't want to leave you with a long, unnatural face, honey child."

With an effort, Alice smiled. "That better?"

Aunt Edna went to her side. "Let's be girls. Come on, tell me straight out. You're glad you married Mac?"

"Very glad, and very thankful. Oh, it's wonderful not to be torn to pieces any more." Her lovely, direct gaze didn't falter. "Mac knew I loved him before we married, but I had to tell him, Aunt Edna, that it wasn't the way it was with Barry and me."

Her aunt smothered a gasp. Then she exclaimed, "Pooh, what does that mean? All it means is, you've settled down to living together. How would you feel if anything happened to Mac?"

"Don't. Please. I'd want to die too, I can't imagine being without him."

"That sounds more like it. That means you're happy together. You are," Aunt Edna demanded coolly and deliberately. "aren't you, Alice?"

Unnecessarily Alice fiddled with a lamp-pull. Then she sat beside her aunt. "We were," she answered in a low voice. "Something started happening to us. Maybe we'd have straightened it all out, but it was the night Father died, and I've been so confused since. It seemed to start, only it didn't, with my taking down the painting Barry sent us for a wedding present."

"He sent you a wedding present?" Aunt Edna sniffed. "Well, I'll be."

"I wish he hadn't." Her eyes flashed. "I don't know why he did. He couldn't want to start trouble between Mac and me."

"Well, it's my fault," Aunt Edna declared. "I couldn't resist having him know what he let slip through his fingers."

A crease appeared between Alice's eyebrows. She said softly, "I scarcely ever think of Barry any more. I don't want to triumph over him or anything. I—really, I've almost forgot him."

"You keep right on forgetting, too." Her aunt bobbed her head. "It won't hurt him to do the remembering. And, believe me, he does. He told me once how he figured it was your father who came between the two of you."

"Father didn't put anything in the way between Barry and me, Aunt Edna."

"Not so you could see it. I did, only I didn't know what to do about it." Aunt Edna chewed on her lip. "It's all water over the dam now. Still, I thought that was why you and Mac

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eloped, before your father could inter-  
fere."

"Father wanted his own way—" Alice began slowly and uncertainly.

"But he had to make everything look like it was your idea," Aunt Edna interrupted. "He always influenced your mother into doing what it was his nature to do, not hers."

"Did he do that to me?" She steered her unsteady voice. "Is that what Barry told you?"

"Well, it doesn't put Barry in the clear." Her aunt hesitated. "But you asked, so I'll tell you. He said you were so independent and confident and different till your father got hold of you again. Then, afterward, he began to feel you nagged him for proofs of his love. Those were his words."

"Did I?" She stared at her aunt without seeing. "Is that what I did?"

"He said also he should have realized at once, when he met your father, he was up against stiff opposition."

Alice got to her feet. "How did we let all the afternoon slip by?" Her voice was unnaturally high. "Now we'll really have to hurry home."

Aunt Edna followed her to the car without a word. Fearing she'd talked too much, she now preserved complete silence, and Alice was scarcely conscious of another's presence. She was traveling backward in time, to her father, Barry, the phone calls, the letters—yes, the nagging for proofs of love. It was true. And it was true that her father had subtly undermined a marriage that didn't suit his convenience.

"I see it now," she said faintly. "If it hadn't been for Father—" She squared her shoulders. She tossed her head. "I won't look back, Aunt Edna." Then she said, "Still, you can't help wondering—if he'd lived, he might have stepped in between Mac and me."

It never occurred to Alice that her father had already taken the first steps. And, for once, it didn't occur to Aunt Edna.

She told them on the eve of her departure: "No use saying I'm sorry, when I'm tickled to get home to Clint. I'm glad I stayed, and I'm glad I'm going. That evens up somehow, doesn't it?"

"I'm sorry you're leaving," Mac declared honestly.

"Well, why don't you come visit us, then? I've got a family I enjoy exhibiting."

"We'll be there one of these days." A day, he added to himself, when it doesn't seem like walking into ambush to go to Calhoun City where Barry Taylor lives. "It's hard to tell when I can get away," he explained vaguely. "Alice could go, though, any time."

"I always want Alice. Only, now I want the two of you together."

Alice brushed her cheek against her aunt's. "We'll come. When Mac's in line for a vacation, and the house is in better shape, and the garden won't get neglected."

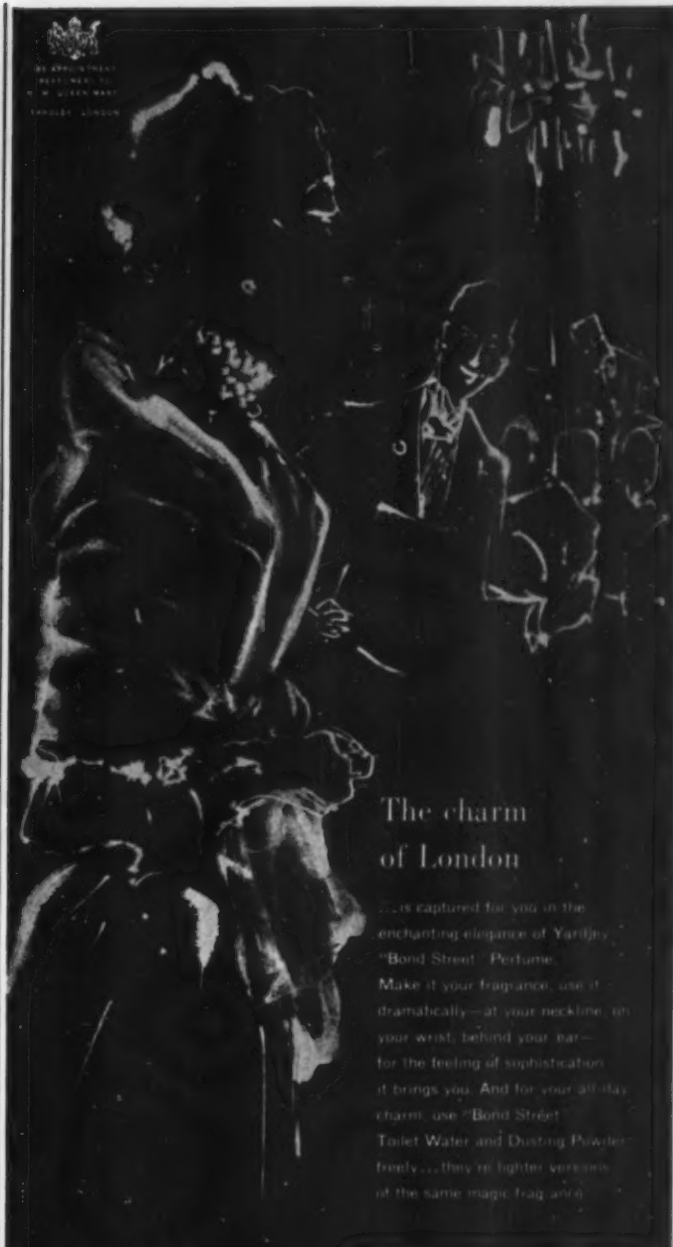
"I can take care of everything," Mac persisted. "There's nothing to keep you from going."

"Only Wiley," she answered gaily. "I couldn't have it so he stopped speaking to me because I deserted him."

EVERY day after that it seemed to her that Mac's face grew tauter. Every day she primed herself for the moment when she could say, without fear of rebuff, "What's wrong between us? What's happened to us? Can't we have it all out and make it right again?"

But she let the time drift past, until the Saturday afternoon in late

(Continued on page 171)



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**No. 1658.** Four-poster bed for a 7½-inch doll has shoe-box base, chintz canopy and coverlet. Pattern includes dressing table and stool



1658



1653

More McCall's patterns on page 148

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(Continued from page 169)

summer when Mac didn't appear at his accustomed hour and he didn't telephone. The sun sank in splendor and the birds stilled their cries, but he didn't come. Dinner could wait; Alice couldn't. She shuttled between the blacktop road and the telephone stand. On the road she listened for the sound of Mac's motor. At the stand inside she looked helplessly at the phone. She could call the police in New Haven. He's five feet, nine and a half, officer; he weighs a hundred and sixty-two. He was wearing the brown pinstripe that used to be his good suit. He has blue eyes and ginger-colored hair that's getting darker. Oh, there isn't another man who could look like him, or be like him. He's Mac.

Then she began to reprove herself for flying off the handle when her husband was a few hours overdue. She summoned up a throng of plausible reasons to account for Mac's absence. And when he came back, Alice vowed, she'd welcome him as if nothing out-of-the-way had taken place.

After that resolve, it was a little easier to wait. She busied herself purposefully about the house. And when he did come in she greeted him with a successfully debonair manner.

"Mr. MacDonald. Fancy meeting you here!"

As if she hadn't spoken, or he hadn't heard, he said in a controlled, withdrawn voice. "I had a bite in New Haven with Dell Blackman. I took her to a movie."

"Oh. What did you see?"  
"Something she asked to see. I didn't look at it much," he answered, holding himself unnaturally straight. "I left her at her door."

"I didn't think—I mean—you don't have to account to me. My goodness, why shouldn't you take someone out if you want?" she said, busy as a bee, too busy to look at him.

He stared at Alice's back. "She was lonely and I was lonely, that was all. Dell doesn't mean a thing to me. I don't mean a thing to her."

"I'm sorry to hear you say you were lonely," Alice said soberly.  
"A little sorry," he corrected her. "And of course you're not in the least bit sore. You're too sane. You weren't once, not with somebody else."

Now she turned. "Did you want me to make a scene? I won't." She twisted her hands behind her. "I don't like living at the top of my voice."

So he shouted. "I don't like living at a whisper!" It was the way it was before he'd even held hopes for the two of them. He could tell her everything, everything but how he felt about her. How explain that, as his love grew, he had to have more than the leavings? He couldn't say. "I even hoped you'd show jealousy. For me. I wouldn't mind if you cried on some other sap's shoulder. For me." He couldn't.

"All we're doing is hurting each other. Why do we have to?" Alice entreated.

A vein pulsed in his forehead. "Do you think I'm blind? I can see it won't work out for us."

SHE watched the toe of her sandal trace a pattern on the floor. Men loved her and wanted her for a while, and then they didn't. It was happening all over again, but surely the same pain can't claw you twice, she told herself.

"I bought you the ticket. So there wouldn't be any argument." Mac told her grimly. A ticket from New Haven to Calhoun City. She let him thrust it into her slack hand.

(Continued on page 175)



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## Those questions on a mother's mind . . .

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### Where To See the Betsy McCall Clothes on Page 174

\* Betsy's coat, slacks and hat by Hambury: Coat of all-wool green-and-red or brown-and-green plaid with plush collar and plush slacks. Detachable stole. Coat with slacks in class 3 to 6 about \$30. Coat in class 7 to 14 about \$30. Hat about \$4. \* Barbara's coat, slacks and hat by Hambury: Coats, green or berry-red all-wool broadcloth with yoke back and buttons of Alaska seal. Coat with slacks in class 3 to 6 about \$40. Coat in class 7 to 14 about \$40. Hat about \$4. \* Betsy's red suit by Young-Set Sportswear: Red, navy or brown all-wool flannel. Box-pleated skirt, box jacket with half-belt back. Emblem trim in gold. Sizes 3 to 6 about \$18; sizes 7 to 14 about \$20.

#### ALABAMA

Albertville, Josie's Style Shop  
Florence, Rogers, Inc.  
Selma, I. Kayser & Co.

#### ARIZONA

Phoenix, Korrick's

#### ARKANSAS

Little Rock, Gus Bless Co.  
Texarkana, Dillard's  
Warren, Imogene's Fashion Center

#### CALIFORNIA

El Monte, Youth Town  
Fresno, E. Gottschalk & Co., Inc.  
San Diego, The Marston Company  
San Jose, M. Blum & Co.  
San Marino, Shepard's

#### COLORADO

Colorado Springs, Hibbard & Co.  
Denver, Denver Dry Goods Co.  
Grand Junction, Jack & Jill Shop  
Greeley, Jack & Jill Shop  
Longmont, Foley's Tiny Tot

#### CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport, Arcade Kiddie Shop  
Derby, Bergner's  
Hartford, Sage-Allen & Company, Inc.  
New Haven, The Edward Malley Co.  
Stamford, Miller's Lilliputian Shoppe  
Torrington, McCann's  
Waterbury, Engeman's, Inc.

#### DELAWARE

Wilmington, Kuehler's

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, The Hecht Co.

#### GEORGIA

Atlanta, Rich's  
Augusta, Popkin's Kiddie Shop  
Gainesville, Saul's  
Griffin, Saul's  
Lagrange, Mansours

#### IDAHO

Nampa, Tote-To-Ten-Shoppe

#### ILLINOIS

Anna, The Bib and Tucker  
Bloomington, W. R. Roland Co.  
Chicago, Mandel's  
Evanston, Howard Juvenile Shop  
Hubbard Woods, Small Fry  
La Grange, Lowry's  
Lansing, Havel & Grotel Shop  
Rockford, Kay's Juvenile Store  
Springfield, Myers Brothers  
Waukegan, Hein's

#### INDIANA

Anderson, The Fair Store  
Crawfordsville, Goodman's Department Store  
Elkhart, Ziesel Brothers  
Evansville, The Baby Shop  
Griffith, Audrey's  
Indianapolis, The Wm. H. Block Co.  
Mazon, The Queen City  
Nashville, Sutton's Tynee Nook  
Terre Haute, Wahash Children's Store  
Valparaiso, J. Lowenstein's & Sons

#### IOWA

Cedar Rapids, Craemer's  
Fort Dodge, Gates Department Store  
Marshalltown, Hermans, Inc.  
Sioux City, Martin's  
Spencer, Mac Dowell's

#### KANSAS

McPherson, Morris and Son  
Scott City, Zaring's  
Pittsburg, Ramsay's

#### KENTUCKY

Louisville, Leo L. Basch Co.  
Paducah, Look's Children's Shop

#### LOUISIANA

New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.

#### MARYLAND

Baltimore, The Hub

Hagerstown, Eyerly's

#### MASSACHUSETTS

Boston, Jordan Marsh  
Brocton, Sewell's Childrens Shop  
Dorchester, Franklin Park Kiddie Shop, Inc.  
Fitchburg, Nursery Center  
Melrose, Elin's

Roslindale, Kiddieland

Salem, Salem Baby Shop, Inc.

South Boston, Puhers'

Springfield, Forbes & Wallace

#### MICHIGAN

Charlevoix, Polly Kay, Inc.  
Detroit, Ernst Kern Co.

#### MINNESOTA

Redwood Falls, Thais-Children's Outfitter

#### MISSISSIPPI

Jackson, Emporium  
Lauder, Carter-Heide, Inc.

#### MISSOURI

Jefferson City, Lullaby Shop, Inc.  
Joplin, Ramsey Dry Goods Co.  
Kansas City, Emery Bird Thayer  
Saint Joseph, Hirsch's  
Sedalia, C. W. Flower Dry Goods Co.  
Springfield, Netter's

#### MONTANA

Billings, Hart-Albin Co.  
Great Falls, The Petite Shoppe, Inc.

#### NEBRASKA

Lincoln, Gold's of Nebraska

#### NEW JERSEY

Elizabeth, Levy Bros.  
Irvington, Atkins Department Store  
Jersey City, Schechter's Children's Store  
Newark, L. Bamberg & Co.  
Plainfield, Rosenbaum Brothers  
Trenton, The Band Box  
Trenton, Swers & Co.

#### NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque, Hinkel's  
Albuquerque, Vogue Dress Shop

#### NEW YORK

Amsterdam, Gehay's Children's Shop  
Albany, W. M. Whitney & Co.  
Elmira, S. F. Isard  
Glens Falls, Fowler's, Inc.  
Gloversville, Jack & Jill Shop  
Hornell, McBride's  
Kingston, London Youth Center  
Middletown, Tompkins Dry Goods Co.  
Monticello, Small Talk  
New York, Macy's  
Rochester, McCarty's  
Watkins Glen, Stone's Children's Shop

#### NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville, Ivey's  
Burlington, B. A. Sellers  
Durham, Ellis Store  
Elizabeth City, O. B. West & Co.  
Hickory, Spaulbour Co.  
Lenoirville, The Children's Bazaar  
Lexington, Tots & Tenna Shoppe  
Raleigh, Ivey Taylor  
Roanoke Rapids, The Grace Shoppe, Inc.  
Salisbury, Dave Oestreicher  
Winston-Salem, Youth Center

#### OHIO

Canton, Stein & Mann Co.  
Cincinnati, The John Shillito Company  
Cleveland, The Higbee Company  
Lima, The Leader  
Steubenville, The Hub

#### OKLAHOMA

Alva, Le Mar Tut Shop  
Bristow, Stanford's  
Henryetta, Jo Ann Shop  
Oklahoma City, John A. Brown Co.

#### OREGON

Engene, Russell's  
Portland, Meier & Frank Co., Inc.

#### PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown, Hess Brothers  
Ambridge, The Storke Nost  
Chester, Sperry Bros.  
Erie, Erie Dry Goods  
Johnstown, Penn Traffic Co.  
Mount Carmel, Thomas Specialty Shop  
New Kensington, Silverman's Department Store  
Philadelphia, Lit Brothers  
Pittsburgh, Gimble  
Sharon, Ray's Children's Shop  
Shenandoah, Wolovitz's  
Trenton, Lewis' Children's Store  
Tyrona, Lugg & Edmonds  
Upper Merion, Tiny Town  
Wilkes-Barre, Fowler, Dick & Walker

#### SOUTH CAROLINA

Hartsville, J. L. Coker & Co.

#### SOUTH DAKOTA

Rapid City, Children's House

#### TENNESSEE

Chattanooga, Loveman's, Inc.  
Jackson, Nolan's Kiddie Shop

#### TEXAS

Austin, Yaring's  
Atlanta, Havel's Shoppe  
Bryan, Joyce's Togs 'n Toys  
Jacksonville, Myrick's  
Tyler, Kline's  
Wharton, Margie & Lee's Youth Center

#### VERMONT

Burlington, Children's Shop

#### VIRGINIA

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Lynchburg, Snyder and Bertram, Inc.  
Newport News, Neuman's  
Norfolk, Smith-Welton  
Portsmouth, Sears Betty & Bob  
Richmond, Miller & Rhoads  
Roanoke, S. H. Heironimus Co., Inc.

#### WASHINGTON

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Port Angeles, Will-Lou's Circus  
Yakima, W. E. Draper, Inc.

#### WEST VIRGINIA

Charleston, Stone & Thomas  
Elkins, Jack & Jill  
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Parkersburg, Dils Bros. Co.  
Stetersville, The Children's Shop

# Medal of Honor



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# Here's Betsy McCall

*She and her cousin Barbara take Nosy to a Red Feather fashion show and pet parade, and Nosy wins a prize*



The most wonderful thing has happened to Betsy McCall and her cousin Barbara and Nosy, Betsy's puppy! They have been in a Red Feather fashion show and pet parade. All the little girls in school wore their favorite clothes and paraded across the stage in the auditorium with their pets. There were all kinds of pets—cats and dogs and even a rabbit and a fat old turtle! Above the stage was a big flag with a red feather on it and words that said "Give to your Community Chest." Everybody who came to the show gave money to the Community Chest to help other people, and *everybody* came—mothers and fathers and teachers and friends. And what do you think? Nosy won a prize—a bright red feather—because he could sit up straighter than any other dog in the parade!

**NEXT MONTH BETSY McCALL HAS A THANKSGIVING TURKEY**



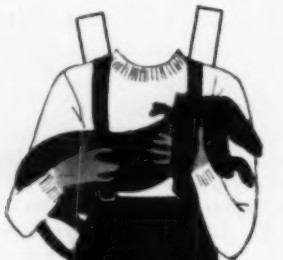
This is Betsy McCall



This is Barbara McCall



Betsy's new hat matches her new coat and slacks



Betsy's green slacks that she wears when it's cold



Barbara's new hat has a fur pompon on one side of it



Barbara's new coat with the fur that she wore in the fashion show



Betsy's red suit with the brass buttons that she wore in the fashion show



Betsy's warm coat with the stole over the left shoulder

DRAWINGS BY KAY MORRISSEY

SUIT BY YOUNG-SET SPORTOGS,  
ALL OTHER CLOTHES BY BAMBURY  
AT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 172



(Continued from page 171)

"There won't be any argument. Except I don't promise that's where I'll go."

"You shouldn't be afraid to face Barry," he said, mocking. "I'm not holding you back. I want you to go." Every word bruised him, every word that he meant but didn't mean. He flung himself toward the front of the house. And after a while he heard her slow footsteps going up the stairs.

THERE WAS a time table, left behind by Aunt Edna. Mac wouldn't mind driving her to New Haven early tomorrow. Early today: it was already long past midnight. All Mac wanted was to have her go. She packed a suitcase and a traveling bag. Then she sat quietly in the dark, waiting for day. And Mac sat quietly downstairs in the dark, wishing day would never come.

When the sun was rosy in the east, she went down to make coffee. She wore her navy blue city clothes and the polite, alien eyes of a guest impatient to be gone. Mac drank coffee with her, both of them standing awkwardly, like strangers hastily breakfasting at a counter. They were elaborately courteous to each other.

It took a long time to drive to New Haven. He bought her magazines, newspapers, cigarettes. He hoisted her luggage onto the rack. He found her a seat by the window. The car door closed behind him.

A man across the aisle stared invitingly at Alice. Don't bother to flirt

no longer looked composed. What do the others say, when it happens to them? You can't do this to me. All right, she wouldn't let him do this to her without fighting back. Tell me what I did. Tell me what I didn't do. Tell me what made you stop wanting me. I have something to say, too, for myself.

The bus driver let her off at the drugstore, where she could park the suitcase. It was a long hike home, but Alice marched along resolutely.

When she reached the farm, Mac wasn't anywhere outside. On a day like this, when you only had what was left of the season to put in the new lawn! For the first time she allowed herself to realize he mightn't be home at all. Her courage failed her just enough, so that she rapped on the back door instead of opening it. Then she heard his laggard footsteps and she tossed her head.

He let her in, saying in an unbelieving voice, "I never thought you'd be back."

"I forgot something," she answered fiercely. "So did you. Because people don't break up their lives that easily, not when they had what we had. Or I had and you made me think you had. I was happy." She clenched her fists. "If you weren't, why couldn't you have told me why?"

He opened his mouth, and closed it. "I can't stop trusting you all of a sudden," Alice rushed on. "I trust you to tell me the truth, not just to say, 'it won't work out,' without warning." She whirled around to hide her un-

### Should your boy play football?

A provocative article by  
the wife of a great football hero...

In your November McCALL'S

with me, she told him silently. I'm too sane. I know that nothing lasts. You begin with loving hopes and laughter, and you end with a solemn, stilled goodbye. Would there ever be a time, years and years from now, when she could laugh again? "Oh, we were very civilized about it all," she'd say, years from now. "I didn't even fight for the custody of Wiley."

No, she didn't fight for anything. She just packed up docilely and went. She always submitted—once when it had been Barry, always when it had been her father. She looked up suddenly, with such blazing eyes and scarlet cheeks that the conductor stepped back a little. Then he repeated, "Ticket, please."

"Where do we stop next?" she asked. "Bridgeport in six minutes," he answered.

She got up from her seat and took down her suitcases. She wasn't going to be sent away without a murmur. She wasn't going to pretend to be civilized. He could talk about her facing Barry, she recalled in a fury. Who was Barry? What Barry? She intended to face Mac.

In Bridgeport there was, magically, a train for New Haven almost immediately. In New Haven there was a half-hour wait for the bus. The time dragged and the time sped, and she

manageable face from him, and she didn't see his lips part in awe. "Telling me to go to Barry," she accused, "when he'd stopped existing for me. You kept him alive. Why did you have to?"

She felt Mac's arms around her now. He stood behind, wreathing her with his arms, saying slowly, "Because I'm a cluck."

"You are," she exclaimed, her voice cracking, but she didn't move.

"I don't deserve to have you come back," he said softly.

She turned then, and all that she wanted to see or trust or keep was there in his transformed face.

"Both of us were clucks," she told Mac from the depths of her heart.

And after a while the little cat leaped onto the window sill, but nobody paid any attention. He perched there for a long time. He was there when Alice said dreamily, "When were you first attracted to me, Mac?"

"Let me think," he teased.

She nestled her head on Mac's shoulder and asked, "When did you first realize it was love?"

"Don't you know?" he answered, drawing her close to him. "We've only begun to love."

The little cat watched them through the screen with his glowing, golden eyes.

THE END

# FELSO

## WASHES EVERYTHING BETTER!

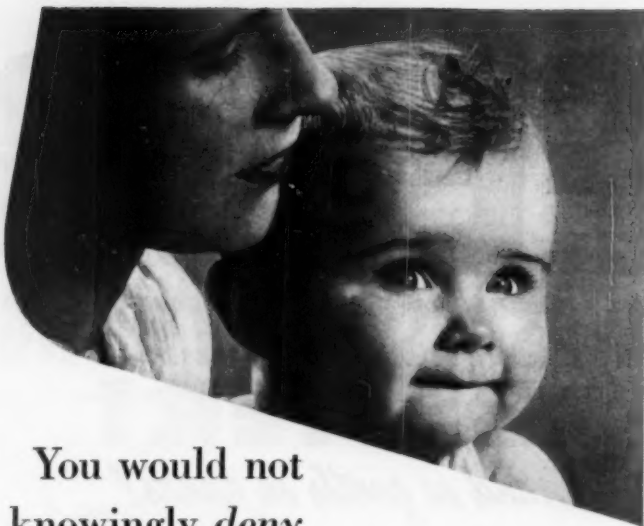
...and so gentle on hands!

There's only one "proof of the pudding" when you buy washing products. That's to try them ... at home ... with your own wash. Compare ... feel your FELSO-clean clothes.

Try FELSO. You'll see that gentle just-right suds give you the freshest, most fragrant, sweetest-smelling wash. Did you ever see whiter sheets and shirts ... brighter, more colorful prints?

Did you ever feel softer, fluffier laundry ... or any so easy to iron? And how soft and smooth your hands are after you use FELSO.





You would not knowingly deny your baby

a well-shaped head  
a strong back  
a fine full chest  
straight legs

yet many mothers do

DO THEY really? Surely every mother wants her baby to build a well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, a strong back, straight legs and sound teeth. But some mothers just don't know what to do.

One thing you must give without fail—extra Vitamin D. Your doctor will advise giving your baby this extra Vitamin D every single day. Only then can you be sure that your baby will build strong bones and sound teeth.

A recent five-year study shows that children living in institutions who receive regularly plenty of Vitamin D and essential minerals have better teeth—fewer cavities—than children living at home and not eating so carefully.

Help your baby with a natural Vitamin D source that you can trust absolutely—Squibb Cod Liver Oil. Start now and help your baby build sound bones and teeth. Ask today for Squibb Cod Liver Oil! Never miss giving it a single day.

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50 Cards With \$1.25 Name FREE SAMPLES

**YOU TOO CAN WIN THESE PRIZES**

AMAZING home study wins big National Contests. Our Students who know the secrets of the "SCHOOL OF THE STARS" have won over \$3,000,000. Write today for FREE "CONFIDENTIAL CONTEST BULLETIN" with winning helps for the biggest contests now on.

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This new brace **LIFTS** abdomen, gives firm, comfortable support. Permits free motion and relieves dragged-down feeling that results from too much walking, standing, bending, and lifting. New vitality!

Ask your druggist for Futuro Abdominal Brace. If your druggist can't supply you, write for free booklet or order direct. **M e a s u r e** around hips in inches. Send to Dept. 201

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**FUTURO ELASTIC BRACES**

**GRAY HAIR**

Brush It Away—At Home—Look 10 Years Younger

It's easy! Now, with Brownatone, you can quickly tint streaks of gray to lustrous youthful shades that actually defy detection. Snip a gray lock and prove it. See how, in *one tinting*. Brownatone imparts any desired shade from lightest blonde to black. Thousands thrilled by natural-looking results. Soft, rich, glorious. Guaranteed harmless. Economical, lasting; won't rub off, wash out or affect permanent. First use must give your hair youthful color or money back. Get Brownatone now. 75¢. All drug and toiletry counters.

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grove or white leather shoes 2 1/2 to 11. AAA to EEE

**SOLBY BAYES**

126 TREMONT ST. Dept. MF, BOSTON 8 MASS.

RUTH NICHOLS



Charles, age 13, asks:

We've just moved, and in school nobody pays any attention to me. Back home we all grew up together, and I had a lot of friends. But this school is full of cliques, and I'm an outsider.

COUNT one thing to your credit immediately, Charles. Back home you had many good friends. So you must be a friend worth having. You must have a good share of the qualities that draw others—kindness, tact, interest in others, loyalty, humor.

But avoid pushing your way into the cliques in your new school or trying too hard to make people notice you. You will be important to them only when they find out what you can contribute to their concerns.

So the first thing to do is to take part in as many school activities as you can. Offer your help whenever anything is going on.

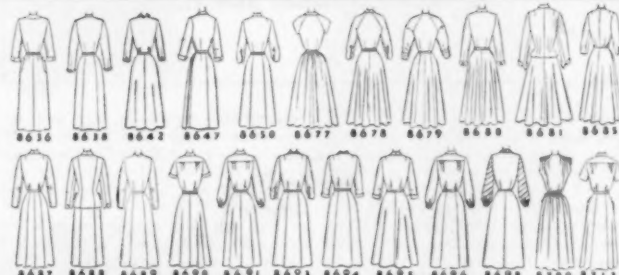
You may not be named on the committee to decorate the gym for your class party, but no committee mem-

ber would turn down your offer to help with the work! At first you may have to take the less pleasant jobs; but through them you'll build a reputation as a good sport, and you'll be asked to help with many projects.

Another thing to help you fit into a new school is to appear to belong. Dress like the others in your new school and never begin, "Back home we used to do it this way..."

Don't act forlorn or hurt because people don't notice you. Be natural and ready for friendship when it is offered. Your best allies are patience and a responsive manner.

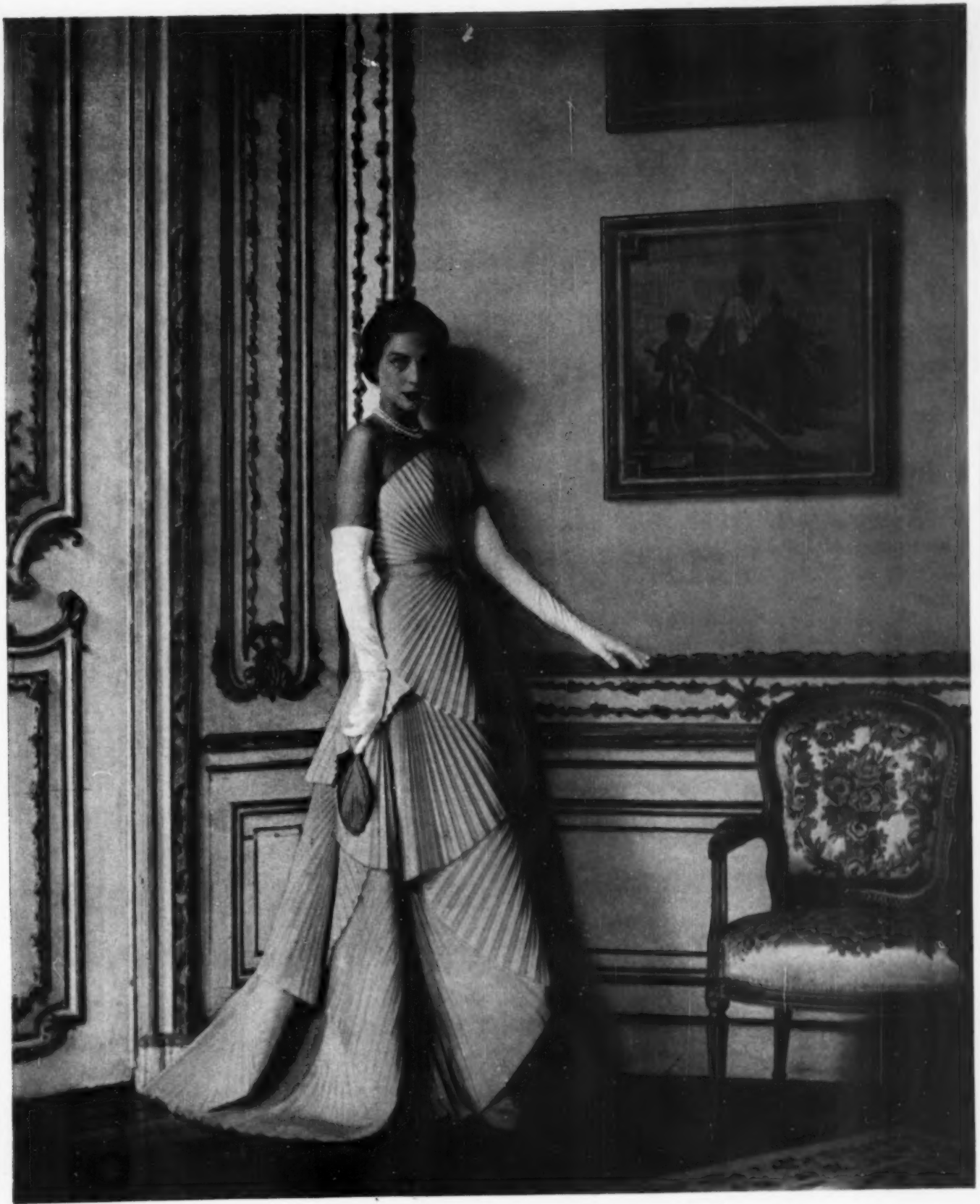
By Edna Mitchell Preston and Beatrice Schenk De Regniers



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No.	Sizes	Price		No.	Sizes	Price	
		U.S.A.	Canada			U.S.A.	Canada
8677	12-20	\$1.80	\$1.90	8704	23-32 (waist)	\$ .35	\$ .40
8678	12-20	.85	.85	8706	36-44	.50	.60
8679	12-20	1.00	1.00	8707	2, 3, 4, 6	.25	.25
8680	12-20	1.00	1.00	8708	12-20	.35	.40
8681	12-20	.85	.85	8709	4-12	.35	.40
8685	12-20	.85	.85	8712	12-20, 40-46	.50	.60
8687	12-20, 40, 42	.65	.75				
8688	12-20, 40, 42	.75	.85	1633	For 7 1/2" doll	.35	.40
8689	12-20, 10-16	.65	.75	1634	4, 6, 8, 10		
8690	12-20, 10-16	.50	.60		Blue or yellow	.50	.60
8691	12-20, 10, 42	.50	.60	1635	4, 6, 8, 10		
8692	9-17	.35	.40		Blue	.45	.50
8693	14 1/2-22 1/2	.50	.60	1636	15" high, Blue	.35	.40
8694	14 1/2-22 1/2	.50	.60	1637	For 11", 13", 16" doll	.35	.40
8695	14 1/2-22 1/2	.50	.60		Blue	.35	.40
8696	14 1/2-22 1/2	.50	.60	1638	For 7 1/2" doll	.35	.40
8698	12-20, 40, 42	.65	.75	1639	18" x 22" x 7"		
8699	12-20	.50	.60		Yellow	.50	.60
8700	10-16	.35	.40	1640	Electric Blue	.45	.50
8701	12-20, 40, 42	.45	.50	1641	Blue	.35	.40



Modess... *because*





Here's a pippin worth clippin'!

**CRISCO'S COUNTRY APPLE PIE**  
(Makes one 9" pie)

**CRISCO PASTRY**

2 3/4 cups sifted flour      3/4 cup Crisco  
1 teaspoon salt            4 tablespoons water

*All Measurements Level.* Mix flour and salt in bowl. Remove 1/2 cup flour. Cut Crisco into remaining flour until the pieces are the size of small peas. Mix water with the 1/2 cup flour to make a paste, and add to Crisco-flour mixture. Mix and shape into a ball. On a floured pastry canvas lightly roll a circle of dough 1/8" thick. Line pie plate with pastry and trim edge even with plate. Fill with apple filling. Roll remaining dough. Place over apples. Trim edges to 1/2 inch beyond edge of plate. Fold edge under and flute with fingers. Slash top to permit escape of steam. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) about 40 minutes, or until brown.

**APPLE FILLING**

Combine: 3 1/2 to 4 cups sliced apples (about 5), 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tps. cinnamon, 1/2 cup chopped raisins, 3 tps. tapioca or flour, 2 tps. molasses. Pour into pie pan. After baking and cooling, decorate with "apples" of yellow cheese rolled in paprika with green leaf stems.

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**Want to treat** the apple of your eye to a *super* apple pie? Give its spicy filling extra zip with molasses and brown sugar . . . and surround it with the flakiest, tenderest crust that ever made a prize cook proud!

**It's easy!** For Crisco is now creamier than any other vegetable shortening . . . blends thoroughly with the least handling. And with pure, all-vegetable Crisco and Crisco's sure-fire pastry method

given here, even a *beginner* can make flaky, tender, *digestible* pie crust every time.

**So get a big hand** for mouth-melting pie crust you're proud to say is all your own. Just remember shortening is the most important ingredient in pie crust. Make sure you always use Crisco—for Crisco is the finest shortening money can buy. No wonder more women cook with Crisco than with any other brand of shortening!



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**use Crisco**  
**IT'S DIGESTIBLE!**